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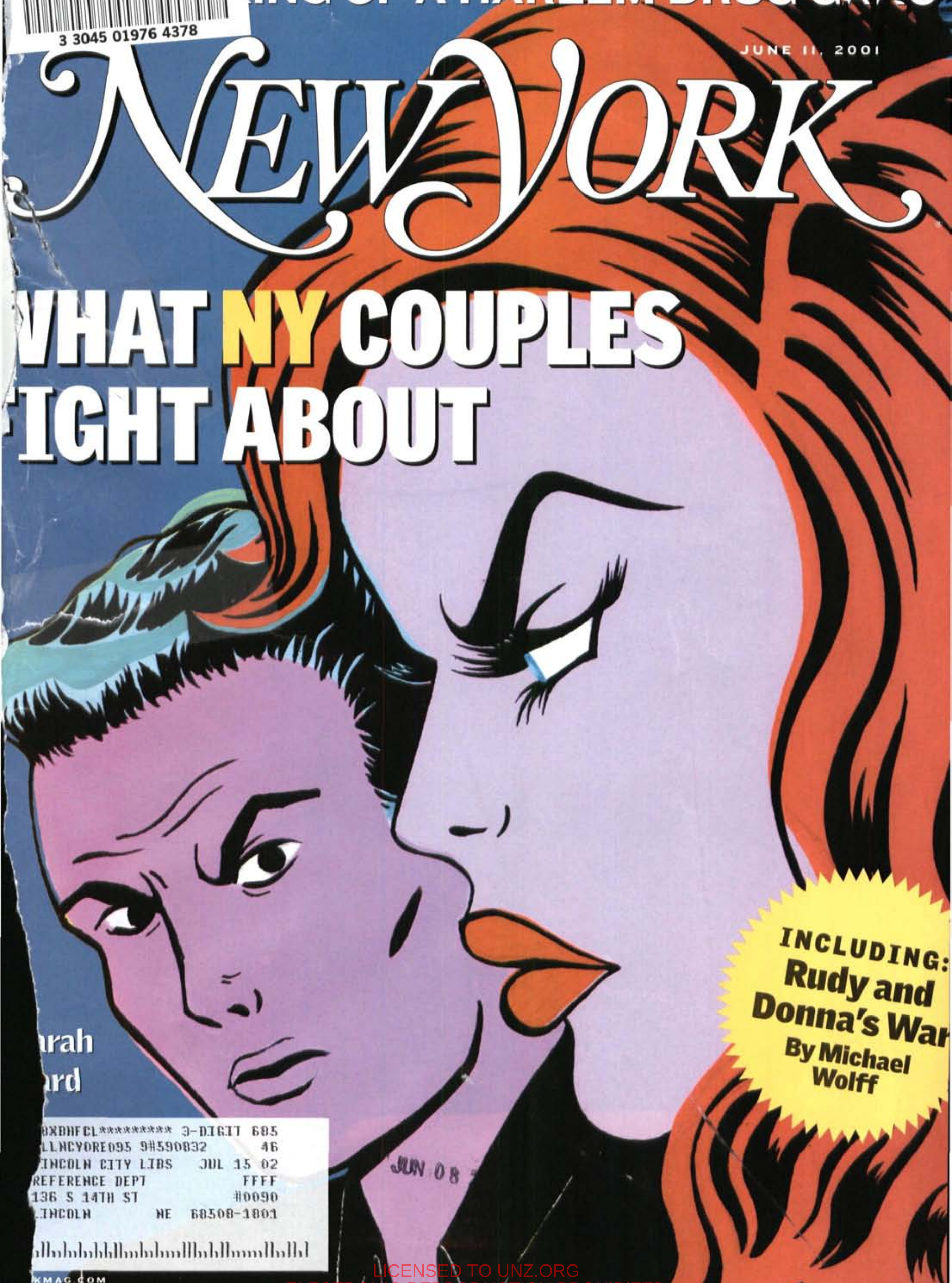

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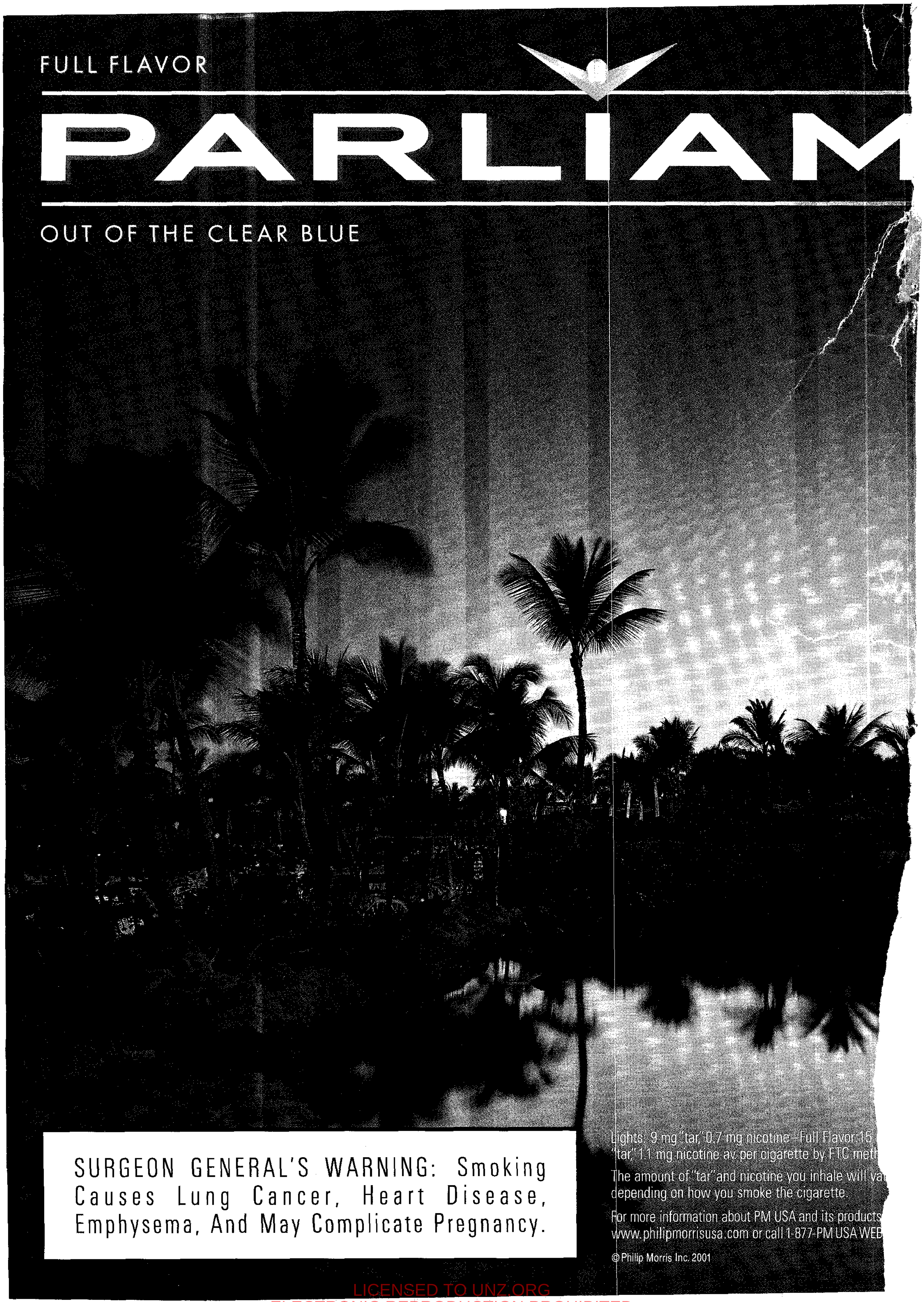

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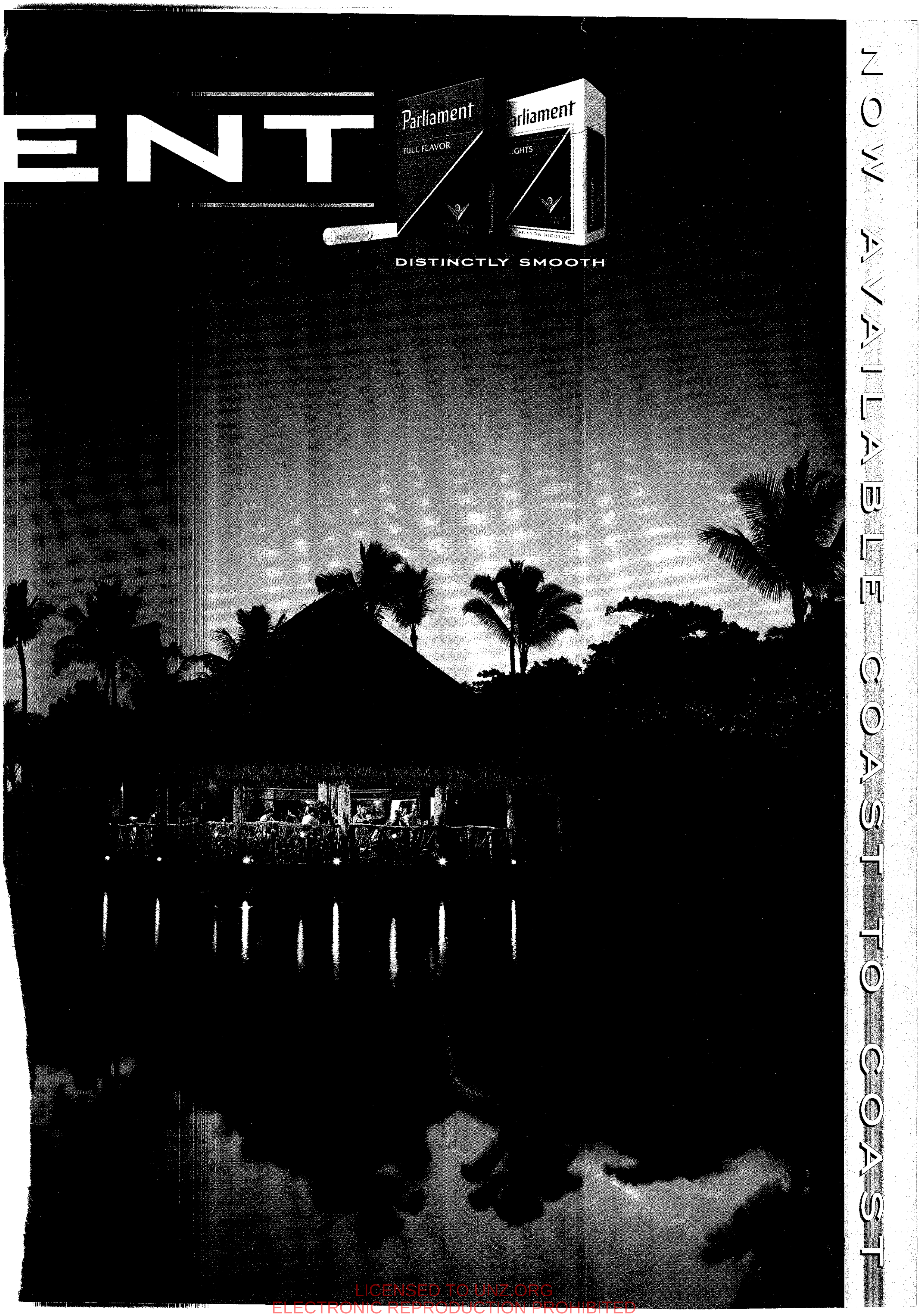
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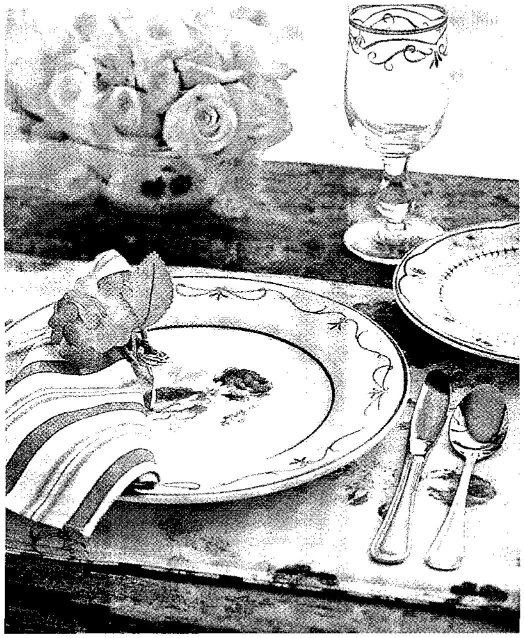

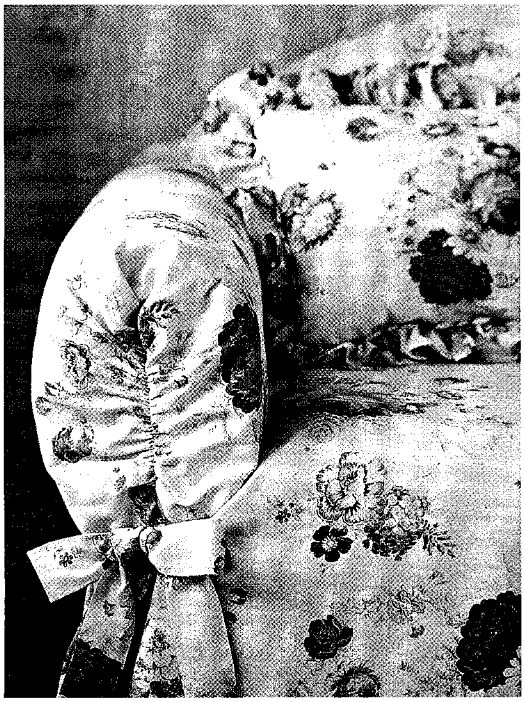

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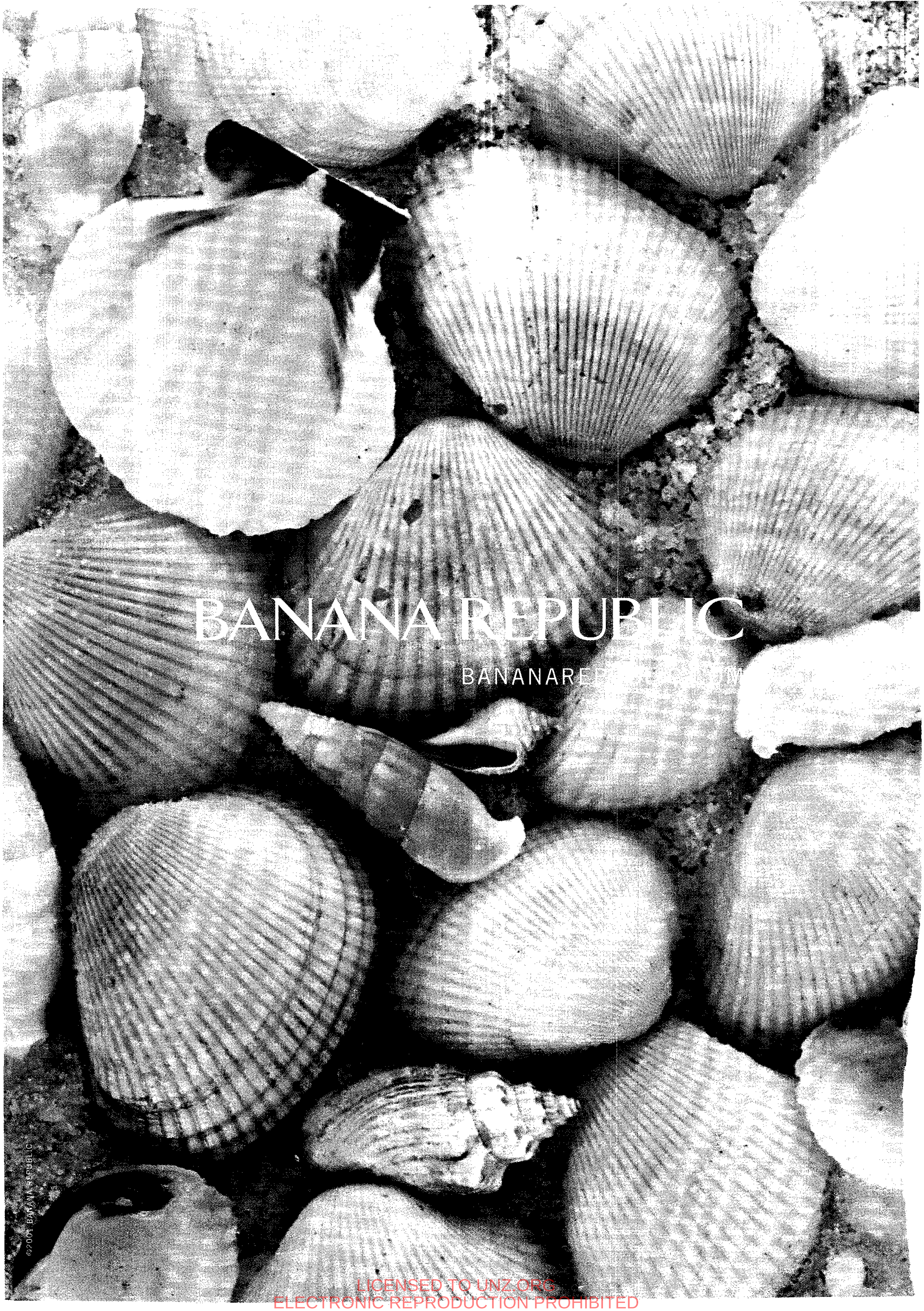
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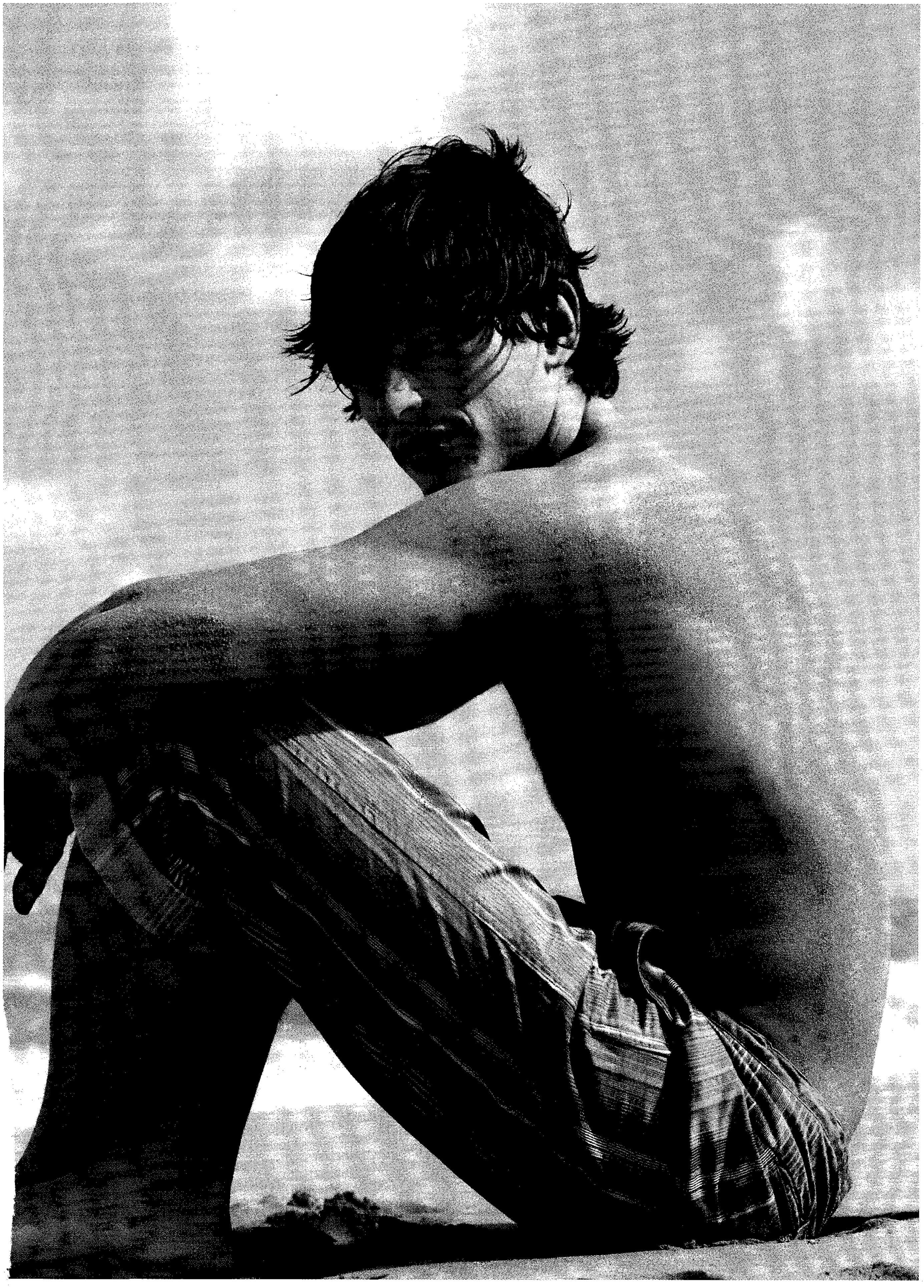

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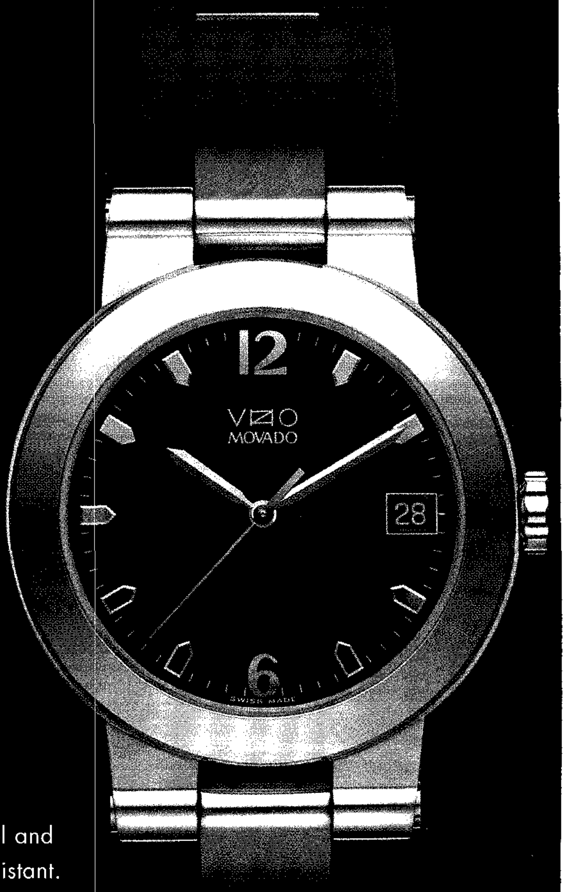

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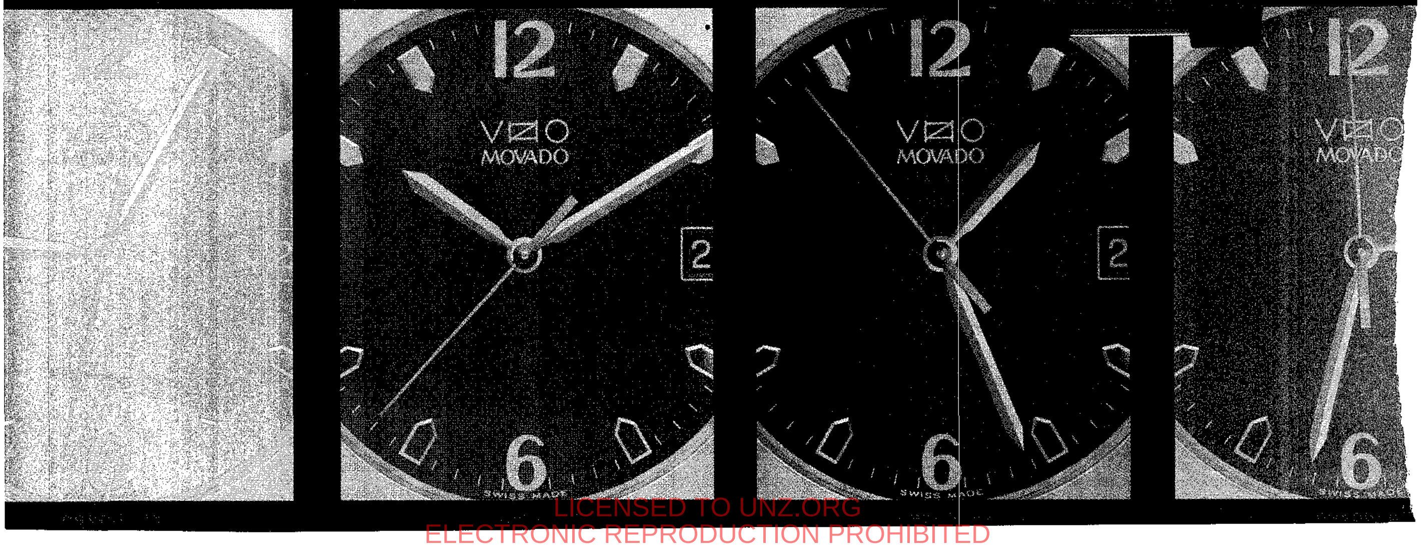

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In this city full of people—single, committed, and somewhere in between—the biggest barrier to a healthy romance may well be the city itself. From Gracie Mansion to the deepest outer boroughs, New York's distinctive passions—money, status, space, summer houses, to name a few—put strains on our relationships that those in other cities can scarcely imagine. A taxonomy of urban love and war. Also, **Michael Wolff** explores the question that's on everyone's minds: Just what is Rudy—not to speak of his divorce lawyer—thinking?

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42 **The Mightiest Pen** By Marion Maneker

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46 **Kate Spade Living** By Wendy Goodman

When one of the city's hottest handbag (and shoe and clothing and beauty-product) designers came upon a crumbling old house in the Hamptons, it was an unlikely case of love at first sight. Here's the utterly stylish final product.

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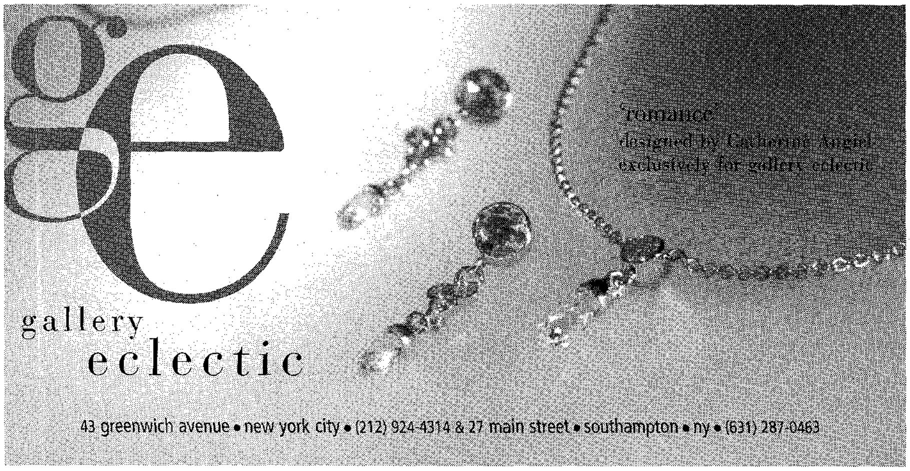

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Letters

> Semantic sleight-of-hand cannot change the fact that a *Bris* without a circumcision is not a *Bris*.
>
> —Cantor Philip L. Sherman

Cutting Remarks

Congratulations to Elizabeth Glass and her husband for realizing the horror that is male-genital mutilation ["Gotham: Live and Uncut," by Gersh Kuntzman, May 21]. As she points out, there is *no* reason to genitally attack her son to prove he's Jewish. A child is Jewish if his/her mother is at the time of birth. Period! As a Jew, I'm thrilled that more and more of my co-religionists are seeing the light regarding this abomination. Boys shouldn't be sacrificed like animals just because our genitalia stick out. It is illegal to do this to an animal. Why do it to our children?

Brian A. Waldman, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Change is difficult, and Judaism is a wonderful religion. That does not mean, however, that everything about it is wonderful. In this case, child abuse committed in the name of religion—circumcision—is never acceptable. Judaism has survived by going through tremendous changes over the centuries, and it will have to go through another to retain its claim of being humane. I hope we do.

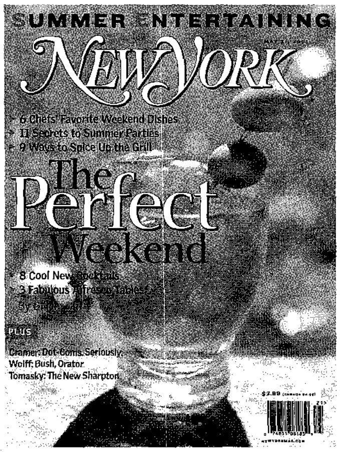
Moshe Rothenberg, BROOKLYN

As a "secular and cultural" Jew who has had the honor of holding his newborn nephews during each of their *Bris*es, I am offended by the statement that circumcision is some ancient custom akin to animal sacrifice. Circumcision by *Bris* is the mark of the covenant between G-d and Abraham, and links every Jewish male back through the millennia in an unbroken chain. Ms. Glass says that her son will be a Jew for whom the faith will be written upon his heart, not his genitals. She is naïve if she believes any normal Jewish woman will ever be comfortable with an uncircumcised man. People like Ms. Glass have broken an unbroken chain; they *are* the weakest link! Good-bye.

Robert Thaler, FOREST HILLS, N.Y.

Semantic sleight-of-hand cannot change the fact that a *Bris* without a circumcision is not a *Bris*. For a Jewish man, the *Bris* is the physical manifestation of a spiritual state of being. As a traditional *mohel*, I try to inform those who are unfamiliar with the *Bris* ceremony about its history and significance. The *Bris* is the entrance into the covenant of Abraham, connecting the child to the Torah, the commandments, and 3,500 years of Jewish history. Historically, a primary means of persecution against Jews has been the banning of circumcision. Jews have put their lives in jeopardy in order to exercise their religious freedom and perform this sacred ritual. For those "very committed, secular and cultural Jews" who want to create a new ceremony, call it a Jewish cultural-identification ceremony if you must, but please don't call it a *Bris*.

Cantor Philip L. Sherman, MANHATTAN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Just Say No

President Bush's outward pleasantness could well be clever and calculated. While some may say he's dumb as a pile of polluted Texas dirt, there's no denying that he is a brilliant politician, nickname, and good ol' boy ["This Media Life: He Stoops to Conquer," by Michael Wolff, May 21]. Not that long ago, it was presidential to speak softly and carry a big stick. It appears that President Bush is now carrying a club and using it to quietly whack congressional Democrats. One can't help but wonder how many more times they will be taken in by this meekness, goodness, and "compassion" before they take that stick and give him a good whupping by simply saying no to more of his proposals.

Claude M. Gruener, AUSTIN, TEXAS

It pleases me to know that Michael Wolff has begun to notice that George W. is a decent person. After eight years of the most corrupt administration in recent memory, it feels great to have an honest president and vice-president whom we can all be proud of.

Luz R. Zayas, MANHATTAN

Yankee Pride

In "Summer Entertaining: The Hot Set" [May 21], Gillian Duffy refers to Martha Stewart's "Yankee roots." While her brand may promote genteel Americana, Stewart herself is hardly a Yankee—Martha Kostyra grew up in a modest Polish-American household in Nutley, New Jersey.

Kathleen Paton, THE BRONX

Coffee Talk

I cannot help but wonder how anyone could respect the views of a restaurant critic who would actually admit he ended his meal with a cappuccino ["Restaurants: Mama's Boy," May 21] The derisive snorts from Adam Platt's "Italian snob" dining companions mus have drowned out his senses at Beppe On no corner of this planet is it considered sophisticated to have that breakfast beverage after dark, let alone after dinner.

Lauren Brooks Ogden, MANHATTAN

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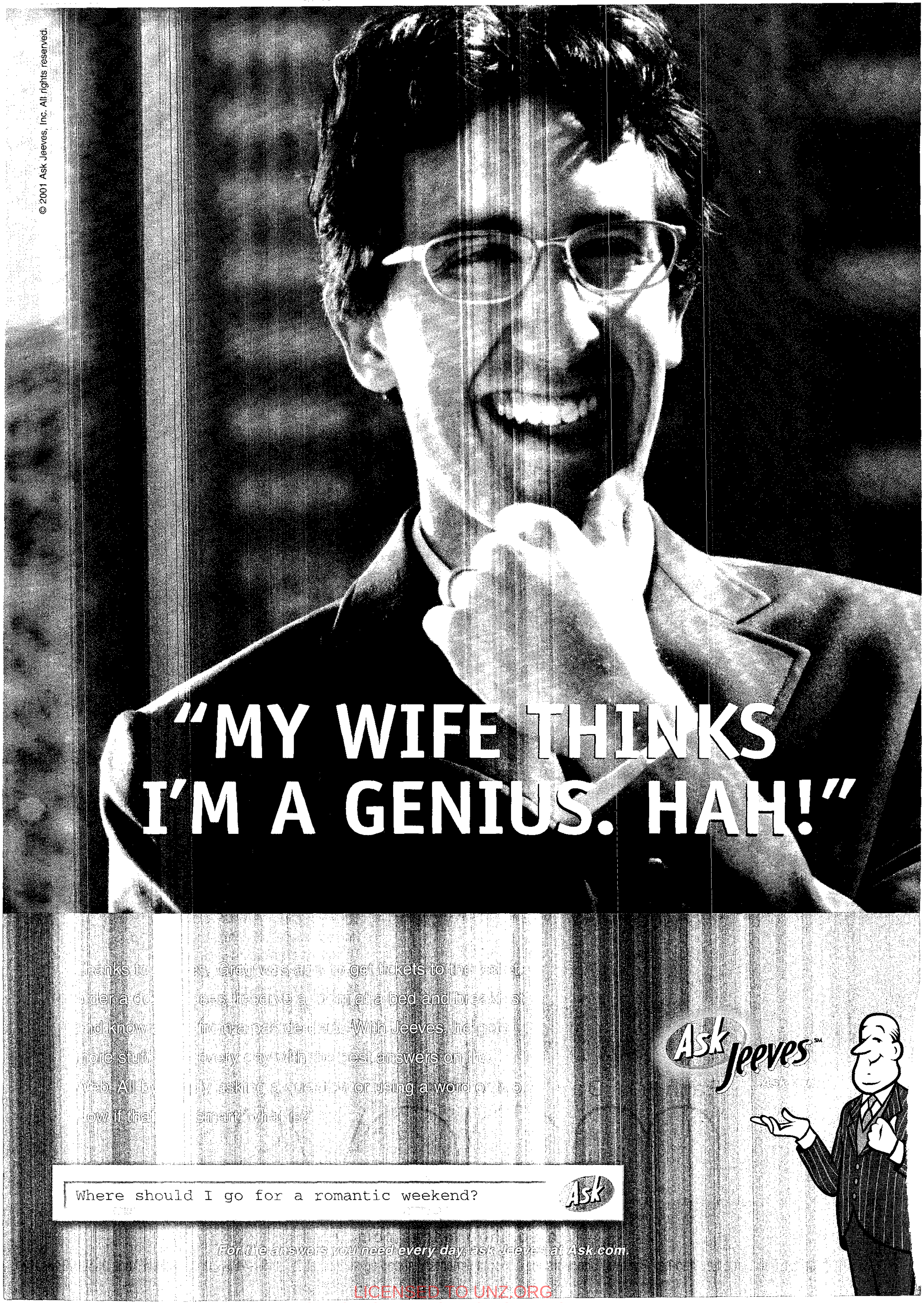
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Intelligencer

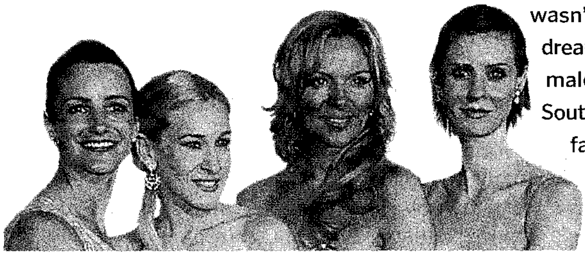
By Beth Landman Keil and Ian Spiegelman

Clinton Learns the Meaning of Foreplay

Even those whom Bubba admires can't pass up an opportunity to give the former commander-in-chief a kick in the tail. After hearing that CBS News commentator **Bill Geist** had written a book about becoming a golfer at middle age, **Bill Clinton** got word to the author that he'd like to check out his work. Happy to oblige, Geist personally inscribed a copy of *FORE!PLAY: The Last American Male Takes Up Golf* with the message "Remember, it's *FORE!PLAY*. Not foreplay. I think we understand each other." Geist also advised His Slickness to "avoid getting 'caught up' in actual numbers." Then the writer went on to warn him to stay out of Ohio, where the state made cheating a violation of civil codes in 1974. "No independent prosecutors allowed," Geist notes. Can we go home now?

A Killer *Sopranos* Confession at *Sex and the City*

While getting it on was the theme of HBO's *Sex and the City* premiere party last week, *The Sopranos'* **Robert Iler** (pictured) had only homicide in mind. "I don't care what the writers make me do as long as I get to kill someone before I go," said Iler, who plays Tony Soprano Jr. "I don't care if it's my own father," he added ominously. "I just want to whack someone." On the subject of sex, the 16-year-old actor told us that fame hasn't made a difference. "I was dating hot girls before the show," he boasted. "It's this Irish baby face." **Alan Cumming**, meanwhile, easily identified with **Kim Cattrall**'s *Sex and the City* character, who fantasizes about mattressing a Franciscan priest in the first episode. "A *priest*?" he remarked. "Of course! A priest and a nun is what I want—at the same time!" Cumming wasn't the only pretty face whose dream date would involve a two-to-one male-female ratio. "I'm from the South," **Kristin Davis** told us. "So my fantasy was always a southern-belle kind of thing. Like Scarlett O'Hara being bedded by the Wright brothers." Uh, Kristin, shouldn't you leave that to Kim?



Maybe Babs Trashed the Place?

Barbra Streisand has been doing her spring cleaning with a vengeance. First the songstress hired a new financial manager, and now she's dropped the broker who's endured the on-again, off-again sale of her Upper West Side apartment in the Ardsley. For years, Douglas Elliman's **Dolly Lenz** has been trying to unload the park-viewless pad, bringing in stars like **Mariah Carey** and **Derek Jeter** (separately, of course) for viewings—she even secured a $7.5 million offer from Carey that a persnickety co-op board rejected. So why would Babs break from a woman who's generated such well-heeled traffic? Apparently, the final straw came when **Ian Schrager** recently backed out on his $5 million bid for the four-bedroom home (which we hear Streisand only grudgingly accepted). It seems Streisand took her frustration out on Lenz—who was unavailable for comment—and indignantly switched allegiances to another broker. "I can't believe she took the property away from a home-run hitter like Dolly," proclaims one colleague close to the deal. Neither Streisand nor Schrager was available for comment.

When Martha's Gotta Go, *She's Gotta Go*

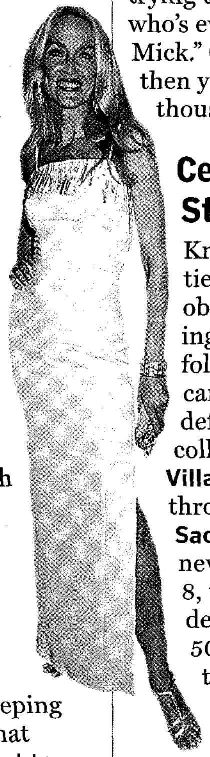
If there is a line, a diva will cross it. **Martha Stewart** was a fine example of this recently when, according to a witness, she stepped out of a half-block-long queue outside the Paris Theater before a Sunday showing of *The Golden Bowl* and demanded entrance. "I need to come inside right now," the housekeeping guru told an usher, according to our spy. "It's too windy." We're told the peon respectfully denied Stewart's request, only to be further browbeaten with "I can't stand outside anymore. *I just can't do it.*" Again the blonde fixer-upper was told she needed to wait outside with her fellow moviegoers, at which point, says the source, "she was staring at him like she was waiting for him to recognize her." Finally, a relenting Stewart snipped, "Fine. Fine," before returning to the throng. When Stewart was allowed entrance along with the rest of the audience, she told her door-guarding nemesis, "Oh, now I can come in, I suppose." A rep for Stewart says the corporate bigwig was simply asking to use the rest room and that she had no intention of skipping the line. Oh, the suffering.

Wanted: A Man With Money

Will someone please write **John Bartlett** a check before it's too late? We hear the designer—who's been without financing since he broke with Byblos over a year ago—will be D.J.'ing at Perry Ellis's party for the

Photographs: from top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Alec Michael/Globe Photos; Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

CFDA Perry Ellis Award Nominees this week. Bartlett seems to have started his new career at Joe's Pub last year, and we have to hope this isn't the beginning of the end—after all, remember what happened to poor **Isaac Mizrahi** when Chanel pulled the swatches from underneath him in 1998? "I wouldn't say that's a good comparison," says a Bartlett staff member. "We are still hopeful about getting a backer. And if you know of anyone . . ." Quick, before he starts with the ABBA remixes!



Mick Jagger's *Vagina* Connection

What is it about sleeping with **Mick Jagger** that makes a woman want to star in *The Vagina Monologues*? Not only is model and former Jagger bride **Jerry Hall** (pictured) about to explore her femininity in a production of the play in Austin (and soon in London and New York), but now we hear the original missus, **Bianca Jagger**, is desperate to give the part a shot. "Yes, Jerry is opening this week," confirmed producer **David Stone** when we contacted him, "and we've also received some interest from Bianca." Stone had no comment when asked if any competition between the ex-wives was involved, nor did he speculate on whether Mick's recent conquest **Sophie Dahl** had sparked any such *Vagina*-related rivalry. Dahl, after all, had her own one-night run in the role in 1999. Is it all just coincidence, then? After a pause, Stone offered: "It's not like we're trying to get everyone who's ever slept with Mick." Of course not—then you'd have a cast of thousands.

Celebrity Stealing Solved

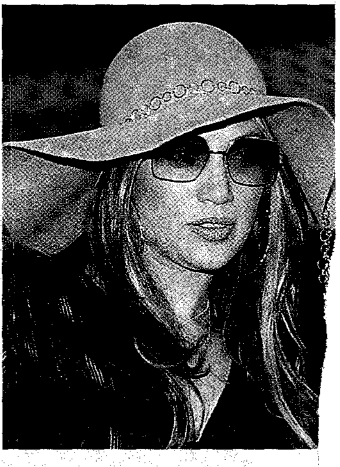
Knowing that celebrities have a fetishistic obsession with receiving trinkets gratis, the folks at Piaget Polo came up with a good defense. When art collector **Yvonne Force Villareal** decided to throw a party at **Amy Sacco**'s hyper-exclusive new lounge, Bungalow 8, the jeweler made a deal to furnish about 50 guests with more than $1 million worth of precious accessories, with one provision: As the crowd—which included such names as **Chloë Sevigny**, **Moby**, **Larry Gagosian**, and **Ahn Duong**—arrived, a dozen security guards were on hand to have the partyers sign releases guaranteeing that they had come wearing no jewelry and would leave the premises that way. Before entering the club, where they were adorned with the glitzy baubles and photographed by **Jessica Craig-Martin**, each new arrival had to fork over his or her address and Social Security number—just in case. For those who had neglected to dress for the occasion, a celebration for artists **Lucas Michael** and **Jeremy Blake**, a vanful of boas and gowns were provided. And the world was made safe once again.

Additional reporting by Aric Chen.

So *That's* Where AOL Membership Fees Go

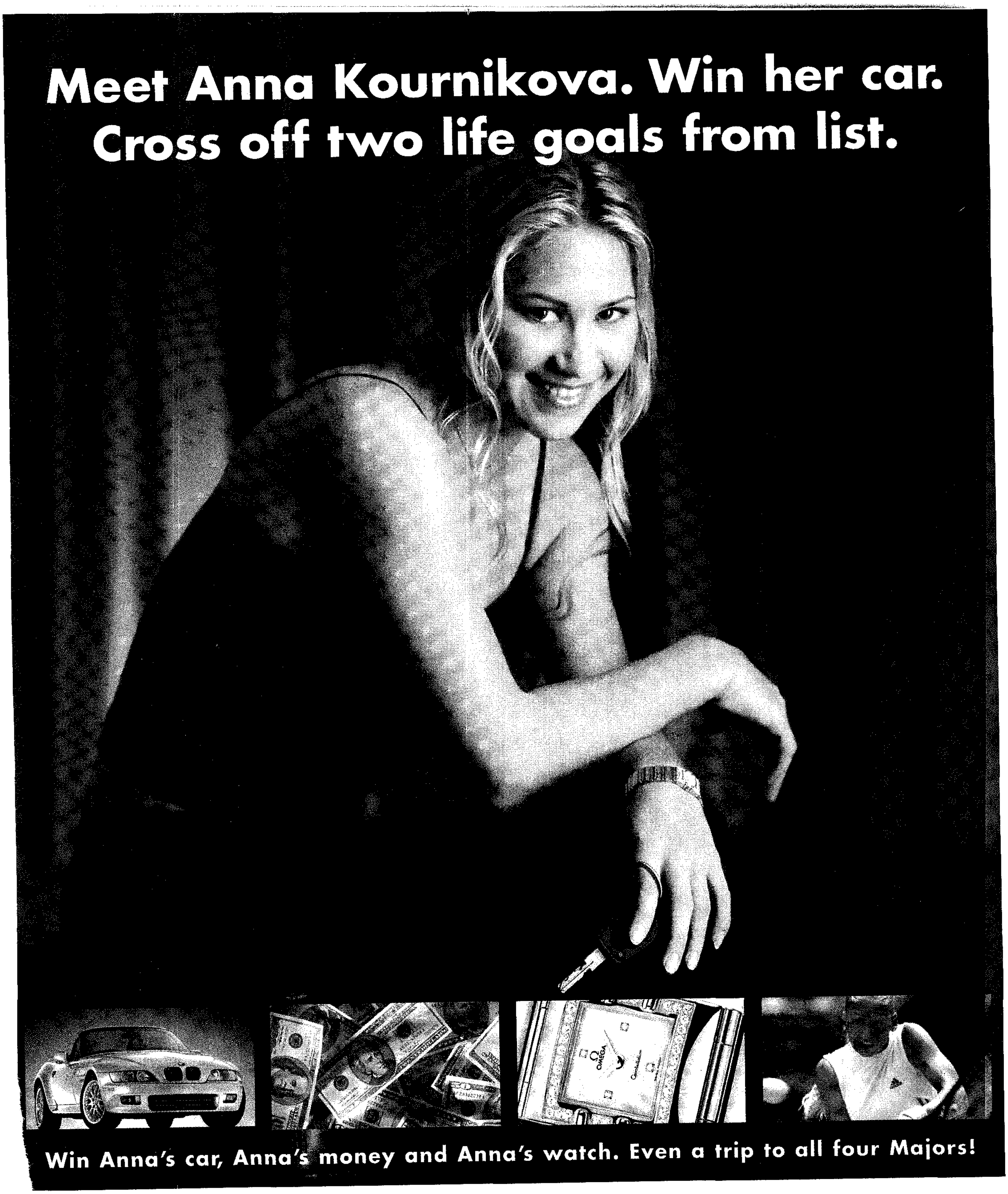
What do you give kids who have everything? Even more, of course. It wasn't enough that the seniors at the tony Trinity school had a pre-prom party at the National Museum of the American Indian and the prom itself at Manhattan Penthouse. AOL honcho **Bob Pittman** invited the whole gang over to his Bedford estate afterward and let the youngsters party like they were the class of 1999. No, Pittman doesn't have a thing for high-school kids—his son, **Bo**, 18, was among the revelers. Around three in the morning, the lucky preps showed up at Pittman's Westchester Valhalla, where lavish tents had been erected. After changing out of constraining tuxes and gowns in Pittman's guest house, the lucky kids hit one tent for dancing and another one filled with cushions and futons where the little rascals could rest their weary, rich heads. And just in case any of the Trinity kids should not recall their enchanted night—which ended at about 5 A.M., when the gang was taken home by bus—Pittman provided all with disposable cameras. The pictures are surely heading to a Website near you.

A Lopez Hoax Goes Global



You'd think **Jennifer Lopez**'s publicist would have enough work on his hands in real life. But we hear her rep, **Alan Nierob**, was recently besieged by calls after a fake e-mail exchange between one of "Lopez's publicists" and a "Warner Bros. honcho" circulated the globe. "J. Lo is not just an actress. She is not just a singer. She is not just a celebrity. She is a movement," writes the imaginary Lopez minion to the WB imposter in the e-mail. "She feels extra-determined that 'Jennifer Lopez' isn't where her movement is at these days. She is 'J. Lo,'" the rant continues, insisting that the actress's name be changed to the abbreviated form on all promotional materials for her new film *Angel Eyes*. As it turns out, the e-mail hoax—a spoof originating from the site ifilm.com—was convincing enough that gossipmongers around the world felt compelled to send it to their friends . . . and so on and so on and so on. "There's a very clear disclaimer on the Website that states this is a parody," says an ifilm spokeswoman. "It's only meant to be fun, and we're glad people are enjoying it." Except maybe Nierob. "People believed it, and we received quite a few calls," Nierob's weary assistant confirms. Hey, given J. Lo's track record, we'd believe it.

Photographs: from top, Henry McGee/Globe Photos; Tom Rodriquez/Globe Photos.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The visiting Englishman, . . . or Californian, is convinced that New York is made up of millions of gay pixies—Robert Benchley

GOTHAM

Edited by Andrew Lee and Carl Swanson

G SPOTS
THIS WEEK IN NYC

Donna fights back: Rudy ousts Hanover's spokeswoman—but she pays almost $60,000 to keep her. Why doesn't someone fire Raoul Felder and make everyone happy?

Judi's ex speaks: One of Nathan's former flames says the First Girlfriend "got a much worse deal than she bargained for" with the mayor. Why should she be an exception?

Andrew Sullivan's sex scandal: The gay righty admits he's sought out partners for unprotected sex. In his case, *unprotected* means you have to listen to him rant about Jim Jeffords in the sack.

Jagger snaps: A photog claims Mick broke her camera after she shot him outside Nick & Toni's. We'd destroy any evidence that we ate there, too.

Sharpton's slammer: While continuing his hunger strike, Al makes plans to renew his wedding vows in prison. Which can mean only one thing: a wedding cake with a file inside.

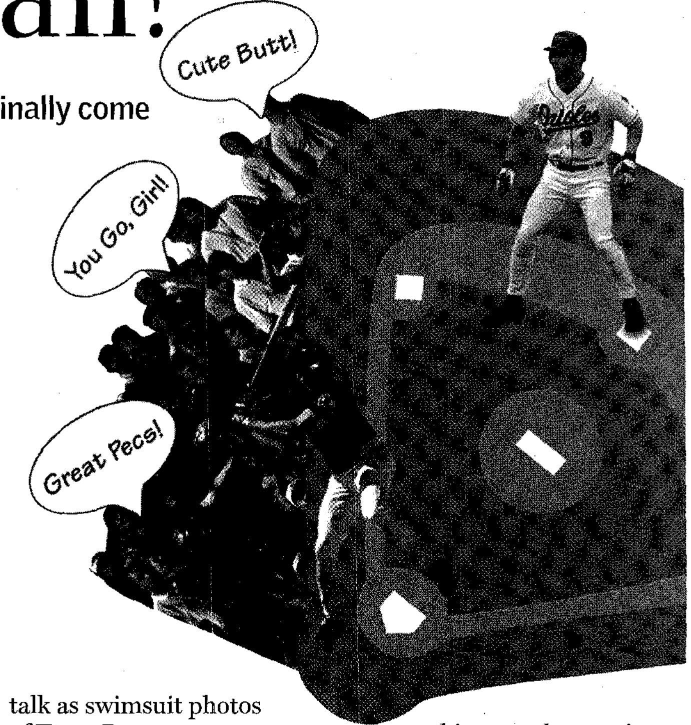
Kmart's trust test: The Astor Place branch allows customers to ring up items without a cashier. Shoplifting was more fun when it was a challenge.

GUY NICOLUCCI

Gay Ball!

Can gay pro-sports fans finally come out of the closet and be accepted by their teams?

By William Middleton


Cute Butt!
You Go, Girl!
Great Pecs!
Orioles

Out editor-in-chief Brendan Lemon's claim that he is having an affair with a closeted major-league baseball player sent the media into full Social Issue alert, from "Page Six" to *Sports Illustrated* to CNN, which ran a one-hour special wondering, "Is America Ready for Openly Gay Athletes?" But maybe the real question should be, is America ready for gay sports fans?

Because for all the worry over queens in the clubhouse, nobody's stood up for the gays in the stands. "I've been a sports fan my whole life," insists *Out*'s Lemon. And he's not alone: While hundreds of sites offer athletes as soft-core porn (a big one, teamdane.com, shut down May 24 to avoid being sued over using unauthorized photos), serious online communities like Outsports.com get thousands of hits a day. "We assume our audience knows and understands sport," says co-founder Jim Buzinski. "We're not doing *Sports for Dummies.*"

On Outsports, the Stanley Cup finals generate as much talk as swimsuit photos of Texas Rangers center fielder Gabe "the Babe" Kapler. Thorough coverage of the college-lacrosse championship also manages to compare it with the Abercrombie & Fitch catalogue. Along with predictions about the French Open, there's a lot of talk about the best-looking team in baseball (the Yankees score thanks to Tino Martinez, Chuck Knoblauch, and Jorge Posada's thighs).

But is pro sports willing to accept its gay fans? The WNBA doesn't have a problem with it: Last month, the L.A. Sparks held a rally for 1,000 at lesbian hotspot Girl Bar. But male sports teams seem to find the prospect a bit more threatening: Questions about reaching out to "alternative lifestyles" were met with silence from the Yankees and the NBA. Mets spokesman Jay Horwitz "respectfully declined" to comment after the *Out* article was brought up: "We're not going to be part of that."

Only Giants Stadium seems big enough for anyone willing to take off his shirts and paint his torso blue and red: "One of the beautiful things about sports is its broad appeal," says Giants communications director Pat Hanlon. "Your fan base should be a broad mix of sex, race, religion. Sports has a unifying effect in that way."

Photographs: from top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; AP Wide World. Illustration by Sandra Trambow.

Music

Chai & Mighty

Some rappers boast of their impossibly expensive Rolexes, and others brag about their SUVs, their women, and other flashy accoutrements of success. But 29-year-old Remedy, who's the only white member of the Staten Island–based Wu-Tang Clan's "extended family," takes pride in something more suited to the UJA than to DMX. "I got invited to L.A. to play for this synagogue of 2,000 congregants," says Remedy (born Ross Filler). "Later, I got to break the fast with [Loud Records CEO] Steven Rifkind. That was ill."

Remedy wasn't concocted by the ADL to make Jewish pride hip for white teenagers in baggy pants. He actually went to high school with Wu-Tang members Raekwon and Method Man. Not that that made things much easier. "I've been pushing demos on the RZA and Ghostface Killah since '92," Remedy says.

It wasn't until 1998, though, that he earned a spot on the *Wu-Tang Killa Bees* compilation. While the album was mostly uninspired, Remedy's contribution, "Never Again," was unforgettable. Galvanized by a search into his family tree that revealed the deaths of several relatives at the hands of the Nazis, he rhymed, "My own blood / dragged through the mud / perished in my heart / still cherished and loved." It's hip-hop's *Maus*, surprisingly moving, and in an unexpected medium.

It also sampled not only *Schindler's List* but the Israeli National Anthem *and* the *Holocaust* mini-series. And on his recently released solo debut, *The Genuine Article*—which hit No. 3 on *Billboard*'s "Heatseekers" chart—the rapper turns his Hebrew name into a macho boast ("Reuven Ben Menachum / Block 'em! Block 'em!") and offers a shout-out to the Holocaust memorial Yad Vashem. Remedy will explore yet another chapter of Jewish history (the Passover-inspired cut "Exodus") on an upcoming Wu-Tang compilation, *The Flood.* "But I don't wanna be known for *just* being down for the Jews," he says, adjusting his thick gold necklace with its diamond-encrusted *chai:* "I'm here to represent humanity."

Either way, RZA is happy. "I see him as an artist who will educate his people," the Wu-Tang leader says. "Just as we have done with ours."

ETHAN BROWN

Death, Inc.

Mirror Test

On June 3, HBO debuted its new drama *Six Feet Under,* about a family that owns a funeral home. We dug up a couple of funeral directors—Steve Baxter, who works with about 300 cadavers a year, and Josephine Dimiceli, who runs Dimiceli & Sons in Murray Hill—to talk about how true-to-life it was. We got together in her red-carpeted living room upstairs from the parlor, which she had decorated with Princess Di commemorative plates.

So what's wrong? For one thing, funeral directors don't wear carnations anymore. "Not since 1958," said Dimiceli. They also weren't pleased with the younger son embalming his own father. "There's cowboys out there who say shit like 'I'll do my mom, I'll do my brother,' " said Baxter. "But it's not really true." The closeted character didn't sit well with him, either. "There are plenty of gays in the business, but a lot of us like the image that we're really sort of manly," he said, munching popcorn.

"I really don't like how they show them making the arrangement," Dimiceli said. "They make us look like used-car salesmen." "Yeah, half the time it's the family that takes advantage of us!" said Baxter.

But overall, they liked it and what it could do for morticians everywhere. "Some people, they won't even shake my hand when they find out I touch dead people all the time," Dimiceli said. "Maybe now they'll see that it won't kill 'em."

DAVID AMSDEN

THE BIG QUESTION

What will change now that the Democrats control the Senate?

Ralph Nader, former candidate: "Whether the Democrats press their more progressive agenda will show people just how different, or not, they are from the Republicans. But don't get your hopes up."

Jeffrey Frank, author, *The Columnist:* "Hillary Clinton will demand to join the Singing Senators quartet, where Jim Jeffords and John Ashcroft once had roles. Trent Lott will insist that she sing bass."

Arianna Huffington, columnist: "The bounce in Tom Daschle's step. The height of Trent Lott's pompadour. Karl Rove's best-laid plans. And Star Wars will once again become a George Lucas fantasy and not Don Rumsfeld's wet dream."

Al Leiter, Mets starting pitcher: "I'm confident that Tom Daschle will grow to be as bipartisan as George Bush has been."

Traci Lords, actress: "The real question is, what's not going to change?"

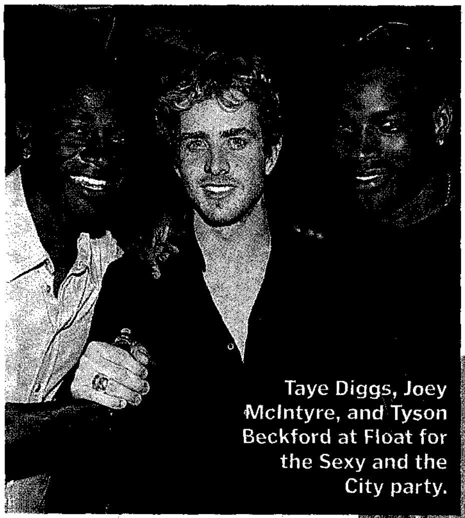
Charles Schumer, senator: "Aside from the importance to New York, there's something very important to me. Being in the majority will allow Democrats to upgrade our candy drawer. Trent Lott always wanted something with nougat. I hate nougat."

JADA YUAN

Photographs: from top, Kareem Black; Tracy Bennett. Illustrations by Jessica Kasper.

Scene

Katie Couric and Michelle Swarzman at the Crohn's & Colitis Foundation of America's Women of Distinction Awards luncheon.

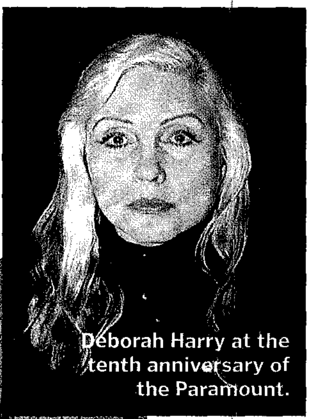


Taye Diggs, Joey McIntyre, and Tyson Beckford at Float for the Sexy and the City party.

Margaret Russell, Daniel Boulud, and Martha Stewart at DB.

Clive Davis at '21' for Dress the Jockeys.

George Stephanopoulos and Jeffrey Frank at Michael's.



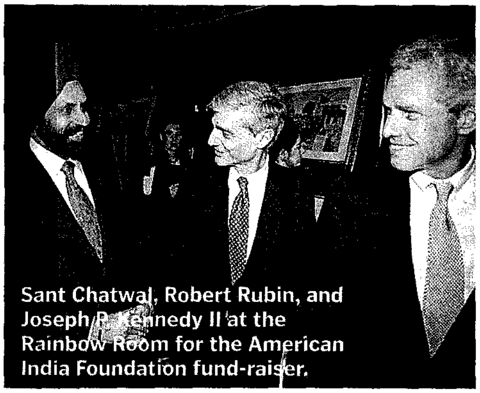
Deborah Harry at the tenth anniversary of the Paramount.

ABSOLUT DIRECTOR

[illegible] rton and Spike [illegible] Zoom Studios [illegible] launch of [illegible] Director.

POSITIVELY ROCKABILLY
cable positive

Tom Rogers, Chris Isaak, James L. Dolan, and John Sykes at Cable Positive's Positively Rockabilly benefit.



Sant Chatwal, Robert Rubin, and Joseph P. Kennedy II at the Rainbow Room for the American India Foundation fund-raiser.

Shuttle Space

Washington met New York at Michael's on May 29, to celebrate *New Yorker* editor **Jeffrey Frank**'s new novel, *The Columnist,* and it might've been the first book party ever at which all the attendees had actually read the book. "Can you imagine if he worked in TV?" asked **Philip Gourevitch.** *"The book looks great. Did you read the reviews? Jeff's a great guy."* **Howell Raines** circulated, accepting congratulations, and **Tina Brown** chatted with **David Remnick.** Not every reader was motivated by friendship, however: The book is a story of a vicious Washington journalist, known for bow ties and baseball metaphors, and there's more than a whiff of roman-à-clef in evidence (the novel has an index). But nobody would admit to being in the book. **George Stephanopoulos**: "No, but it's fiction anyway—*right?*" **Jeffrey Toobin**: "Naah, not me." Remnick: "Me? No. It's clearly all a composite—drawing on enormous reserves of pomposity." Still, said **Eric Alterman,** "it's dark—it won't be popular in D.C. But it's short enough to be read. Even in Washington." CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

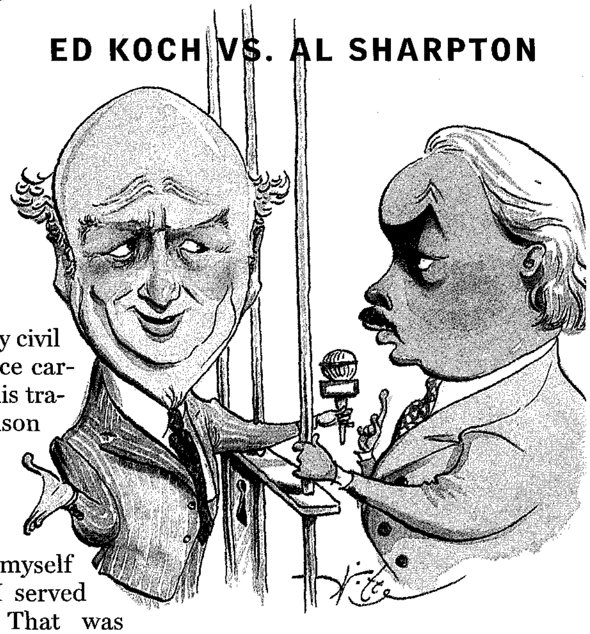
Hell's Angels

That same night, *Elle Décor* editor **Margaret Russell** looked quite elegant while working the crowd gathered at **Daniel Boulud**'s new bistro, DB, to celebrate the publication of her coffee-table tome, *Designing Women.* But that was all a façade, apparently. "It's been such hell, you don't even know!" she huffed when asked what it was like to put a book together while simultaneously editing a magazine. **Martha Stewart,** standing nearby with **Albert Hadley,** could relate. "For me, it's triple hell!" she said. What, exactly, qualifies as "triple hell?" "Try having absolutely no time to do absolutely anything for yourself," she replied, very politely. DAVID AMSDEN

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

I'm Right, You're in Jail

ED KOCH VS. AL SHARPTON



With his usual nemesis out of town, Ed Koch turns his attention to a *very* different Al. A *New York* exclusive.

Maer Roshan: On the way to jail, Ed Koch was remarking that the first time you were jailed for civil disobedience, *he* was the one who put you there.

Al Sharpton: It is ironic, but the funny thing is, in the 23 years since that incident, neither of us has really changed our position. When I was arrested at City Hall, Koch said, you have a right to civil disobedience, but you also gotta be willing to pay the price. I was willing to pay the price.

Ed Koch: In this case, though, the price is too high. Ninety days for nonviolent civil disobedience? It's outrageous. Everyone else got 40 days. Why were you singled out?

Al: The judge said because I was a repeat offender, I deserved a higher sentence. He went back to my '90 conviction in New York, when we were protesting Howard Beach. I served ten days.

Ed: What happened at trial?

Al: I wasn't given a chance to speak to the court at all. The only time I was allowed to address the judge was after I was convicted. By then, what was the point?

M.R.: A lot of people are surprised by your odd friendship.

Ed: People call me on my radio show to yell at me. They say, how could you even *talk* to this guy?! He's anti-Semitic *and* he's anti-white.

Al: But I'm not anti-Semitic or anti-white. I think black-Jewish relations are one of the most important issues to be resolved, and I'm working on it. In jail, I'm reading a book on Rabbi Hersh, who marched with Dr. King. I've been active with people like Rabbi Marc Schneier in bridging our divisions.

Ed: My own position is that Sharpton is neither anti-Semitic nor anti-white. But I've said he *can* be a demagogue.

Al: You've said it to *me.* [*Laughs.*]

Ed: I have. But you're getting better. Your biggest roadblock to redemption is Tawana Brawley. When are you finally gonna apologize for the hoax she perpetrated?

Al: No time soon. I *still* believe her, and nothing I've heard since changes my mind. Not even you, Ed. [*Laughs.*] But keep trying.

M.R.: Not even a defamation suit?

Al: That's been settled.

Ed: It's settled because a judge ordered you to pay damages for slander, right?

Al: I paid him in full! Don't owe the man a dime.

Ed: Even some of your supporters made fun of you when you compared yourself to Nelson Mandela.

Al: Ridiculous! I never *compared* myself to him. I just said that my civil disobedience carries on in his tradition. Nelson Mandela served 28 years! I wouldn't compare myself to him if I served 90 days. That was blown up by some columnist.

M.R.: Recently, you seem to be backpedaling on your decision to run for president.

Al: I'm not backpedaling. From the beginning, I said that if someone else could carry the mantle for progressives in this country, I'd support them. But I haven't found anyone else who's up to the job. Koch isn't running!

M.R.: What's it like in jail?

Al: Well, I've always been an early riser, and it's no different here. I get up at five and walk around a bit, and at eight my lawyers come in. Mostly, I read a lot. This book on the rabbi, a history of Martin Luther King . . .

M.R.: Not one for light fiction, are you?

Al: Never had a taste for it.

M.R.: Are you treated differently from other inmates?

Al: I don't even see other inmates. We're kept in isolation from them. I probably get more visitors, though. Hillary was here, and Jesse. When Jesse Jackson came, we hugged and prayed.

M.R.: This morning, you began your third day of fasting. How are you feeling?

Al: Fine. The hardest part is the first day, but after that it gets easier. This isn't just a protest fast for me. Fasting cleans your spirit, takes your focus off the physical. Everyone should do it.

Ed: I don't think *you* should do it, Al. I want you to stop this fast, quick. Bush will be happy to let you die.

Al: [*Laughs.*] He'll be *very* disappointed, then.

M.R.: This morning on the news, you were in tears when talking about Vieques. Why does it move you so much?

Al: I see *myself* in those children. I grew up in Brownsville, a place that is treated just like Vieques is. I look in their eyes and I'm moved.

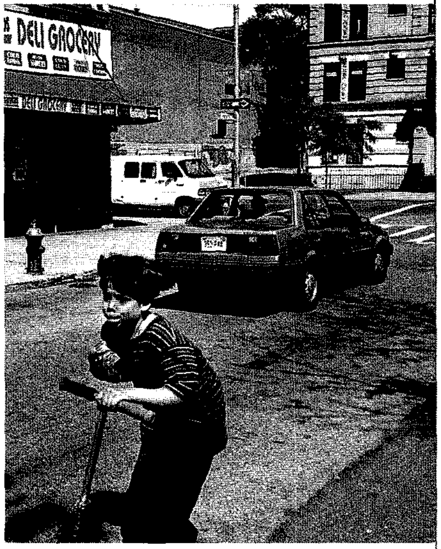
Ed: Your first meal after your release will be with Kathy and the children. But we expect your *second* meal to be with us.

Al: Sure. At the Four Seasons, of course. ■

Illustration by Michael Witte.

Mott Haven on Earth

Will gentrification—call it SoBro?—cross the Harlem River and bring brownstone-lovers to Mott Haven's historic district?



"I wanted to move to Harlem so badly," says Yonette Davis, a 32-year-old Manhattan doctor who spent two years searching. "Harlem's prices weren't too high, but I was really disappointed with what I saw. Some of the mantels on the fireplaces were stolen." Then one day earlier this year, she found an ad in the *Times* for a "Harlem alternative": a house in Mott Haven—that would be in the South Bronx—with original details. "I said, 'Why not?'"

Is the South Bronx the new Harlem? Can brokers coax brownstone-loving New Yorkers to put aside decades of *Fort Apache, the Bronx* images of danger and squalor? Davis did: She paid $200,000 for a restored Victorian on East 140th Street that came complete with a Federal stairwell and five working fireplaces. So did Sue Mardirosian, a middle-school teacher who left her $1,250-a-month one-bedroom in Boerum Hill for a $750-a-month apartment in a brownstone on 138th Street.

"People don't even know this neighborhood exists," says Sid Miller, Mardirosian's landlord and head of the Haven Heights Group. Mott Haven's three small historic districts—tucked between 133rd and 144th Streets, off Alexander and Brook Avenues—comprise about 250 turn-of-the-century, single-family townhouses. They're the survivors; a good number ended up torched or torn down. The area "reminds me of Fort Greene in 1982," says Corcoran Group's Jerry Minsky, who sold the house to Davis.

It's not just a bad rep that keeps home prices in the $175,000-to-$250,000 range. The area's still surrounded by extreme blight, so many aren't convinced that it's fertile ground for gentrification. "Harlem is still part of Manhattan," says Equity Realty and Consulting Corporation's Michael Schwartz. "On the opposite side of the river, there's no place to go."

But the newcomers are hopeful. "This is the last ungentrified neighborhood that's relatively close to Manhattan," says Mardirosian. "I can literally be on 86th Street in twelve minutes—that's good for me." JOY ARMSTRONG

Don't Even *Think* of Park . . .

Gastineau Thanks

Lisa Gastineau's luck with apartments doesn't seem any better than her luck with men. The ex-model was married to New York Jet Mark Gastineau, who went to jail for beating her. Then she hooked up with John Gotti. None of this made the condo board at a Park Avenue-in-the-Sixties prewar sympathize with her, though. After selling her swanky, gilded three-bedroom at the St. James Tower on East 54th Street for over $1 million, she picked out the $5,000-a-month one-bedroom on Park. She agreed to pay the owner of the 1,000-square-foot place (with high ceilings and a fireplace) a year up front. But the board had the right of first refusal and could rent it itself. After the board held off, extending the 30-day approval period, the owner and Gastineau decided to let the deal swim with the fishes. (Douglas Elliman's Michael Shvo found an investment banker to rent it.) MORGAN GOLDBERG

Big Deals

Upper East Side

401 East 60th Street

3-bed, 3½-bath, 2,000-square-foot condo. Ask: $2.16 million. Sell: $2.175 million. Charges and taxes: $2,014. Four weeks on market.

Stepping off the elevator in the new Bridge Tower condo, this buyer took a wrong turn and, before her broker, Douglas Elliman's Tristan Harper, could stop her, wandered into a $2.16 million apartment instead of the $1.6 million space Harper had intended to show her. Despite her firmly stated budget ($1.5 million) and geographical requirements (East Eighties), she decided she just couldn't settle for less. "That's never happened to me before!" reports Harper. Maybe he should have this kind of accident more often.

Morningside Heights

420 Riverside Drive

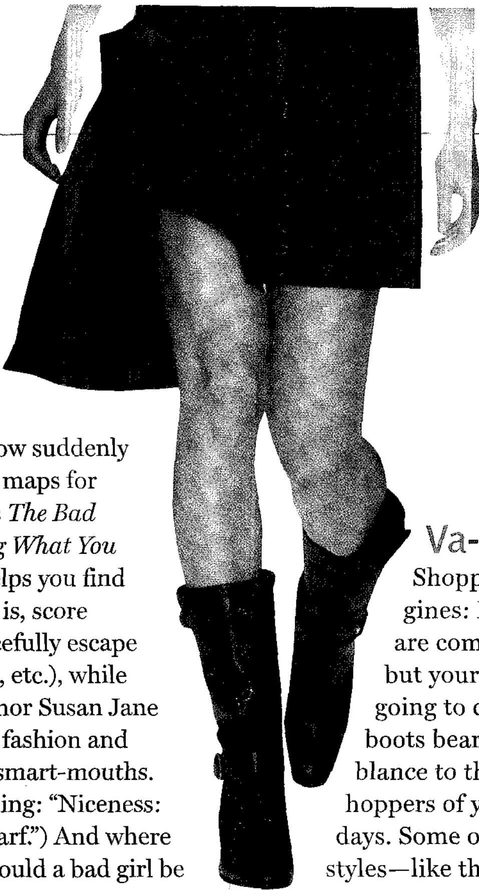
1-bed, 1-bath, 700-square-foot co-op. Ask: $225,000. Sell: $217,000. Maintenance: $326. Twenty-six weeks on market.

After showing this apartment to more than 120 people, Corcoran's Rachel Melniker feared she might have a lemon on her hands. The layout was "somewhat challenging," she concedes: Split off from an eight-room apartment years ago, it has a bedroom that had originally been a maid's room in the larger spread. In addition, "the apartment had not been terribly well cared for." Finally, along came a Columbia grad in the Internet business. She already loved the neighborhood, and her mom, an interior decorator, will help make lemonade out of the place. EMILY GITTER

Photographs: top, Sean Hemmerle; bottom, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

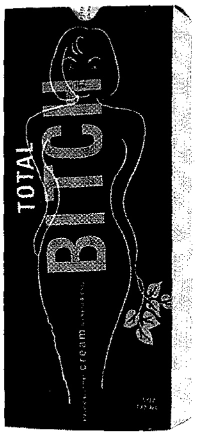
G

AMY LAROCCA Style



The New Nice?

Being a bitch has ong been the fastest track to becoming the center of attention. Now suddenly there's a spate of road maps for sale: Cameron Tuttle's *The Bad Girl's Guide to Getting What You Want,* for example, helps you find your inner bitch (that is, score more free drinks, gracefully escape humdrum office tasks, etc.), while in *Kiss My Tiara,* author Susan Jane Gilman addresses the fashion and lifestyle issues facing smart-mouths. (Sample chapter heading: "Niceness: Barf.") And where would a bad girl be without her mean-spirited fixings? From Dirty Girl, there's a whole line of nasty beauty products, including Total Bitch Lip Balm and Total Bitch Body Cream (at Henri Bendel and Ricky's). So it figures that *Bitch* author Elizabeth Wurtzel is all set to ride this wave: She's got a new book due out in December. AMY SWIFT



Va-Va-Vroom

Shoppers, rev your engines: Motorcycle boots are coming back for fall, but your old Fryes aren't going to cut it—the new boots bear little resemblance to the clunky clodhoppers of your headbanging days. Some of the flat-heeled styles—like the streamlined, horsey Tod's, and the more over-the-top fur-and-suede Chanel boot—are swank *and* hog-friendly. But most of the new tough stuff travels better by Town Car. By day, try Calvin Klein's stacked-heel calf-high numbers (pictured); at night, cool your heels in Bottega Veneta's spiky ankle boots or Sergio Rossi's fetish-worthy satin-and-leather stiletto style. Or bag the boots and just buy the straps: Prada's will buckle onto anything—and, more important, buckle off for that last-minute lunch with the boss. SHYAMA PATEL

Magnetic Attraction

Magnetism is certainly not a subject new to beauty, but now the force is being harnessed for use in—what else?—facials. At Yasmine Djerradine (30 East 60th Street; 212-588-1771), a thin layer of iron mixed with essential oils is massaged into the pores. Then a magnet is passed over the area, lifting off the metal along with impurities lodged in the skin. At Dorit Baxter (45 West 57th Street; 212-371-4542), magnetic balls are rolled over your face and then your spine while you lie on a magnetic pad under an infrared blanket. Baxter explains that this draws on the body's own energy field, stimulating new cell growth. "The treatment is very gentle; people always fall asleep. But by the time they leave, they are full of energy," reports Baxter. Let's hope they aren't drawn straight to the refrigerator? BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Smart Set

Lutz & Patmos

There's a lot of cashmere in this town. But Tina Lutz and Marcia Patmos, who met five years ago designing Barneys private label, felt something was missing. "There was nothing *modern,*" Lutz says. So, after exhaustive research that took the designers to just about every mill in Italy, Lutz & Patmos was born: a collection of meticulously designed cashmere sweaters and scarves ranging in weight from Tokyo (two-ply in featherweight yarn) to Kilimanjaro (a dense sixteen-ply), with subtle touches—flared sleeves, small shoulders, tapered seams—that keep the sweaters from looking too House of Scots. "We also wanted to do great colors," Patmos says, and so they stock everything from warm oatmeal to fluorescent green. The summer-weight cashmere is for sale at Barneys and Turpan in East Hampton, and by special order at 212-463-9110. But whatever you do, don't go looking for that dread cashmere perennial: "We are," says Patmos, "the no-classic-twin-set girls."

Photographs: counterclockwise from top, Firstview.com; Dasha Wright Ewing; Bert Spangemacher; Dasha Wright Ewing. Illustration by Ulla Puggaard.

Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

Endorsement Tango

With the mayoral race fully under way, the Democratic hopefuls are courting partners who can deliver votes and support. Here are the ones to watch.

THE SATURDAY BEFORE HE LEFT FOR HIS unexpected Puerto Rico-cum-Sunset Park vacation, Al Sharpton met with his confreres at the National Action Network to decide on his mayoral endorsement. He'd be announcing the decision Monday or Tuesday, he told me; call him.

I called Monday. No decision. Call me around 2:30. Still no decision. Try me tomorrow morning. Nothing. This went on for a few days until he failed to return the last message I left on his cell phone because, as I learned that afternoon, by the rather capricious fiat of a federal judge Sharpton had more immediate concerns on his mind.

This story is telling, for political purposes, because it shows us that the Sharpton endorsement, which most insiders figured to be a slam-dunk for Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer, was evidently anything but. There is, I'm told, a Mark Green contingent within the NAN, as well as one urging the Rev to wait until the runoff (it will take place on September 25 if no candidate gets 40 percent in the September 11 primary), see who the top two finishers are, and choose one. And with Sharpton perhaps stuck in jail until August 21, you begin to see how murky these endorsement waters are this year.

Kingmakers: Teachers' union head Randi Weingarten and Congressman Charles Rangel.

THERE'S A REASON THEY ARE: WITH NO CLEAR front-runner, and no great ideological differences among the four major Democrats, the big players are hedging their bets. But this week marks the beginning of the petitioning period, when campaigns send their minions out to gather voters' signatures in support of their nominations. And just as bears know when to emerge from their caves, and snakes know when to molt, so too do politicos intuit that the petition period is the time to start making moves. Herewith, then, five endorsements to watch, and their ramifications.

1. The Liberal Party. If all went as expected June 2, the Libs sent up their puff of white smoke from the Intercontinental Hotel and chose Alan Hevesi. Two thoughts: First, this decision is potentially rather hard cheese, as Waugh might have put it, for Michael Bloomberg, who's set to announce his candidacy this week. Bloomberg, a Democrat running as a Republican, could have used that Liberal designation (the votes Rudy Giuliani received on the Liberal line provided his margin of victory over David Dinkins in 1993). That he didn't get it tells us that Giuliani did not lean on his friend, Lib *jefe* Ray Harding, to deliver the line to Bloomberg. In fact, a source says, Giuliani called Harding to urge consideration of Peter Vallone. But Rudy's a lame duck, and lately more concerned with ensuring that his children pass many future hours on some shrink's couch, and Ray is on to the next phase.

Second thought: This designation means Hevesi will be on the ballot in November even if he doesn't win the Democratic primary. This, in turn, means he could run full-steam as a Liberal, stealing votes from the Democrat and thereby helping Bloomberg. A source close to Hevesi says that the comptroller made no such commitment to Harding. In any event, watch for Mark Green to announce this week that he'll support the Democratic nominee, and that he expects all his Democratic opponents to do the same.

2. The United Federation of Teachers. UFT head Randi Weingarten is lukewarm on Ferrer and Vallone and regards Green (who backs various measures the UFT hates, like transferring teachers) as the moral equivalent of, if not Hitler and Stalin, at least Walter O'Malley. She will probably endorse Hevesi. "I think she'd like to do something by late June," a union source says, "but I'm not absolutely positive it's going to happen. It's certainly better for us if we see some movement." That is, movement by Hevesi in polls, which so far has been halting. The UFT has muscle—in 1989, it was vital to Dinkins's victory, and in '93, it ran TV ads criticizing Dinkins's handling of contract negotiations. The ex-

Photographs: left, Frances M. Roberts; right, Richard B. Levine.

tent to which its 70,000 voting members do so en bloc is not clear, but that's actually less important than the phone banks and other efforts the union makes on behalf of its candidate.

3. Dennis Rivera. The hospital workers' union chief has been all over the lot: Ferrer, his fellow Latino; Hevesi, who has worked on health-care issues with Rivera since the eighties. Most recently, he's been having meetings, through an intermediary close to both men, with Green. The general feeling on Rivera is that he'd probably like to go with his landsman, all things being equal, except that all things *aren't* equal: There is a growing sense among insiders that Ferrer's campaign is faltering, and an accompanying notion that the marbles may be moving in Green's direction. Dinkins's endorsement of Green, which came three weeks ago, is influencing Rivera's calculations, because Dinkins remains immensely popular among his membership. Rivera probably faces his Vieques-protest sentencing this week, so he, like Sharpton, may have a lot of time on his hands to mull all this.

4. District Council 37. The leader of this union, Lee Saunders, has yet to establish himself as the formidable power player his two predecessors, Victor Gotbaum and the pre-scandal Stanley Hill, once were. This primary presents Saunders with an opportunity to pick a horse and ride him to victory, cementing a reputation as someone who can deliver. But that's risky, too; if his horse loses, he's got presidents of his 56 union locals griping that he made the wrong choice and cost them influence. Bets are that Saunders waits for a runoff.

5. Charlie Rangel. Ah, Charlie. A game theorist's dream, Rangel has been a master at playing the tease, appearing with this candidate and then that one, driving up the value of his endorsement like a hotly anticipated stock offering. Ferrer needs Rangel; if this black-Latino coalition is going to happen, Ferrer will need some major black support, and he's already lost Dinkins (he has Carl McCall, but McCall is running for governor and won't risk offending the others—whose support he'll need—by going too far out for Ferrer). Most insiders think Rangel's leaning toward Hevesi, but no one knows. I think even Rangel doesn't know. It's a fitting symbol of an election that, for the city's political mandarins, is less about great issues and New York's future than about what they can get out of it. ■

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James J. Cramer THE BOTTOM LINE

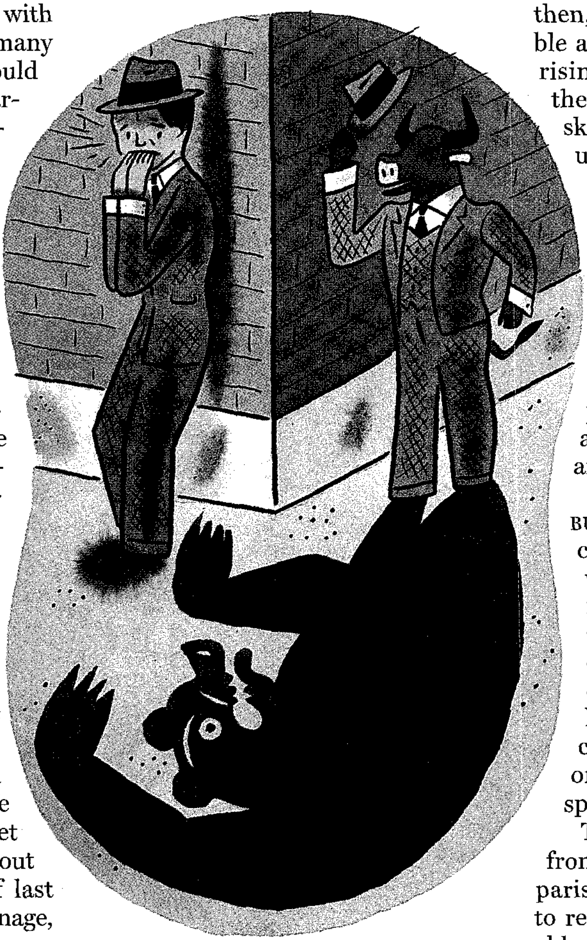
Fear of Buying

Wall Street's Pearl Harbor has come and gone, and the tide has turned, so why aren't you buying again? Come on, folks, the only thing you have to fear is fear itself!

I *TOLD YOU* THINGS WERE GETTING BETTER, but the bears keep proselytizing you and you keep *listening* to them! By now, people should respect this market for what it is: a new bull market, filled with new highs and broad advances on many different fronts. By now, people should be bragging about being *in* the market, not boasting about having gotten out before they got hurt.

But you *aren't* listening to me, are you? Because you're still too scared. Months after the colossal losses stopped, the damage from last year's NASDAQ bear still oppresses us, like a radioactive cloud that's drifted far from the original blast zone. The losses were simply too great to allow any joy or celebration over new gains this soon. The collapse of the techs, where everyone had clustered, still has our capital tied up in losing positions, with no ability to move on to bigger and better things. And nobody at the big brokerage houses seems to have enough credibility to tell us to buy anything.

So the market has no champions. Those who loved it all last year are now silently indicted as charlatans; they lost us way too much money to still be called gurus. We don't want to hear them tell us to get back in now, since they never got us out before. The bearish strategists of last year, those who bailed before the carnage, almost all remain full-fledged bears, blind to the stocks that are ramping up and the Federal Reserve's aggressive actions that have made the market safe to invest in again. Many of them are hedge-fund managers who scored last year on the short side and refuse to cover and go long now because the "fundamentals" haven't yet turned. They are blind not only to the terrific breadth of the market but to history: Stocks always turn up *ahead* of the fundamentals. These guys are destined to give back this year what they made on the short side last year. With the exception of a couple of renegades, I don't know *anyone* who despised the market last year but loves it now.



I've seen it like this once before: a move up in the market without any of the usual enthusiasm or excitement. No one then seemed to be *enjoying* the sudden bounty. Then as now, nobody believed we could ever make big money again, even as big money started to be made.

I'm talking about 1988, just after the October crash of 1987, when the market began an ascent that, until it was briefly interrupted in 1990, continued until last year's horrendous sell-off. Back then, we saw this same kind of incredible action, with many different groups rising. There's just something about these crashes that makes people too skittish to do what should come naturally: *buy*.

Last year, when the Federal Reserve was still raising rates and stifling the economy, people wanted to buy every dip. Right now we are having a dip courtesy of an unexpected change in the Senate leadership (and some elusive earnings in technology stocks), and people fear this dip as if we were about to head back to new lows at any moment.

BUT LOOK HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED compared with last year. Back then, we were just beginning to head into the tech decline, as we were seeing the total collapse of the dot-com movement and the drying-up of the initial-public-offering market. We had a Federal Reserve that complained regularly that the economy was too hot and the market too speculative.

Today we are just a season away from what the Street calls "easy comparisons"—that's where companies get to report earnings that compare favorably with past weakness—and analysts will be predictably ecstatic; it happens every time. The dot-com collapse is now

TheStreet.com

Check out this week's "10 Questions" on TheStreet.com, spotlighting Tim Quinlisk, manager of John Hancock's Large Cap Value Fund and Focused Relative Value Fund. Available free at www.thestreet.com.

Illustration by Micael Klein.

so historical that people are bored with it, and the survivors are starting to order equipment again, making comparisons even in the ne'er-do-well tech group easier and better.

Most important, I have never seen the Fed more motivated to make us want to be in the market—except perhaps after the crash of '87. The Fed is taking rates down to where cash will look and feel and *earn* like trash—we are only a rate cut away from 3.5 percent, where people historically have said, *Get me some stocks with dividends*. And the only word we hear from the Fed is that it is still worried about the economy not turning around *fast* enough! Oh, sure, there are some things that aren't going the bulls' way: A GOP-controlled Senate would have taken some of the worry out of the oil drillers and the drug companies, both of which were benefiting from congressional leadership that was trying to outdo even our president in helping these industries. The earnings shortfalls and bankruptcies among indebted phone companies still continue apace. And retailers still haven't felt the spike that will come from a tax cut.

But Bush's just-passed tax bill should give you good reason to believe that the April–May rally—a rally that took everyone by surprise—will morph into a terrific summer explosion as consumers find no place to put their newfound money *except* into stocks.

Why am I so confident that 2001 is going to turn out like 1988, the beginning of a sustained multiyear move upward? Because just before 1987, I had turned bearish—I still think it was my greatest call—and I clung to that bear with all my might as a talisman for the future. I couldn't believe we could ever snap back quickly from those losses. I shorted most of the comeback for the year, ceding point after point to the bulls. I was so wrong. It took me a full year before I realized that the Fed had engineered a superlative, broad bull market. Just like now.

So sure, be skeptical of the turn. Take a jaundiced approach to the quick buck. Be wary of a speculative approach to the market, especially the NASDAQ. But don't bet against it. This market's going higher. ■

James J. Cramer is co-founder of TheStreet.com. He often buys and sells securities that are the subject of his columns and articles, both before and after they are published, and the positions that he takes may change at any time.
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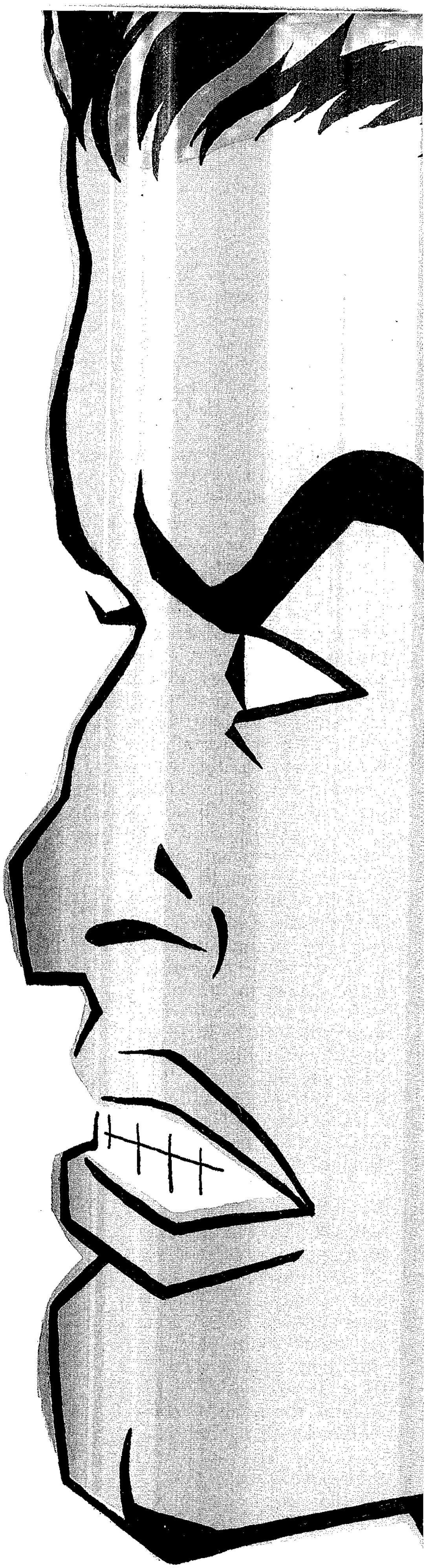
FIGHTS

“

Happy couples—whatever *they* are—are all alike. But New York's unhappy couples are unhappy in their own way. **Sarah Bernard** goes backstage in the city's operatic, never-ending relationship dramas.

AND THE CITY

"NOTICE HOLE NO. 1," SAYS MAX, 30, POINTING TO A GAPING BASEBALL-SIZE puncture in the slate-gray bedroom wall. "And that"—he gestures across the room—"is hole No. 2." • The fight started on the previous Saturday when Max and his girlfriend, Jessica, 28, decided to go out on the town. "It was a quintessential New York night," says Jessica, in jeans and a black turtleneck, lying across the bed in their one-bedroom University Place apartment, which is filled with papers and computers for an Internet business they started together out of their living room. "We went to three bars, had some sushi at Yama on Carmine, went to one friend's party, then to The Park, in Chelsea." They ended up at Centro-Fly. When a burly bouncer blocked her from returning to the VIP room after a bathroom break, Max didn't come to her aid and the alcohol-enhanced brawl began. "If you are out with your boyfriend and you feel threatened by the door guy, your boyfriend should do something. It made me feel like he decided it wasn't worth it." • The fireworks started inside the nightclub, then continued in the backseat of a cab. "At 20th Street, she gets out and slams the door, hysterical," says Max. "The cabdriver is looking at me like I'm an idiot. So are people in other cars." • Max is now sitting across from Jessica on a futon piled high with his clothes, his sneaker collection arranged in a grid on the floor to the right. "I go another block in the cab. But then I figure Jessica is wasted, it's 3 A.M. I should go find her and walk her home." They've lived together for the past four years of their eleven-year relationship, which began when Jessica was in high school. "Otherwise, she's going to go missing for weeks, then they'll find her watch somewhere." He got out and followed her down Fifth Avenue. • "Finally, I grabbed her. And for a second, everything was funny. Then she started *again.* She crossed the street. This guy gives her a 'Where you goin', honey?' and she gets freaked out. So she comes back to me, then starts cursing! *Really loud.* Meanwhile, people are looking at us like 'Are you insane?' • "We get in the building and she runs upstairs," Max continues as Jessica listens, giggling. "I say, 'You sleep; I'm watching TV on the couch.' I went to check my e-mail. My



ILLUSTRATED BY NIAGARA

wrist was in a brace, and she came in and kicked me in the thumb. I'm thinking, *This is going to be killing me for months, what the fuck?* That's when you went into the bedroom and I slammed open the door, which caused the first hole."

The second came when he threw the cordless phone in frustration.

Jessica gives a perfunctory nod. "I think it's interesting there are not more people crying and going crazy on the street in New York," she says.

The non-cordless phone rings. It's Jessica's mom. She wants to know when they're getting married.

NEW YORK COUPLES ARE GLADIATORS. Fighting is our favorite spectator sport, whether on the street corner or through the thin walls of a tenement (à la *The Honeymooners*) or on the front page of the New York *Post* (à la the mayor—though we didn't need to know *that* much). But the city is more than a stage set for our operatic battles. It's a living presence in most relationships—a not-so-silent third party. All of us tend to fight about the same things, dictated by the patterns the city forces us into. (What's Rudy, after all, but another workaholic executive who grew too close to a co-worker and thereby lost his family?) We fight about: working too much, working too little, shelf space, loft space, personal space, sushi or Mexican, the Four Seasons or the coffee shop. We fight in elevators, on the sidewalks, in the middle of the kitchen with the refrigerator door open, in Central Park, on Central Park West, in the office, on the Jitney, at the dinner table, in dive bars, on the couch. "My boyfriend *only* fights on the 6 train," says one New York lifer. "I think he likes the spectacle."

Birds Do It, Bees Do It

Brooke, 31, is an impeccably groomed publicist. Dave, 38, her husband of seven and a half years, runs a sales-and-trading desk at an investment bank. They are sitting on opposite sofas in their Deco living room. Tonight the bone of contention is—as it often is—how her home office has sprawled from the guest room in their Upper East Side three-bedroom, crossed the hallway, passed the front foyer, and established a suburb in what used to be his study, backing his stereo equipment and treadmill into the corner. "When I come home, there is a full office going on," says Dave, still in his suit and tie.

"I tell him, 'You absolutely can't come in and talk to me until 6:30 P.M.,' " says Brooke, sipping a glass of white wine.

"So I'll go shopping," he says. "I won't come home. I don't feel comfortable here." He has to physically restrain her from answering the phone past 7 P.M. "We have four lines," he points out. "We have ten handsets in the apartment! Plus she has a BlackBerry addiction."

"I use it when I'm walking down the street," she says proudly.

"She was checking her voice mail in the middle of a Seder!" he shouts.

"Under the table!" she shouts back.

Vacations are always in places with Internet access. ("She rips all the covers off my travel magazines for her clip files, but *I'm* the one who has to make the travel arrangements!" he laments.) Weeknights are for separate business socializing. Sunday nights, she likes to come home early from the Hamptons to do her payroll. Running her own business, she reminds him, means that she is responsible for every detail. Given her hectic schedule, she wants him to handle more of their household affairs. "He's there the whole day doing nothing but making up jokes on Bloomberg," she says. "Someone dies, there's a joke 30 seconds later."

"No, I'm talking to my clients."

"Yeah, whatever. You're not doing anything. So my thing is, you're sitting there and when the market's slow you could make some calls. You've got to deal with the dog grooming, call the decorator and tell her which fabric swatch we want. Our decorator and our contractor are having an affair, by the way—it's a nightmare."

"I can't do that on the trading desk; it's too embarrassing."

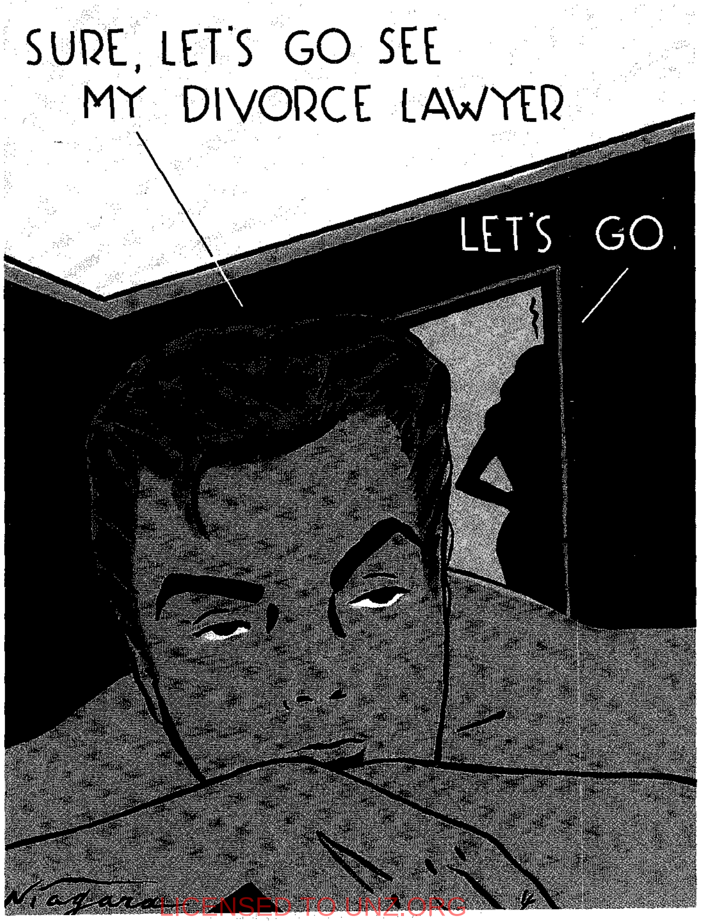
"Like no one else does it."

Everyone does it. More than the inhabitants of any other city, New Yorkers define themselves by what they do (or, in the case of waiters, what they aspire to do). With lives completely colonized by career, relationships have to eke out an existence on the margins. "We have to come up with silly-sounding compromises like making sure we sleep at each other's house three nights a week after we've gone out separately," says a thirty-something lawyer of her managing-director boyfriend, whose job requires that he takes clients out to Le Bernardin-type meals four nights a week.

"The essential thing that New York does is, it puts financial pressure on the relationship," says Jonathan, 51, who is on his third New York City marriage. "Not just in terms of the apartment you can't afford but in terms of what other people *can* afford. You read that somebody you know just bought a $4 million apartment and you feel you're constantly behind the eight ball."

"I represent a lot of bankers and bankers' wives," says divorce lawyer Jeffrey R. Cohen. "Guys making $3, $4 million are afraid they'll lose their jobs. Instead of enjoying this unbelievable good fortune, they're nervous."

"Success carries tremendous matrimonial dangers," says divorce lawyer Norman Sheresky, who's handled divorces for the likes of Warner LeRoy and AOL's Bob Pittman.


SURE, LET'S GO SEE MY DIVORCE LAWYER
LET'S GO.
Niagara

Some of the names in this piece have been changed.

"It makes your head fatter," agrees Cohen. "You believe in your own semi-celebrity. The rush of success creates a lot of attention, and suddenly taking out the garbage—it's like you've become Larry King or something. 'I don't have time to take it out,' " he jokes. " 'I'm Larry King!' "

That pressure in turn sucks the life out of a romance. "Because you're not putting the time into it," says Dr. Paul Spector, a New York psychoanalyst who specializes in couples. "The quotidian matters that once structured a life are now done by others. Taking care of the children, shopping, cooking together as a family on weekends. Those things provided a certain glue that helped maintain the relationship."

Even the commute, according to Spector, is a recipe for conflict. "Coming home from an office, not having a bus ride, or taking a subway so crowded it's anything but depressurizing," he says. "When you walk into a house and there's children or your spouse, you're about as ready to greet them as you are to walk off to war."

In shrink talk, of course, work is a synonym for avoidance. "I've seen this many times," continues Spector. "People think working these long hours is 'for the good of the family.' They do not conceptualize it as an absence from the family. They say, 'I want my children to be able to say "Daddy does this" or "Mommy does that." ' But it doesn't translate. Children don't know what a CEO is."

"Everyone is type A and everyone wants to do everything," says Elizabeth, 43, a mother of three who works in foreign sales at an investment bank and moved from Manhattan to Scarsdale after her first child. "They overschedule their kids. They overschedule their own lives. I know one couple that recently split up over an ongoing fight between private school or public school in Scarsdale. I've seen people fight when one parent wants the kid to go to his alma mater like Buckley but the other wants Trinity. And then when the kids don't get in, they blame each other over whose fault it is. 'It's your learning disability!' 'It's the fact that you didn't give enough money as an alum!' We have so many friends who are divorcing right now. It's our age—forties. And it's New York."

"If the children become extensions of the parents, their performance and their achievement become a kind of gratification for the parent," says Spector. "If the kid's not an Olympic fencer, a good chess player, and playing in string quartets . . . that's the consequence of living in one of the big cities. But part of that is related to the parents' ambition level."

Carl and his wife, Angela, recently went to war over piano lessons for their daughter. "To her, it's a quaint fifties idea, a person who suddenly at 10 P.M. at somebody's party finds herself sitting in front of a piano playing beautifully—whether it happens to be Beethoven or Broadway show tunes, everybody gathers around and falls in love with the person," he says. "But to me, $700 a semester when there's no discernible improvement . . . I mean, we had to *buy* a piano. You have to force them to practice, then you have to hear it. You're always sadly judging them against ideals like—what?—Mozart, Harry Connick Jr., Michael Feinstein. There comes a point when you feel sorry for the instructor, because you're saddling him with a child with no apparent interest or talent. At the end-of-the-year recital, they manage to pull off some reasonable facsimile and my wife says, 'See? She's getting better. We have to sign up next year!' "

I Get No Kick From Champagne

Candace Bushnell's celebrity-filled birthday party was the backdrop for Lucy's most heated relationship blowout. After a few drive-by hellos, she scanned the room, only to find her photographer boyfriend in a huddle with one of the city's notorious gossip columnists. "Jason's not an in-and-out guy," she sighs. "You have a hundred one-minute conversations at these parties, but Jason has one twenty-minute conversation." When she spotted him, she tried ever-so-subtly to move him along. She gave him the stare. It didn't work. She gave him the not-so-playful pinch. It didn't register. He was too busy not only "mingling," as she'd badgered him to do, but at the same time spilling his guts, and possibly hers. That's when it happened. "She shushed me," he explains. "I shushed him," she admits. The gaggle of bejeweled onlookers, including the offending gossip columnist, quickly dispersed in all directions.

"I'd have to go to benefits and take tables for work," says Brooke. "Dave would never speak to anybody. I would end up screaming at him across the table because he wasn't talking to the people next to him. He wouldn't speak," she says, turning to face him. "You have to admit you did not speak at all. You didn't even make an attempt, and it got to be very embarrassing. Other people

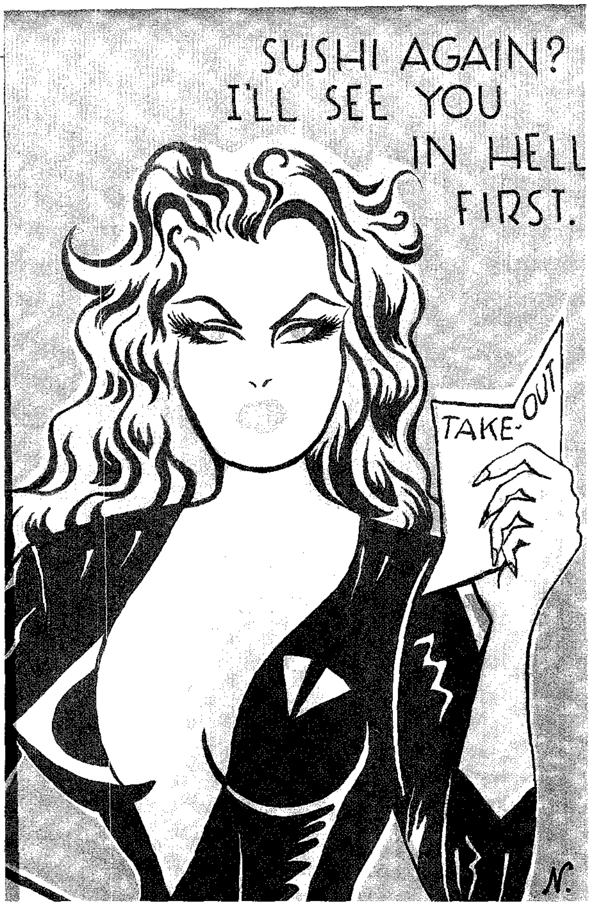
Fight Club

New York is a city of public battles—and of voyeurs. Here are some wars you may have missed.

The Scene: The Chelsea flea market.
The Players: A young couple—"hyper-yuppies who take their decorating very seriously," says Andy, a fashion exec who witnessed the battle.
What Happened: "A woman was in tears over this hideous Barcelona-chair reproduction," recalls Andy, who watched in horror as she began thumping her boyfriend's chest and repeatedly moaning, "I want it!" Her partner, while fending off her blows, coolly responded, "I'm sorry, but it's just not my style."
The Aftermath: "I couldn't take it—they were both so annoying," Andy says. "So I walked up and bought the chair."

The Scene: A Brooklyn house party.
The Players: Gary and Lara, a couple who had, in classic New York style, decided to end their relationship at a fête hosted by a friend, John.
What Happened: "She was drunk," John recalls. "Then she threw a cocktail on him." Gary, drenched, screamed, "That's it! We're breaking up!" To exact her revenge, Lara disappeared into the master bedroom with another woman. When an unsuspecting Gary stumbled upon the lesbian encounter, Lara looked up with a grin and cooed, "Gary, would you mind sparing me a cigarette?"
The Aftermath: "It was ugly," remembers John, "but to tell you the truth, their breakup saved my party."

The Scene: A Rite Aid in Chelsea.
The Players: Michael and Veronica, recent college grads.
What Happened: After a romantic dinner fueled by several glasses of wine, the pair strolled over to the drugstore for condoms. "But I was broke after shelling out my money for pasta," says Veronica, who assumed her investment-banker boyfriend could spring for a pack of Trojans. A fight ensued, and she began ripping boxes off the shelves and throwing them at him. "Have sex with yourself tonight," she hissed. "That way you won't have to pay for rubbers!"
The Aftermath: Veronica raced back to their apartment and locked herself in the bedroom—the only room with AC. "The cheap bastard slept on his sticky pleather couch in the middle of summer," she happily recalls.


SUSHI AGAIN? I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL FIRST.
TAKE-OUT
N.

know how to weave their way into a conversation. Then he would get drunk and bid too high at the silent auctions." "Once, I got her a walk-on part on *Frasier*," he offers.

Every Honey Bee, Fills With Jealousy

The spectrum of social opportunities is one of the obvious arguments for signing a lease in Manhattan. Of course, there are dangers. Temptation was rampant even before the current miniskirt renaissance. "There is too much to look at," says Christopher, a film executive. "In L.A., too many of the girls have big roots with dyed blonde hair. I went to a club—I saw a woman in the coolest club in L.A. in a pink suit with coffee hose. But I was at Thom, the bar at the 60 Thompson hotel, and the waitresses are six feet two and 90 pounds. Like that Robert Palmer video."

"There is more eye candy," agrees Samantha Daniels, of Samantha's Table matchmaking service. "When you're living in the suburbs and you find yourself in a committed relationship, pretty much everyone you know is in a committed relationship as well," she notes. "When your significant other says he or she wants to go out, it's seven men all married who want to watch the football game on a Monday night or a group of girls want to go see *Bridget Jones's Diary* together. In New York, everybody in a couple has a lot of single friends. In order to maintain friendships, the married people wind up hanging out in a more singly environment.

"If you're in a relationship, you can trust the person, hopefully," Daniels continues, "but you can't really trust the other people who are out." "There are very aggressive people who see the flesh spot," says Cohen, the divorce lawyer. "Women will do what they can, men as well. It's a very aggressive town. You really have to have your armor on if you're going to resist temptation. They flirt with anyone," he says. "Even their divorce lawyers."

Trouble often results when one half of the couple wants to—or has to—go out more than the other can stand. "He'll go to the opening of an envelope," says Jeremy, 35, of his live-in boyfriend. "I have a small circle of friends I like to go out to dinner with. And when we do go out, the cell-phone abuse is unbelievable. It's always on. He's the kind of person whose phone will ring in the theater when the lights are out and the play is starting."

"If something is going on outside the city," says Justin, a musician, "I actually refuse. I don't go to Brooklyn. I have no idea why."

Last Halloween, Diana brought her fiancé to a costume party at the Guggenheim; the witching hour was 2 A.M., by the coat check. "He wanted to leave," she says, "but then they started playing eighties music, and all I wanted all night was to hear eighties music. I was feeling like he was my parent."

You Say Tomato, I Say Tomahto

Jessica is sitting cross-legged on the Oriental living-room rug sipping a coffee. She and Max have just returned from dinner at one of the five places on their mutually approved roster. "We never cook," she says. "We have a fight every night about where to get dinner," says Max, slumped on a slice of the sectional couch, his camouflage sneakers propped up on the glass coffee table. "It's like there are so many places to go, there's no places to go. When we're ordering food, we fight about who should place the order. No one wants to sit there and give the phone number and the address and repeat it ten times. It takes hours. We end up ordering from two different places."

Grocery shopping is like a war game. "I like to have fresh fruit in the house," he says. "Every time I buy something, Jessica is looking at the monitor on the cash register and giving a running commentary. 'Asian pears, a dollar apiece?! Star fruit, $3.99?!' I wanted this lemonade, and when the woman rung it up, it was $6.99. Jess wanted me to put it back. Who does that? It's something my mother would do. 'Avocados, $3.99 a pound?! I'll get this somewhere else!,' " he mimics. "We argued for the next half hour, maybe more. But it's totally inconsistent. No lemonade, but then she has lunch at Olive's."

Love for Sale

In New York, there's nothing sexier than a great space. For some, this even means storage. Christina, 30, a fashion publicist and avid sample-sale comber, puts a premium on cedar shelves for her cashmere sweaters—kept in individual plastic pouches—and racks for her color-coded rows of Jimmy Choos. "Our battle only ended when I offered a compromise," she confesses. "Blow jobs for closet space."

"I had one couple buy a home every two years," says Donna Olshan, president of Olshan Realty. "Not because they were trying to make money; they were trying to keep the relationship going. Like having a new toy or a new kid. They were serial buyers."

"It's a very aggressive town. You really have to have your armor on to resist temptation," says divorce lawyer Jeffrey Cohen. "They flirt with anyone—even their divorce lawyers."

A couple's first real-estate conflict usually has to do with the Drawer. "Having to ask for a drawer is humiliating," says Brady, 33, a freelance writer. "It's like that *Sex and the City* episode where Carrie purposely left a hair dryer and tampons at Big's house," says Christopher, the film executive. "When he shows up with a Barneys shopping bag at her apartment, she's like, 'A present?' And he goes, 'No,' very casually. 'These are just some things you left at my place.' Trying to claim territory in someone else's space in New York. That is huge."

Sharing an astronomical rent often makes financial sense long before it's an emotionally sound concept. "When I met my ex-girlfriend, she was living on green apples and rice cakes and sleeping in the living room of a one-bedroom with another girl in the fashion business," says Brady. "Their closets were exploding over their whole house. Her lease came up and we had this sort of vague conversation. My roommate was recovering from a serious bout of anorexia; she was miserable, smoking and drinking too much. So we decided, 'Hey, let's get a place together.' I remember the day after all the boxes were unpacked, I was sitting there on the couch watching the Knicks game and I thought, *Oh, my God. I've made a terrible mistake.*"

Accelerated cohabitation is by no means a New York–only phenomenon—but staying together because you don't want to give up your apartment is. Donna and Rudy, it turns out, are not alone. "There is an older couple on lower Fifth Avenue," says Leonard Steinberg, a vice-president of the Corcoran Group, "who literally despise one another. But they own the apartment together, and they ain't giving up the lifestyle. It's stunning, a jewel of downtown. Probably one of the prize apartments in the city. But it's as if it were Baby Jane and her sister. You know? They just *loathe* one another, but they stick it out."

"When you have a good deal in New York, you don't leave your apartment," Cecily, 45, says matter-of-factly. An agent for TV-commercial directors, she's lived in an oversize one-bedroom on West 79th Street with an eat-in kitchen, a 30-foot hallway, and a garden outside her window for the past twenty years. When she got married a few years ago, there was no way she was going to give it up. "My husband was furious. He felt like he was the odd person out. He took it personally that I didn't get a new one with him. It wasn't that it was a personal thing; it was just that I'd been used to seeing things the same way for so long. That was a really difficult thing to come to grips with. He would just say, 'Change it! Fix it! Do something!' And I didn't know what to do. We changed some things around, got him a desk. I moved this wonderful 1940s Deco chair from China—which I loved but he hated—to the basement. I got him more bookcases, but there's no way in hell I could ever have enough bookcases," she sighs. "We'll be married three years at the end of the month. I honestly didn't know that we'd get beyond two."

Romance Without Finance Is a Nuisance

The average dedicated scanner of real-estate rags would have to declare Nicole, 26, a beauty-industry executive, and her fiancé, Patrick, who works in the ad specialty industry, winners of a real-estate jackpot. The lemon-yellow paint is still drying on their Upper West Side one-bedroom rental, for which they pay $1,300 a month. It is an unbelievable deal. And it means they don't have to spend their lunch hours and weekends circling bogus listings any longer. But Nicole is not satisfied. "Now we fight about saving money so we can buy an apartment instead of paying rent to someone we don't even know," she says. "I just have it come directly out of my account every month. It's the only way. I got him to do it, too, but he does half of what I do, which is sad. I'm so much more involved in his finances than I want to be. He makes more than I do, but I'm much more neurotic than I think I would be if I lived anywhere else.

"Anywhere else with what we're making, we'd be billionaires, and here we're just surfacing. Half the things we fight about we wouldn't fight about if we didn't live here. I wouldn't be on his ass to make more money. I'm like, 'You aren't saving enough. We each have to save religiously for three years. Each of us!' " she says, scrambling for a pen to jot down some familiar calculations. "If we save $1,000 a month each, times two that's $72,000, which is 20 percent of $360,000. Think about it: $360,000 will maybe get you a two-bedroom apartment in a non-doorman building," she sighs. "Like a dark apartment.

"There's a part of me—and this is so bad, so wrong—that just wishes he were on his way to making a million dollars, because it would mean that I wouldn't have to work too long. It's sad, but when you think about how it is for us right

(continued from page 29)

The Scene: An East Village bodega.
The Players: Sammy, a broadcasting exec, and his boyfriend.
What Happened: It was a typical weekday night of grocery shopping. "We were talking, and my boyfriend was getting upset about how I was never at home and we never saw each other," Sammy recalls. By the time the pair entered the deli, what had begun as a conversation had mutated into a full-blown argument. "That night I was supposed to tape an episode of *Deep Space Nine.*" As they stood in line at the register, the boyfriend shrieked, *"I can't believe you taped* Star Trek *and watched it without me! How could you?"*
The Aftermath: "Everyone turned around and started staring and laughing at us," Sammy remembers. "It's one of the most embarrassing things that's ever happened to me."

The Scene: An Upper East Side pizzeria.
The Players: Bill, a 26-year-old actor, and his girlfriend, Jodi, a 25-year-old investment banker.
What Happened: "We were drinking pitchers of beer, bickering," says Bill. "I went to the bathroom, and when I came back, Jodi was making out with some strange-looking French guy." Bill howled, "What the hell are you doing—we're *in love*!" while horrified onlookers gawked.
The Aftermath: His confession seemed to do the trick: The stranger apologized profusely and buried his head in his hands—before spontaneously vomiting on the couple.

The Scene: A Lower East Side sidewalk.
The Players: A group of five pals with their friends David and Abigail, a couple who had been arguing the entire night.
What Happened: A fight between the lovebirds escalated in the street, and the cluster of friends watched in terror as David lifted a garbage can and hurled it before fleeing into the night. Abigail followed, leaving the friends standing amid a pile of rubbish. Then a group of large Dominican men approached. "Don't you fuckin' be throwin' trash all over our neighborhood," one menacingly uttered.
The Aftermath: The group attempted to explain what had happened, but to no avail. "They stood over us," one participant recalls, "and we proceeded to pick up every single piece of trash."

The Scene: An Upper East Side salon.
The Players: A late-twenties Wall Streeter, his blonde girlfriend, and his very, very blonde ex.
What Happened: "He was having his

> "When we leave Manhattan, we don't argue about things. It's when we start talking about our life in Manhattan that we argue."

now, when I think about how I don't feel like I can keep doing this . . ." She leans back in her chair and takes a breath. "I mean, 40?" she says finally. "I'll be dead by 40."

"I think real estate controls their lives," says Corcoran's Steinberg, who knows all too well what the search for space can do to a couple. Stanley, a publishing executive, constantly begs his boyfriend to quit his writing job and put his law degree to work. "Right now," he says, "I could be talking to you from my SoHo loft."

"I had one couple," says Steinberg. "She loved the apartment, he didn't. They put in an offer that wasn't high enough. We knew it wouldn't be," he adds. "At a certain point, she just burst: 'That's it! I'm leaving!' They split up right in the street in front of the awning."

Attempting to pass a co-op board is another mine field. The pressure of "exposing" oneself financially to ten or twelve people is enormous. "Fights? Forget about it," says Steinberg. "The worst-case scenario is when a spouse doesn't want to reveal all the finances and then the other spouse says, 'Well, if you don't, then we're not going to get the apartment and I've looked for six months and I can't look anymore because I'm going crazy!' "

When Cheryl, 34, a former fashion-industry executive, moved into her banker husband's midtown one-bedroom, "I was the one who had to give up all my stuff," she says. "He had all this black furniture from Ikea and sports memorabilia on the walls. It was the worst thing I've ever seen. I hated living there." A few months later, circumstances changed. "Somehow I got pregnant, earlier than we'd planned. My husband made me take two pregnancy tests because I wasn't supposed to be ovulating." There was no way to squeeze in a baby and possibly a nanny. "I called the broker every day. Something would come up on a high floor that was too expensive. Or it was too big. Or it wasn't big enough. Finally—I'm six months pregnant—this woman in our building was going to sublet her two-bedroom, then decided at the last minute to give it up."

Other couples let their space dictate the size of their family instead of the other way around. "You frequently get the one-two-three debate," says Dr. Kenneth Mueller, a psychotherapist. "They can agree on one child, but there's an argument over the second one that has to do with space. 'Suppose it's the opposite sex; we'll need an extra bedroom. How are we going to afford it?' One of them is sitting there doing calculations. 'That's an extra bedroom, that's another $200,000 onto the mortgage!'

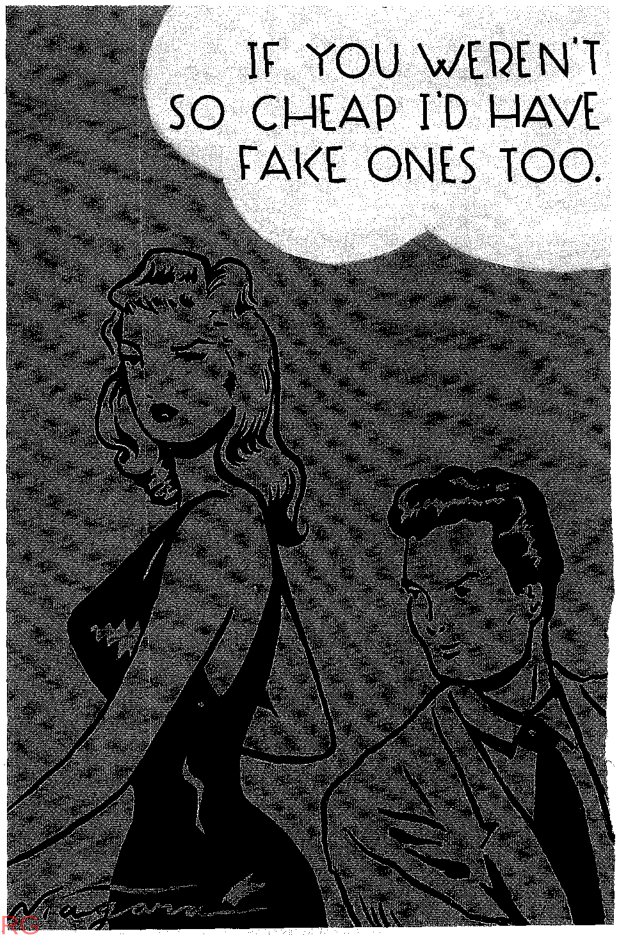
"I have a couple coming in now; he says, 'If we have a second child, how are we going to put him through private school? We can afford one, but where am I going to come up with the money for the second?' But she just turned 40, and she wants to get going. They could have two, three, and not worry about it if they didn't live in New York."

I'd Like to Sup With My Baby Tonight, But It's Too Darn Hot

Having a place to winter is one thing, but the question of which traffic jam to choose on a summer Friday night is now considered serious. "There's the expectation of going out and being with friends and spending a lot of money and having the home in the Hamptons," says Dr. Warren Berland, who specializes in urban-couple dynamics. "It's very difficult for many people to spend summers in the city. Most people think they have to get out or it's embarrassing." For Nick, a travel writer, and Daniel, a lawyer, a summer rental is not in their budget. Dilapidated shacks they casually considered in Sag Harbor turned out to have $750,000 price tags. Instead of spending beach days sucking in the air-conditioning inside their one-bedroom with their new puppy, they play the house-guest roulette. Picking through their myriad invites can lead to a brawl. "When we get invites for a specific date, someone claims it, basically. 'Is there a plan for July 4? No? Then I just made one.' It's whoever gets there first wins."

"I don't need a lot of frills and thrills to make me happy," says James, a book editor. "All I need is an occasional glass of beer and access to a twelve-bedroom home on Fire Island, preferably with a swimming pool and a deck as large as the T-bones we're grilling on it. Suddenly, this March, when I began looking at Fire Island rentals, my wife told me that my psychological necessity was a luxury we could not afford this year. 'Your daughter's bas mitzvah' is what she said. It's going to cost two summers on Fire island, and that's not even counting the D.J."

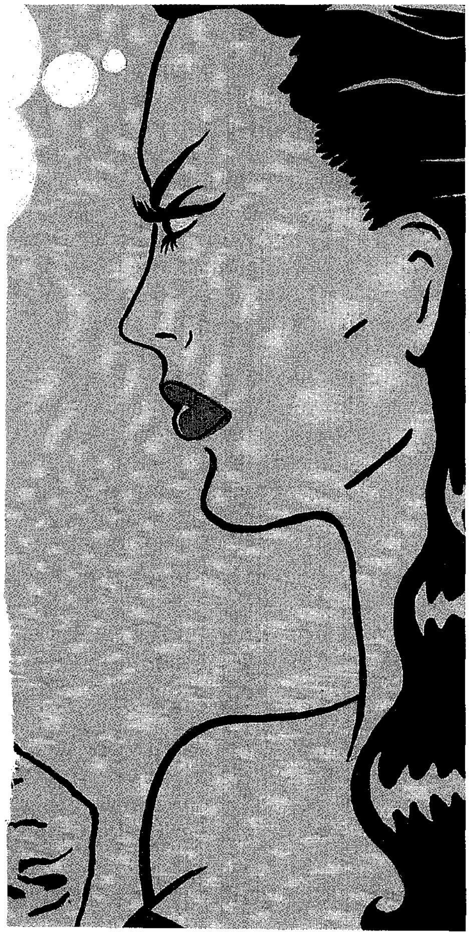
The first sunny weekend in May, Brooke and Dave are lying by their pool, listening to the original *Sopranos* soundtrack blasting from their outdoor speakers. After footing the bill for a Hamptons share five years straight—"and because I was sick of bad furniture in rentals," Brooke notes—she and Dave decided last year to keep renting in the city and look for a place in Southampton. "It was a fight at first in the style of the house," says Brooke, who eventually gave in to Dave's first choice by the beach. "Well, I was paying for it," he helpfully notes. The


IF YOU WEREN'T SO CHEAP I'D HAVE FAKE ONES TOO.

hot-button issue for Brooke and Dave was not the remodeling—known as "the secret killer"—but a long-standing sore point. When Brooke was sitting at her computer in their apartment four weeks ago, a message popped up from Dave. "You have a driving lesson tomorrow at 5:30 P.M. The car will be downstairs to do bridges and tunnels." Though Brooke grew up in South Florida and used to drive her white Honda Prelude up and down I-95, since she moved to New York she'd developed a fear of the chaotic city streets and road-raging Montauk Highway. "It is my goal to get her to drive out to the Hamptons Thursday night or Friday morning," says Dave. "She has her own business. She can leave when she wants, take the dog out with her and her computer, phone, and BlackBerry so I could work all day Friday and don't have to sit in traffic. I can take the seaplane on Friday afternoon and be by my pool 45 minutes later." "But I like to read and make phone calls while he drives," says Brooke. "I have a DVD player I plug in and watch movies." She has yet to get behind the wheel.

New York, New York
It's a Wonderful Town

Almost every couple who've fallen in love in New York at some point entertain a fantasy of escape. "When we go visit Patrick's parents," says Nicole, the beauty executive, "he always takes me on 'accidental' detours through New Jersey and he'll say, 'This is a cute town, don't you think?' I feel like at some point, he's going to win the fight. When we leave Manhattan, we don't argue about things. It's when we start talking about our life in Manhattan that we argue."



When Joy, 29, who works in P.R., and her banker boyfriend moved from New York to San Francisco, she didn't know what to expect. "Two of us can fit in the kitchen at the same time now," she excitedly reports from a cordless, looking out at a sweeping view of the Golden Gate Bridge, Alcatraz, and the Transamerica Building. "When you have space, your body relaxes. Bathroom space helps, too." They still order separate takeout—a hard New York habit to break. A few months of this less harried routine and they decided to get married. (The wedding, of course, will be in New York.)

John and Leslie packed up ten years in the West Village for Richmond, Virginia. "We fought there and we still fight," he jokes. "But not about the same, all-encompassing issues. After about three months, I was sitting at dinner over a bottle of wine and I looked at Leslie and I said, 'Do you realize something?' She said, 'What?' I said, 'We haven't had a real fight in three months.' What to attribute that to, I don't know." He pauses. "On a day-to-day basis, I miss New York *immensely*. There are just so many trade-offs," he adds, "but the last time I went, I had a full-blown panic attack at Niketown."

Perhaps that is just another way of the city weeding out those who aren't destined to survive here. The ones who remain are fighters. Spas, yoga, reflexology, even antidepressants only go so far. "We broke up because she never got mad at me," Brady, the writer, laments of another ex. "I tried everything. Coming back from all night out: 'I went to a strip club! Yup! Come on!' Nothing." And the chaos does have its advantages. Why struggle with how you feel when you can fight instead about where to order takeout?

"New York puts you on the same team," says Jessica. "If you're not on the same team as a couple, you break up. When we fight it's like we're working on the nuances of something. It's all a process."

"And the 'after-fight,' that's fun," says Max. "We're totally into that." He adds, "Especially the make-up sex the next morning." ■

(continued from page 31)

hair done and his girlfriend was waiting," recalls Danny, the stylist. Suddenly, the man's ex walked in and spied the couple. "Well, that didn't take long. You hooked up already?" she wailed. The patrons fell silent, while the ex unleashed a string of obscenities before stalking off. An explosion of laughter followed.

The Aftermath: "The ex-girlfriend never came back," Danny says. "But the guy and his new girl? They're still great clients of mine."

The Scene: 13th Street and Avenue A.

The Players: An unidentified couple and Joe, a 28-year-old musician.

What Happened: "I hear couples fighting almost every night," says Joe, "but the worst one woke me up around 2:30 in the morning." He heard a drunk woman on the street braying, "Where the hell have you been?" To which the man replied, "Uptown." After that came the sound of a bottle breaking; then the woman cried, "You left me and my baby at home with no money—and now I'm gonna cut you!"

The Aftermath: Joe employed the traditional New York response: "I felt bad for her, sure," he says. But instead of peering out the window or calling 911 . . . he went back to sleep.

The Scene: A sidewalk on the Upper West Side.

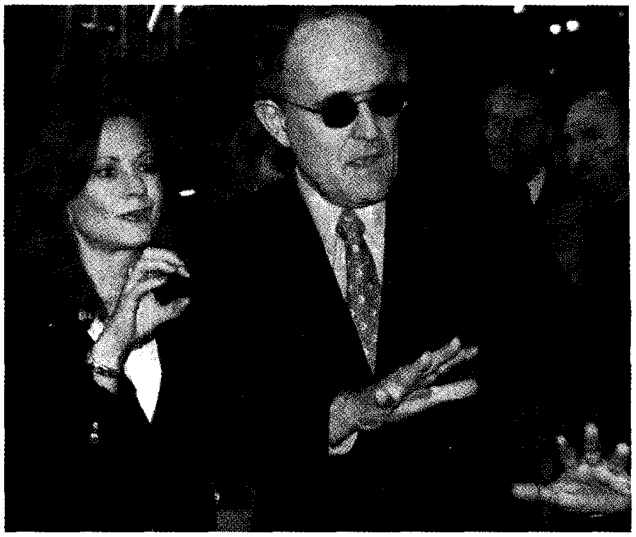
The Players: Dan, an attorney in his thirties, and Tim, 26, his boyfriend.

What Happened: At four in the morning, the couple were loudly arguing outside Dan's apartment. "We were obscenely drunk, and Dan was yelling about something stupid, and I was trying to calm him down and get him home," says Tim. An exasperated neighbor called out her window, "If you don't take that inside, I'm calling the cops." Indeed, moments later, a squad car rolled up and two policemen arrived to break it up. "I'm sure they just came with the intention of telling us to go home, but when they asked Dan what was going on, he said, 'I live here, and this guy won't let me back into my apartment.' Of course I went ballistic." After loudly mouthing-off at Dan, an outraged and inconsolable Tim found himself being cuffed and tossed into the back of the vehicle.

The Aftermath: "It is the single most humiliating event in my life," says Tim. "I was taken back to the station, given a big lecture about public drunkenness, and charged with disorderly conduct. Dan and I broke up—but strangely enough, we're still friends." ■

IDENTITY POLITICS

Donna and Rudy's bad-blood marriage is tabloid fodder, but it's also every couple's story of unhappiness. Isn't it? **By Michael Wolff**



The sheik: Judi and Rudy, above; Rudy and Donna, opposite.

WITH THE PERSONAL HAVING BECOME THE political in such undreamed-of ways, there's more and more to identify with.

There's Raoul Felder, for starters. Who can't understand the impulse here? The myth of the tough lawyer is a powerful one. A tough lawyer, a real son-of-a-bitch lawyer, will save you, will avenge you, will deal with everything. You're hiring the wrath of God, you believe.

There is, of course, no such thing. Your lawyer is either a nobody drone who, if you're lucky, files all the papers properly and gives you a blank look when it goes poorly, which it always does, or your lawyer is a shameless self-promoter who is hustling you more than defending you (and telling you it's going great when it's going poorly) and taking advantage of you in your hour of need. You fall for hiring Felder (even other lawyers, like the mayor, fall for hiring Felder), or someone like him, because you think you are the righteous spouse and can buy vengeance and protection (it would be interesting to see what rate Felder is giving the mayor). Every hurt, angry, upwardly mobile divorcing person is vulnerable to such fantasies. Having a tough lawyer is the middle-class version of having mob connections. My lawyer will whack your lawyer.

Then there's the real estate. When you consider breaking up a marriage in Manhattan, you ask yourself one certain question: Where would I go? And for all but the wealthiest, there just isn't an answer. Who can run out and rent another apartment with room for the children? Who can plop down a down payment for a second co-op (and what co-op board wants someone in the middle of a divorce)? The Giulianis are as cash-strapped as anyone—and as stuck. So whatever you have here, whatever he-wounds-her-she-wounds-him syndrome they've got going, sometimes a real-estate squabble is just about real estate.

Then cancer. Impotence. Christ.

Then there's the ailing mother complicating the situation—people get attached to other people's parents, oddly (and sometimes mothers-in-law like their daughters-in-law better than their sons).

Then there are the kids and whatever troubles they've got (we don't really want to know).

None of this is strange.

I used to think the Clinton thing was the ultimate convergence of politics and reality. Here was life in all its absurdity: the unvarnished, unlovely, unbecoming details of a middle-aged man and a young girl. But the Clinton story turns out to be a skillfully airbrushed sexual fantasy compared with the Giuliani reality. He really is the naked civil servant.

HOW MUCH WE ARE LIKE THESE PEOPLE may be the baseline of our political judgment. On the other hand, being able to separate ourselves from these people, being able to believe they are not of our class, provides a lot of satisfaction, too.

It's tabloid relief.

As soon as the Passion play of the mayor and his wife—the bad blood of marriage, the sadness of middle age, the cost of ambition—gets to be too much, we're allowed to stop identifying and think of them as just a higher-achieving version of Amy and Joey.

It's a New York *Post* story, which, in a transmutation of reality, means the tawdry becomes less tawdry by becoming more tawdry. The exaggerations, the shock-shockedness, the deer-in-the-headlights photographs, the Felder leaks, the overall tabloid joie de vivre, turns this into theater and spectacle. (But, giving credit where it is due, it is the *Daily News* that scored the best headline—JUDI'S TURN TO CRY, the *News* wrote the day after Judi Nathan, the mayor's girlfriend, was barred from Gracie Mansion.)

A good tabloid story enters another moral universe. If you're in the tabloids, you become not quite middle-class anymore—you become a sort of show folk or tabloid folk.

We start to think that your purpose is to behave badly—you've become a form of popular entertainment.

Of course, we understand that the tabloids not only reflect but encourage bad behavior (you'd have considerably less tabloid behavior without the tabloids). We understand, too, that our own prurient interest figures into the media matrix (you need the attention; we don't mind giving it to you).

Out in the country, on the cover of *People* magazine, you have a story colored by opprobrium and pathos. Here, we can condescend to enjoy the comedy.

There's a lot of media sophistication that shades the context of the Giuliani-Hanover mess. In a tabloid city, you come to have a greater or lesser appreciation of the difference between scandal and gossip—between what the community will not accept and what it can't get enough of. It's the Puffy dialectic.

FUNDAMENTALLY, THIS IS THE SAME OLD Giuliani story: Is it rational or irrational behavior? Is the man in control or out of control? Is he serious or is he

Photographs: AP/Wide World; opposite, Jonathan Becker/Getty Images.

kidding (the ferrets)?

He's histrionic and embarrassing in public—we know this.

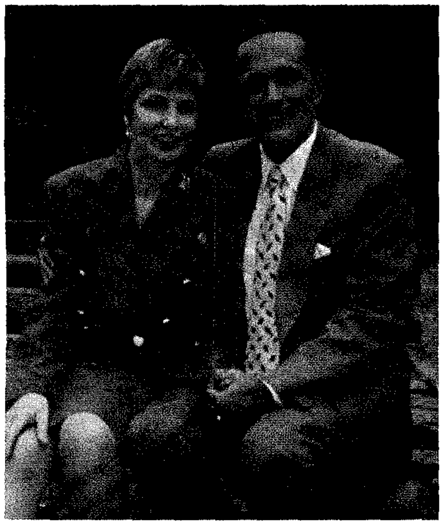
We've encouraged it. We've enabled him.

The crazy-man thing works. It breaks through media clutter. It leaves a vivid (forget conventional measures of negative or positive) impression. It's a warning. Everyone, even voters, is left slightly afraid of him—how can you predict what a crazy man will do?—and for the usual masochistic reasons, that becomes a kind of respect.

What's more, crazy behavior provides its own excuse. *Oh, that's just his craziness.* What we mean, though, is *That's just his fake craziness.* His 'tude.

But while we've accepted (or at least we're not too bothered by) the way he's turned this craziness against museums, can we also accept his turning it against his wife and family? Or has he gone too far now? (This in itself is part of the Giuliani reverse charm—we always think he's about to go too far, but by going too far his ridiculousness gets to be ridiculous enough for everyone to know it's ridiculous.)

Oddly, his excuse this time around (or the excuse we make for him) may be that his present crazy behavior could actually reflect that he is crazy. We can't discount that he may be coming apart.



He may be dying. The therapy may not be working. This may be an endgame.

If not dying, he's got to have the fear of dying.

My God, he must be depressed. It's not just impotence he has to deal with (words we hate: *deal with*); there are other biological transformations. The estrogen therapy, for instance. Might that explain why the mayor is so willing to talk about his impotence (while public language is changing, public talk of impotence seems like a big new leap)? This is not a political or public-relations strategy but, possibly, a chemical sea change. The transformation of the alpha male.

And then he's losing his job. He is, obviously, defined by this job to as great a degree as any man who is overly defined by his job. So what does he do in January? Who will he be?

All this bad behavior has got to be, in part, a howl of rage.

There are people, surely, who enjoy this. He walked into it, you could say.

Still, it takes the most hardened Giuliani hater not to relate on some level. To see him having vulnerabilities is not quite touching, but it is at least reassuring.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, YOU COULD NEVER understand the family dynamic in the Clinton thing—what secrets were they harboring? What deals were they making between themselves behind closed doors? The Giuliani family, on the other hand, for better or worse, is entirely transparent. There isn't much of a political overlay. These are just unpleasant people with unpleasant ways.

He sees his job as war (on squeegee men, on art, on adversaries) and undoubtedly has seen his personal life as war, too. His preferred tactic is all manner of public humiliation. Nor is it hard to imagine the private confrontations. Has he ever slugged her? What are the odds on that?

As for Donna, she's an actress. Her rage, her sullenness, her self-dramatizing impulses may be as great as his. Her provocations have had a certain flare: a precariously married woman living off the city in Gracie Mansion getting the courts to restrict who can enter the premises; *The Vagina Monologues;* and the ultimate slap, publicly indicating during his last race that she wouldn't be voting for him. And really, what is this *shpilkes* about the Nathan woman? Does Donna think it's a secret? Does she hold out hope for the marriage? What does she think she'll gain?

On the other hand, we really aren't asking for explanations. We aren't shocked by the details. We don't need anyone to confess or apologize. We understand what this is. We get it totally.

This is a bad scene. Life sucks. Most people are unhappy. All bad marriages are the same.

POLITICS, I THINK, GOES IN EITHER OF TWO directions from here. There will be a new litmus test for how a politician deals with his family. If you can't control your spouse's discretion, loyalty, finances, mood swings, then why should we think you deserve the public trust?

What more potent test of character, and management ability, is there?

Or—and this is where I think we're heading—it goes in the Hollywood direction. We'll just accept that public people (and politicians are as public as movie people) have lives as messy as private people, and understand that their mess will, from time to time, become public. We might even begin to accept that public lives are, in general, messier than private lives. All that exposure, all that ambition, all that ego, all that attention-craving, is bound to wreak some havoc. Why pretend otherwise?

And as with Hollywood people, we'll even come to enjoy it—see it as just part of the contemporary morality play.

WHAT IS THE MAYOR'S FUTURE? BESIDES divorce.

It seems certain the present contretemps will mean no Bush appointment.

I suspect that there is a longer medical battle to be fought. This is another element of public lives that we have yet to accept. There will have to be an allowance for getting sick and being treated—difficult, unpleasant, precarious treatments.

But let us hope and assume a satisfactory recovery.

Does he then go into the private sector and make a load of money?

Another part of Rudy's anti-charm charm is that such an outcome seems unlikely, or, at least, it seems uncomfortable. It's hard to see Rudy as a corporate guy, a smooth guy, a behind-the-scenes guy.

Do you hire him for his connections? As a rainmaker? As a deal-maker?

Personally, I have a lot of trouble thinking of Rudy as a guy who is going to deliver the big money. (He wasn't so good at it when he tried it the first time.)

Maybe you hire him as your head of security.

Beyond that he has to wait four years before he can run for mayor again (there's only Schumer's seat opening up in the interim—not that he would want some other office anyway). That's four years for the Democrats to do what it should always be possible to do in New York, which is to make sure no Republican can become mayor—except by the strangest of flukes.

But let's give Rudy the benefit of a weakened economy, and of a Democratic mayor whose natural reluctance to insult and confront makes him seem like a pawn of the multitude of New York interest groups. And let's say the former mayor manages to get divorced and remarried.

It's always possible. But I can't see this story ending happily. ■

CRACK DOWN

While the NYPD was winning its war on street crime, Harlem's Black Top gang took its drug business indoors and resisted conventional policing techniques for nearly a decade. Then a resourceful narcotics sergeant came up with a new strategy—and changed the balance of power.

BY ETHAN BROWN

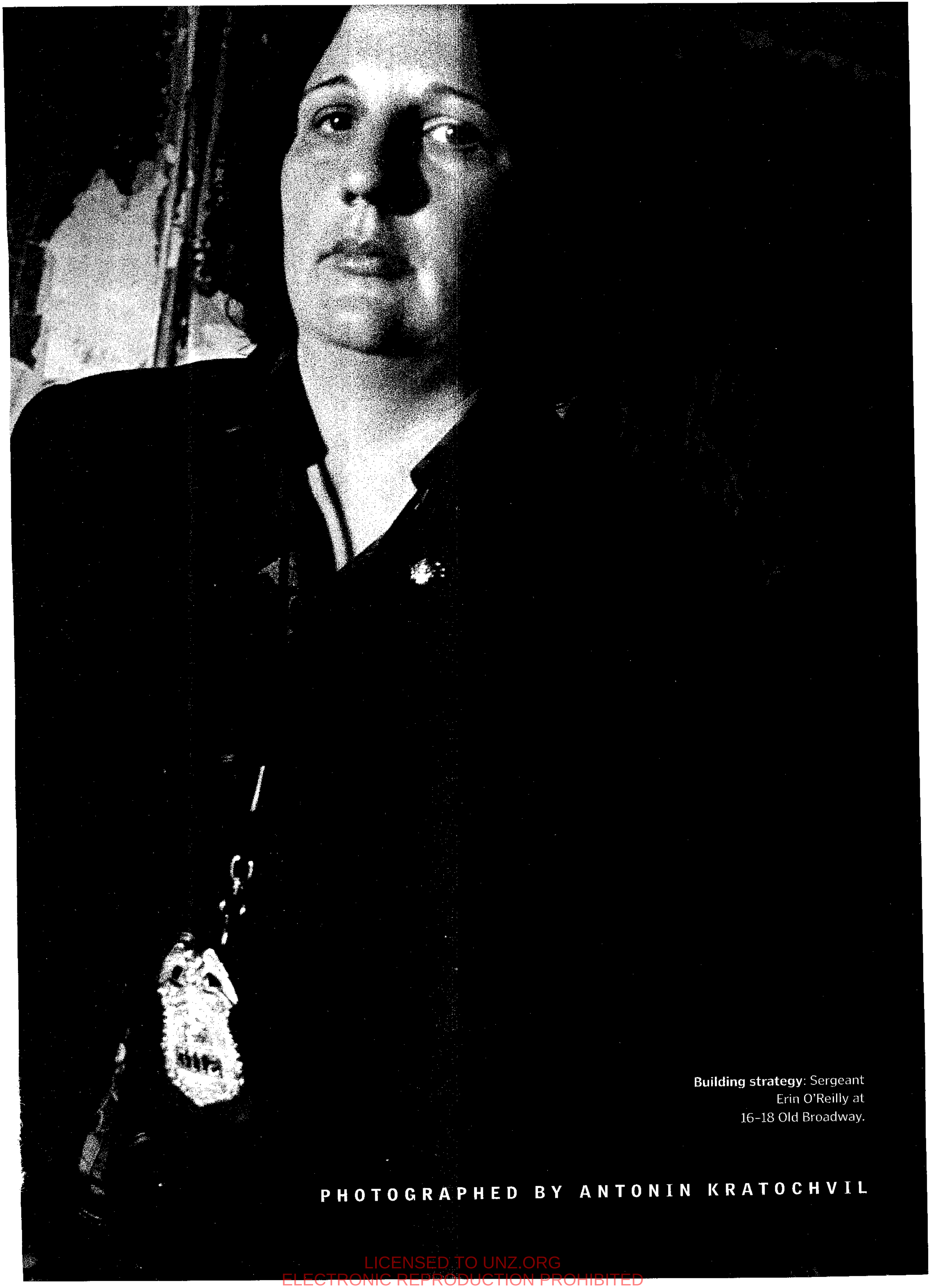
CARLOS HERNANDEZ MUST have thought he was home free. As he drove down Broadway from Washington Heights, the summer heat was finally fading and the late-afternoon sun glinted off his light-green motorcycle. His destination, a dilapidated seven-floor walk-up at 16–18 Old Broadway, just off 125th Street, was only blocks away.

But when Hernandez crossed 126th Street, he braked too hard and lost control of the bike. Pitched headfirst over the handlebars, he landed on the pavement semi-conscious and bleeding profusely. Within minutes, a crowd gathered and an officer from the nearby 26th Precinct arrived at the scene. Reaching down to Hernandez, the officer noticed an unusual bulge under his shirt—Hernandez was wearing a bulletproof vest. Then she noticed something else: 100 vials of crack cocaine had spilled out of his knapsack onto the street near his bike.

Examining the knapsack, the officer found 4,500 other vials, all rolled tightly in groups of 100 in brown paper bags.

Back at the precinct house, a routine vehicle-registration check revealed that the motorcycle belonged to Angel Celpa, one of the alleged leaders of Harlem's infamous "Black Top" gang, named for the black caps that covered the vials of crack it sold.

While Hernandez lay handcuffed to his hospital bed with head and neck injuries and several broken bones, police say the Black Top gang tried to find out how much they knew. Several members "assembled in an alleyway beside the precinct house, boosted themselves up, and peered into the windows," remembers Lieutenant Daniel Brown, who worked as the Street Narcotics Enforcement Unit (SNEU) supervisor in the precinct for two years. "You could see it on their



Building strategy: Sergeant Erin O'Reilly at 16–18 Old Broadway.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

faces: 'Did they find the crack? Did they get the motorcycle?' " After a few minutes, officers "sent two uniformed cops outside," Brown says. "*Then* they left."

For the Black Top gang, who police say were brazen enough to slash the tires and smash the windows of cop cars, it was another chance to prove who really ran the block-long stretch of Old Broadway they had turned into a thriving narcotics center. But for Sergeant Erin O'Reilly, it was the break she had been waiting years for.

FOR ALMOST A DECADE, prosecutors allege, the Black Top gang ran a crack supermarket out of two connected apartment houses at 12–14 and 16–18 Old Broadway, just half a block away from the 26th Precinct house. Composed primarily of a large extended immigrant family from the Dominican Republic, the gang effectively sealed off the building from police, dead-bolting doors and fire exits and arming street lookouts with remote alarms that could alert dealers inside. Inside, gang members sat on milk crates in the third- or fourth-floor hallways and sold drugs to customers lined up on the stairway. During police raids, they vanished into apartments the gang had rented—or simply commandeered. To mark their territory, they even sprayed graffiti in the hallway that read BLACK TOPS THIS WAY.

> "THEY WERE NOT GREEDY. GREEDY PEOPLE MAKE MISTAKES. AND THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS WITH THIS GROUP: THEY DIDN'T MAKE MISTAKES."

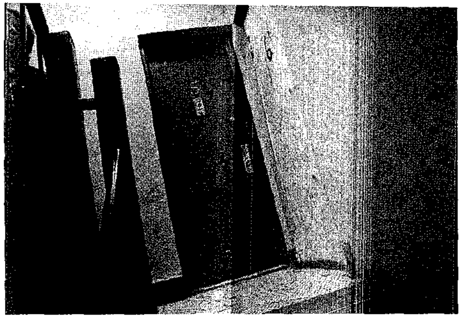
In a city where crime is dramatically down, parks are no longer littered with crack vials, and drive-by shootings are largely a thing of the past, the Black Top gang might seem like a throwback to *New Jack City*. "It does remind you of the bad old days," acknowledges special narcotics prosecutor Bridget G. Brennan. But in comparison with the constantly warring crack crews of the late eighties and early nineties, Black Top and similar gangs that came of age in the midst of the Giuliani crime crackdown have evolved into shrewdly managed, almost corporate operations. Police say they spurned street pushing for private sales and avoided unnecessary violence as hazardous to their bottom line. "One of the lookouts once told me that another lookout was fired because he drank too much," Brown says with a laugh. "The feeling was that if he was drinking, he wouldn't pick up on things." The Black Top gang enforced a Mafia-style peace on the block and even "cleaned the sidewalk in front of our shul," according to a member of the Old Broadway Synagogue. "I think after everything, they respected religion."

Over the years, the gang earned the kind of customer loyalty many legitimate businesses would envy. Black Top's crack was cheap—it sold "nicks" for $5 while most other dealers sold "dimes" for $10—and "they didn't cut their drugs with other substances," says O'Reilly. "One of the things all the users said is that they loved this product."

"Can you compare them to the Cali cartel? Of course not," says Inspector Kevin Barry of the NYPD's Central Harlem Initiative. "But they moved 5,000 vials a week, so you're talking about a million-dollar business." Or more: Brennan estimates that the Black Top gang sold up to $500,000 of crack per month.

The gang eluded police by scrutinizing its customers carefully. "If they didn't see the individual in the neighborhood, they wouldn't sell to them," says O'Reilly. When officers did make a buy, the gang refused to "sell up"—deal more than a few vials of crack at once—to avoid being charged with anything worse than a B felony. "They knew the law as well as we knew the law," O'Reilly says. "They were not greedy. We like people to get greedy, because greedy people make mistakes. And that's one of the things with this group: They didn't make mistakes."

Taking down the gang ultimately required the NYPD to rethink its strategy as radically as gangs have reinvented theirs. "In the mid-nineties, we were getting more aggressive and the dealers stopped carrying guns on their person," says O'Reilly, giving an example of the strategic "arms race" at the center of the war on crime. "If you came upon a center of drug activity, you'd find guns in a flowerpot or mailbox. Then we began searching the immediate area. So they started leaving the guns *in* the buildings. We became a



Stairway to hell: Clockwise from above, a boarded-up apartment at 16–18 Old Broadway; O'Reilly descends the building's stairway, where crack addicts would line up to make buys; the building's façade.

little more aggressive and searched the buildings; now they've got them in the apartments. So we've really got to get thinking because we need a search warrant to get into the apartment.

"It's a new millennium," O'Reilly declares. "We've got to stay one step ahead of the dealers."

SITUATED ON A TINY BLOCK WITH AN SRO AND few permanent neighbors to complain, 16–18 Old Broadway sits between 125th and 126th Streets, surrounded by the towering Grant and Manhattanville housing projects. Cops at the 26th Precinct nicknamed the area "the Hole in the Doughnut," because it remained the lone high-crime spot even as the neighborhood around it became gentrified with chain stores and multiplexes.

The building itself was perfect for the gang's purposes. Because of neglect and its commanding view of the precinct house on 126th Street, 16–18 Old Broadway has been a bustling drug market for as long as police and its beleaguered residents can remember. Brennan believes members of the Black Top gang started out as runners for another operation years ago.

During the eighties, the building fell into disrepair at the hands of an absentee owner, Andonis Morfesis, and in 1995, the Department of Housing Preservation and Development (HPD) took it over for nonpayment of taxes. But even city oversight—HPD has issued 627 violations to 12–14 and 529 to 16–18—did little to ease the gang's grip. When apartments went vacant, as they often did, the gang took them over to store drugs or weapons. "Whenever HPD would put on new locks, they'd break them and install their own," says 16–18 Old Broadway's superintendent. The gang even covered the windows with black plastic bags, which foiled police surveillance from adjoining buildings.

Under HPD's Criminal Trespass program, whereby people in a building can be arrested if they can't provide proof they have a reason to be there, hundreds of arrests were made at 16–18 Old Broadway. "But we arrested customers," Brown says.

Most of the alleged Black Top leaders lived at 16–18 Old Broadway, including brothers Angel and Jose Celpa, both 22; their mother, Gloria, who was the money courier; and their pudgy 16-year-old stepbrother, Miguel Valdez, who helped deliver the product and handle the money. (The brothers allegedly learned how to cook crack from their uncles in the Bronx.) They paid other tenants as much as $500 a month for access to their apartments, according to prosecutors.

But the gang didn't occupy the entire building, and members became ruthless when they were refused access to an apartment. "The woman in apartment 14 was spending half her time in Brooklyn, so they broke in and used her apartment as a stash house," says Brown. "She came back one time and found walkie-talkies in her baby's diapers—she could tell that her apartment had been taken over. Two weeks later, she wanted to pick up her mail and her belongings, so she requested a police escort. We went over there and one of the locks was changed—they actually changed one of the locks to her door. So we drilled through the lock and found one individual in there with quite a few Black Tops on him. He also had keys that belonged to the apartment underneath. And in that apartment we found 200 vials and maybe $3,000 in cash. But you know what? The next day, they were back in business."

IN JUNE 1998, NARCOTICS SERGEANT Erin O'Reilly, an eleven-year veteran of the NYPD, was assigned to the 26th Precinct to help deal with the Black Top gang. After her role in rooting out a similar drug operation entrenched in the Castle Hotel at 106th Street and Central Park West, she earned a reputation as one of the department's more diligent investigators. "Let's put it this way," Barry says with a laugh. "I wouldn't want her investigating me."

Born in the Bronx and raised in Bergen County, O'Reilly, 41, is a cop's cop who peppers her Jersey-accented speech with lingo from *Dragnet* and relishes discussing the finer points of CompStat and Operation Condor. Her father is a retired New York highway patrolman who did "everything he could to keep me from becoming a police officer," O'Reilly admits a little mournfully. "You always want to see your kids do better—I'm sure he saw his share of things that he didn't want his daughter to see.

"But I became a cop because I wanted to make a difference," she says plainly. "I know that sounds old sap, but it's really the truth." Her first assignment was to the 30th and 34th Precincts in Washington Heights at a time when "New York was the OK Corral."

By the time O'Reilly got to the 26th Precinct, veteran officers "seemed to think it was a completely futile situation," she says. "But you know what? That's what they said in the 24th Precinct, and the building next to the Castle Hotel is undergoing a $150 million renovation into condos now."

Her optimism faced its first big test in March, when Jose Celpa, arrested on a drug-sales charge, went free on a "30–30," meaning that the clock simply ran out on the allotted time to bring him to trial. "I don't know whose fault it was," O'Reilly says, but Celpa's release made it that much harder to keep her officers motivated. "It was an open-and-shut case. That really took the wind out of our sails."

Making other arrests continued to be a problem. Since the gang members had monitors that warned them when the NYPD's radio frequency was being used

nearby, officers had to conduct undercover buys without being in communication. "It was extremely dangerous," O'Reilly says. "We'd have to be closer, have more eyes on the location, more officers on the roof. We'd give it a time frame as well: If they're not out in a certain time, we're rushing in. It's one of the most stressful things you can do as a supervisor. How far are you going to go to arrest a drug dealer? Are you going to sacrifice one of your officers?"

Every time police mounted a full-fledged raid, "we'd have to hide in the precinct's garage to avoid being spied by the gang's lookouts," says Brown. When officers did make it inside, lookouts would check for cops by running "verticals" on the staircase, a technique pioneered by the police themselves. "By the time we would get into the building and up to the third floor," O'Reilly explains, "the dealer would be gone. If we don't see him run into an apartment, there's nothing we can do about it."

The gang even used its own customers to run interference with officers entering the building. "Users told us that they were told by the dealers to go downstairs and intercede with police," O'Reilly says, buying gang members time to move elsewhere in the building. "One woman who ran upstairs instead of downstairs got a severe beating. And the threat of violence was always hanging over them if they talked."

OVER THE COURSE OF THAT YEAR, O'REILLY realized that "something wasn't right in the way we were dealing with this." So in July 2000, she convened a "mini-task force" that included members of the NYPD's Gang Intelligence Unit, the 26th Precinct SNEU, Community Policing, HPD, and the district attorney's office. "I wanted to get everyone talking, throwing out ideas, pooling resources," O'Reilly says. HPD suggested that O'Reilly contact Susan Lanzatella of the Special Narcotics Prosecutor's Office. "I said, 'What can I do? What charges can I use against these individuals based on all this investigatory information that I have?' " Lanzatella suggested that conspiracy law, traditionally used against the Mafia and vast drug organizations, could be applied to a small but entrenched drug gang like Black Top.

"BY THE TIME WE WOULD GET INTO THE BUILDING, THE DEALER WOULD BE GONE. IF WE DON'T SEE HIM RUN INTO AN APARTMENT, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO."

Even if that gang wouldn't sell up, O'Reilly realized conspiracy law could give police a way to prosecute it using the bigger picture: Individuals selling $5 vials of crack thousands of times add up to a major drug organization. "What am I gonna get the businessman, the guy who runs the organization, on? I'm not going to get him on a hand-to-hand sale of narcotics," O'Reilly says. "But he is running the business. He is partaking from the profits of that business. This is where conspiracy law comes in." As opposed to arresting an individual for dealing, which requires that police observe a sale, conspiracy law allows police to use past arrest records and statements by drug buyers to prove that dealing is part of a structured business. "And that's what this was," O'Reilly maintains. "They had shifts, there was a set scale of who got paid what whether you were a lookout, whether you were an actual dealer that handed drugs to people, whether you were a runner, whether you were a cooker."

"The application of the conspiracy law in this case could be regarded as a precedent," according to Robert McCrie, chairman of the department of law, police science, and criminal justice administration at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice. It's a ground-breaking move for prosecutors, but also a potentially risky one. "Conspiracy laws have fallen out of favor, because they're hard to get convictions on—often they're based on inferences, not evidence," McCrie says. "That might be the case when prosecuting organized crime, because you're talking about taping people meeting at a social club or observing a handshake between two parties," counters O'Reilly. "Here we've based the case on past criminal activity. How can you tell me drugs weren't sold when defendants have pleaded guilty to it in the past?"

Lawyers representing the defendants say that the prosecution has built its case on the troubled history of the building. "It falls woefully short of being a conspiracy," argues Alberto Ebanks, Jose Celpa's attorney. "It is, at best, a case of renegades in these buildings acting independently." Martin Schmuckler, former attorney for Gloria Valdez, concurs, arguing that "the prosecution is creating the false impression that these defendants commandeered a piece of Manhattan real estate. If the word conspiracy didn't exist, my client wouldn't be guilty of anything except motherhood."

Dark alley: From left, Black Top members used the area behind 16–18 Old Broadway as a toilet and a trash dump; O'Reilly surveys an abandoned apartment.

BUILDING A CONSPIRACY CASE requires "really good old-fashioned police work," says O'Reilly, and she and her fellow officers spent many cold nights crouching on adjoining roofs with camcorders taping "members who said they didn't know each other shaking hands or the lookout posted on a milk crate outside 16–18 Old Broadway using his clicker to alert the dealers inside whenever we were near."

That summer, O'Reilly got the breaks she needed. On July 10, a search warrant executed at 16–18 Old Broadway yielded automatic weapons, $3,000 in cash, and 699 vials of Black Top crack. On August 4, Hernandez's motorcycle accident finally gave O'Reilly a solid connection between Angel Celpa and one of the gang's couriers.

Four days later, Angel Celpa and alleged Black Top members Juan Tavares and Miguel Valdez were stopped on 125th Street because one of the headlights on the car they were in was broken. When the officer who stopped the vehicle began writing up a ticket, Tavares bolted from the backseat holding a brown paper bag he dumped into an incinerator in the nearby Manhattanville projects. Another man, who was never apprehended, tried to remove a paper bag from the backseat, but in his panic, he spilled its contents: 100 vials of Black Top crack. "It was amazing how things came together," O'Reilly says.

Together, those incidents gave police the evidence they needed to present a conspiracy case to a grand jury in October. More than 60 witnesses testified during the four weeks of hearings, but since grand-jury proceedings are sealed, O'Reilly says she was "as clueless about what would happen as anybody else." But by the end of the month, the NYPD had been granted fourteen search warrants and twelve arrest warrants—a chance to "take down the organization from the top to bottom all at once."

Once takedown day was set for November 2, O'Reilly began leading reconnaissance missions to both the building and the neighboring projects. "I had to get every bit of information I possibly could," O'Reilly says. "Looking into one of the apartments from an adjoining roof, I noticed that there was a huge Rottweiler in the apartment. If I hadn't seen that, one of my officers might have been attacked."

As November 2 approached, O'Reilly rehearsed the upcoming operation in her mind, sleeping no more than two or three hours a night while she obsessed about narrowly averted disasters during previous takedowns.

"We chose 6 A.M. because Black Top would take a break from dealing from about five to eight in the morning," O'Reilly says. "We figured that they'd be at home resting or asleep. They'd be a lot less likely to be guarding the door with a gun."

At approximately 5 A.M. on November 2, nearly 140 officers convened at the precinct house. "We had supervisors, prisoner-transport officers, K-9 units, EMS units standing by at several locations, and Intel units coming in with heat sensors to figure out where there were 'traps'—areas to secrete drugs," says O'Reilly.

Just before six, the operation began with the arrest of a lookout who was finishing his shift. "We had officers posted by the building who said, 'Individual X has just left the building; he got into a taxicab and he's going eastbound on 125th Street,' " O'Reilly remembers. "And we had a team posted at his residence waiting."

The next step was positioning officers around the building. "Prior to the troops going in, so to speak, we want to make sure that if someone starts throwing stuff out of windows, I have people in place to see who threw what," O'Reilly says. Sure enough, during the operation a few hundred dollars in cash wrapped in a rubber band nearly landed on the head of an officer stationed behind the building.

As dramatic as the Black Top gang's reign had been, it ended with barely a whimper. At around 6:30 A.M., "we executed the warrants simultaneously without incident," O'Reilly says with typical understatement. "No civilians, not one member of law enforcement was injured." The results of the raid were more dramatic: 4,100 vials of crack, thousands of dollars in cash, four guns, money-counting machines, bulletproof vests, electronic-alert systems, and 24 arrests—many on A felonies. Two defendants escaped, including Angel Celpa, who remains at large.

The next day, a bleary-eyed O'Reilly joined police commissioner Bernard Kerik, special narcotics prosecutor Brennan, and HPD head Jerilyn Perine at the special narcotics prosecutor's office on Centre Street for an early-morning press conference to announce the results of the raid. "I looked at the video," O'Reilly jokes, "and it looks like I was being held up by Scotch tape."

ON AN UNSEASONABLY CHILLY SPRING MORNING, several members of the Black Top gang are led into the courtroom at 100 Centre Street in handcuffs to resounding cheers from family and friends. "This has been going on all morning," growls a bailiff. "Quiet down or leave the courtroom." The bailiff's warning mutes the jovial atmosphere somewhat: Some whisper and point quietly; others leave the courtroom to chat in the hallway, including Jose Celpa's slim and pretty fiancée, Caira Torres. "He's the nicest person you'll ever meet," Torres says. "Everyone in the neighborhood misses him."

Two members of the gang have pleaded guilty and the rest, including Celpa, face trial on charges ranging from conspiracy to criminal possession and sale of a controlled substance. For months after the takedown, the NYPD blocked off Old Broadway with police barricades and kept the building under round-the-clock surveillance. "What would the purpose be if we took this organization down and a new organization moves in?" O'Reilly asks. "The customer base is still there." Indeed, although crime in the 26th Precinct dropped by 43 percent compared with the previous year in the 60 days after the arrests, one resident received death threats after being interviewed for a short New York *Times* piece about the gang.

In an effort to stop this kind of sophisticated drug operation in other neighborhoods, in January Kerik named O'Reilly the head of a new "conspiracy" unit. "What happened at 16–18 Old Broadway will be a model for this unit," says Inspector Barry of the Central Harlem Initiative. So far it has: Three months later, O'Reilly used the same techniques to take down the Watson gang, a crack-dealing crew that controlled 2 West 129th Street for over a decade.

"I guarantee each precinct has a spot like that," O'Reilly says, "a place where guys have been dealing drugs for years, and keep getting arrested—but the drug sales keep going on." She thinks her conspiracy unit will give the NYPD an edge that will be difficult for dealers to counter. "Even if people find out we're doing this, it doesn't matter," she says. "They can't change history." ■

The King James Version

Critic James Wolcott, the reigning monarch of the literary put-down, is about to publish his first novel, and legions of his victims are already sharpening their knives. **By Marion Maneker**

JAMES WOLCOTT KNOWS ABOUT ENVY. HE'S spent the past seventeen years holding two of the most sought-after writing gigs in America: *Vanity Fair*, of course, but also a four-and-a-half-year stint at Tina Brown's *New Yorker*. His salary is one of the highest in the business (as high as $400,000, according to Inside.com.). And everyone pretty much agrees that he's got the most powerful pen in popular culture. He's a hanging judge who rides a wide circuit. One month he's demolishing Aaron Spelling's protégé Darren Star; another he's making the contrarian case for Doris Day and Rock Hudson. He's written about Janet Jackson and Truman Capote. The New York *Times* and the photographer Weegee. For breakfast he dissects self-help books, and for lunch he guts Frank Rich. A piece on Broadway shows with nudity? Done that too.

It doesn't help matters, at least in the enmity-and-envy department, that Wolcott uses his pulpit—*Vanity Fair* as well as lengthy pieces in *The New Republic* and *The London Review of Books*—to deliver mordant, personal attacks. His columns aren't just critical reviews or clever commentary, they're laced with humiliating zingers.

"Today it's so much about creating a persona to market your work," he says. "So I feel that I have to write about the persona people create."

Media heavies are favorite prey. He's called Steven Brill a "self-made superman" and the "Rudy Giuliani of the print trade"; Rush Limbaugh is "the cuddly master-blaster of conservative diatribe." Michael Kinsley is "a carbonated version of a policy wonk" who's so socially ill-at-ease that he "gives the impression he would shoot straight to the ceiling if anyone ever gave him a hug." Charlie Rose, as Wolcott sees him, gets tangled in a "verbal ball of yarn."

But for some reason, he's hardest on fellow writers. Gloria Steinem has "the nun-glow of a strict forehead"; Martin Amis was "the scowl of a new generation" who made writing look "insolently easy"; David Denby is "the boy who cried wolf. Easily excitable and always concerned." Jay McInerney and Bret Easton Ellis write a "ticker tape of dropped names." On Richard Ford's taste for hunting: "Well, now we know who killed Bambi's mother. It was Richard Ford on one of his death strolls."

Then again, it's not like his victims are taking it lying down. Wolcott regularly endures the sort of ad hominem counterattacks you usually only hear in the WWF. McInerney has called him a "righteous Nerd-Avenger," who can be seen at "Manhattan publishing events, hunched in a corner looking pained and miserable with his self-imported Diet 7-Up." John Gregory Dunne put him in a novel as a character described as looking like Queen Victoria.

It gets worse. "People were furious about Richard Ford," Wolcott says, "and I heard that one of his friends was telling people: 'Wolcott needs to be taken on a walk in the woods.' And I thought, what does that mean? At the end of the walk I'm shot like someone in *Miller's Crossing*?

"Harold Brodkey wrote an absolutely vicious piece about me," Wolcott says of the late writer's retaliation. "And when I arrived at *The New Yorker*, he was telling people, 'I'm ready, I've got a baseball bat.' I didn't go up on that floor that day."

John Irving chose a different weapon. "He was mad at me," Wolcott recalls, "and he ran into Fran Lebowitz and said, 'I wish you would work Wolcott over.' And it was like, *Wait a minute, you're the wrestler! Why do you need Fran Lebowitz to work me over?*"

What seems to animate the insular literary world is Wolcott's invulnerability. Books are generally reviewed by other writers, not free-ranging critics immune to the pressures of logrolling and blurbmongering—a situation that might explain the tepid nature of most book reviews. Except, next month James Wolcott will publish his first novel, *The Catsitters*, and he's finally going to be an easy target.

But it's not the book anyone was expecting. Not an exploration of his beloved postwar English writers. ("There's a lot of

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE LANGE

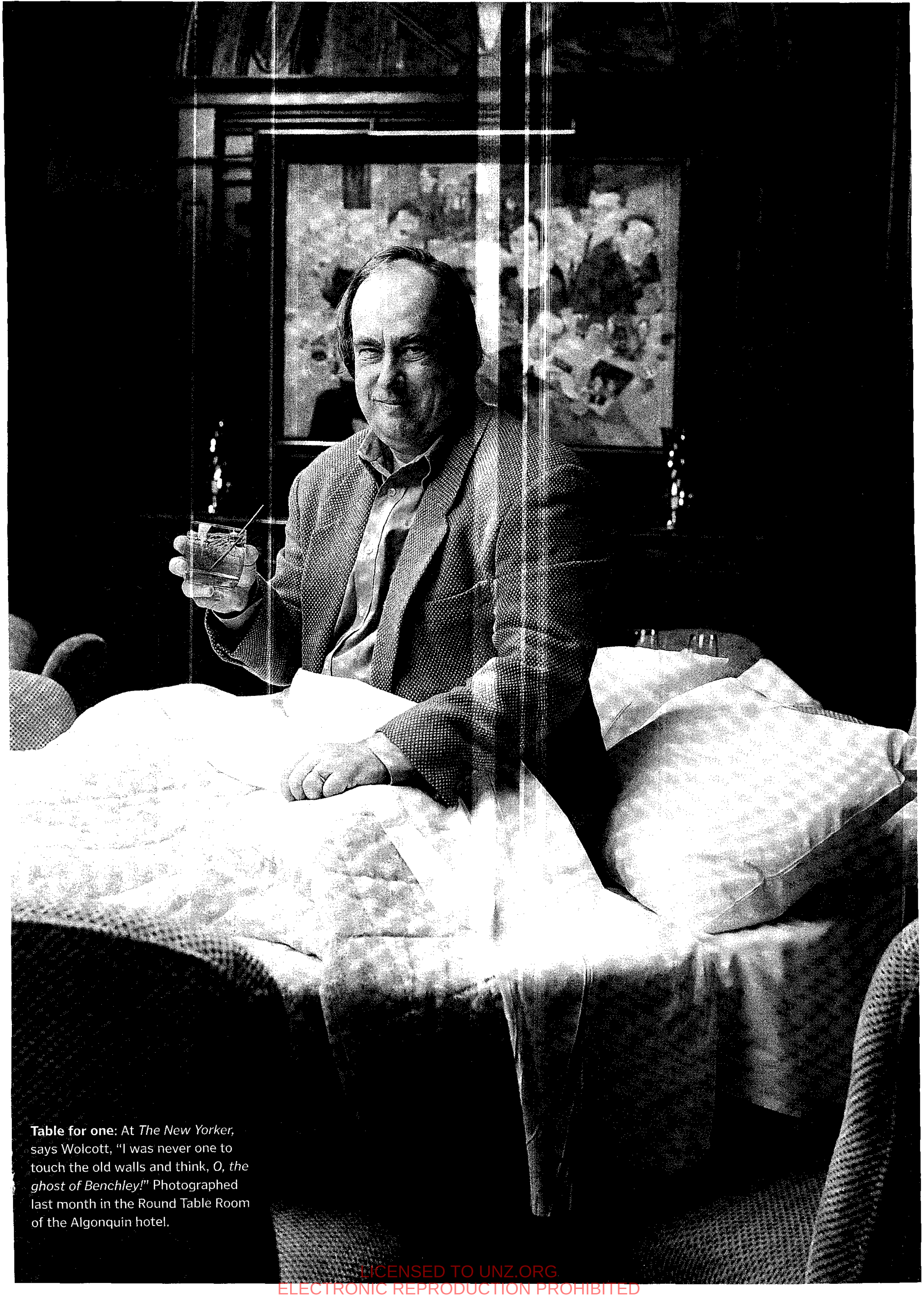


Table for one: At *The New Yorker*, says Wolcott, "I was never one to touch the old walls and think, *O, the ghost of Benchley!*" Photographed last month in the Round Table Room of the Algonquin hotel.

Anthony Powell and Auberon Waugh in this book," Wolcott insists.) Not a novel of ideas. ("The very notion makes me want to lay down my sleepy head.")

"When I was thinking about doing this novel," Wolcott admits, "people told me, 'Don't do it! You've got to cover your ass.' But where's the fun in *that*?"

IN THE SUMMER OF 1998, DAVID HIRSHEY, A former editor at *Esquire*, was trying to adjust to his new career in book publishing at HarperCollins. One item on his to-do list: Contact James Wolcott about doing a book of nonfiction—maybe a collection of columns. What Hirshey didn't know was that Wolcott had been working on a novel for years, and that's what his agent, Elyse Cheney, submitted instead.

"I thought I was going to be reading an evisceration of the chattering classes," Hirshey says of the manuscript. "And it's as far away from that world as one could imagine." Wolcott, he was shocked to discover, had been laboring over a sweet little dating comedy, a male *Bridget Jones's Diary*.

Which is not to say that Hirshey didn't express some substantial six-figure enthusiasm to Cheney; she countered by saying she could get a million dollars somewhere else.

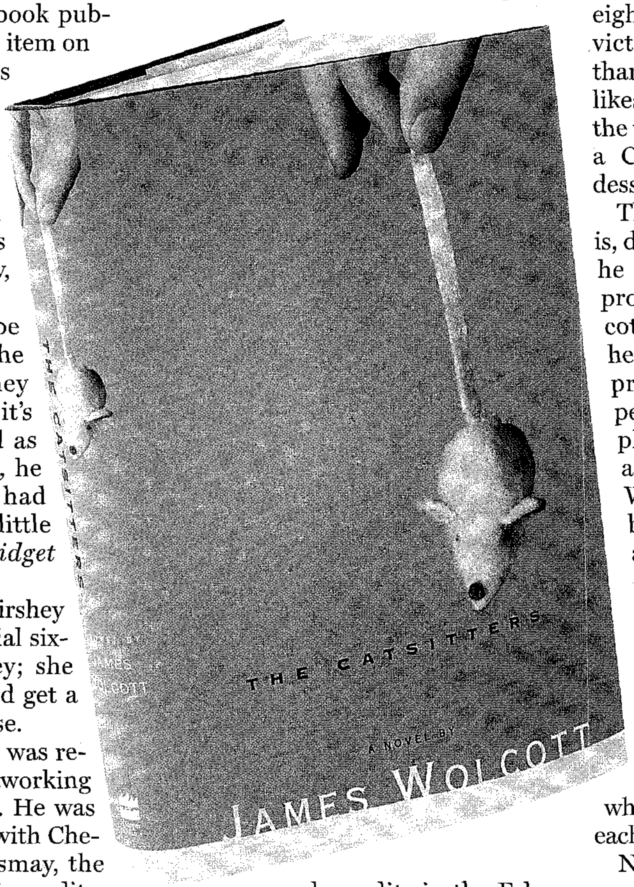
That afternoon, as Hirshey was recovering from lunchtime networking at Michael's, the phone rang. He was expecting another go-round with Cheney. But he heard, to his dismay, the drawl of Knopf's Gary Fisketjon, editor of Ford, McInerney, and Ellis.

"I hear that some shit-heel over there is offering a million dollars for Wolcott's book," Hirshey remembers Fisketjon saying with menace.

"I can vouchsafe that no shit-heel has offered a million dollars," Hirshey replied.

"You tell that shit-heel," Fisketjon continued, "that if he buys that book he won't have any friends left in the business."

Strong stuff. But by this time, Cheney had begun to make conciliatory gestures. So Hirshey put his social position at risk and jumped at the chance to make it a two-book deal—for $500,000 he would get his collection of columns too.



READ WOLCOTT—AND JUST ABOUT EVERYone who reads and writes in New York reads him—and you develop a mental image. His columns are debonair and worldly, etched with an economy of expression and employing startling juxtapositions. "I don't think there's anyone smarter than Jim reviewing for the last twenty years," says David Denby. "He can see the contradiction in things in a way that can be quite breathtaking."

He carries his erudition lightly but swings it for maximum impact. For example, dig out the essay on TV's political pundits in the February issue of *Vanity Fair* and look for the dead-on parody of talk-show banter as if it were written by e. e. cummings. "His columns are templates of how to write criticism," biographer James Atlas says. "They have a muscular strength—and they are laugh-out-loud funny."

It's easy to imagine Wolcott as a character in a Noël Coward play, standing in a drawing room dressed for dinner, casually belittling someone's talent as he absentmindedly lights a cigarette. Wolcott's criticism—the tone-setting and the delivery of blows—is all done in the adjectives: succinct but biting summations that leave no room for consolation. (One writer's prose was described as "mentholated.")

"Everyone thinks I'm Addison DeWitt," Wolcott says of his reputation for coldhearted critical drive-bys. "If they only knew that I'm just a guy sitting alone at his desk playing with his big cat."

JAMES WOLCOTT—THE PERSON, NOT THE writer—is a cautious man. He likes to be prepared. ("You know, he goes over those columns endlessly, trying out every possible alternative for each word, so when you get his copy, it's perfect," says *Vanity Fair*'s Graydon Carter.) Sitting in the back booth at the Odeon, an eighties literary hangout that suits his victims—McInerney and Ellis—more than it does him (he chose it because he likes booths), Wolcott is pinned behind the table by his alarming girth. "I'll have a Coke and maybe I'll order some dessert later," he tells the waitress.

The most striking thing about Wolcott is, despite his large size, how *small-scale* he is. He's humane and genial, approachable, not confrontational. Wolcott tells funny stories, ducking his head down and jutting his chin out to produce a comic tone as he mimics people, and offers reasoned but unemphatic opinions on writers, movies, and the general state of the culture. When the conversation turns to his background, he is frank and fearless about his modest roots.

Like most good New York stories, Wolcott's begins somewhere else: in his case, the suburbs of Baltimore. "My father was, in different times of his life, a bartender and a greenskeeper; my grandfather was a barber. We were a classic Kennedy-Catholic-Democratic household, where portraits of JFK and Jesus flanked each other on the living-room wall."

Not a likely petri dish for high-culture spores. But things really started to cook when he went to Frostburg State College in remote Western Maryland. He joined the student newspaper, and in his sophomore year he wrote an article about Norman Mailer's appearance with Gore Vidal on the *Dick Cavett Show*, and sent a copy to the author. Mailer responded, generously offering to write a letter if Wolcott were ever in New York looking for a job. In a daring and confident act, he immediately packed his bags, dropped out of college, and moved to Manhattan. A raucous career at *The Village Voice* followed.

The *Voice* was wide-open territory in the seventies, and Wolcott's potent combination of ferocious style and diffident personality positioned him to exploit the paper's opportunities. It helped that he arrived just before its legendary editor, Dan Wolf, left. "There were people literally walking the hall-

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

ways as if they'd lost their mommy and daddy," he says. "They'd chew on a pencil and you would say their name and it was like they'd wakened from a dream: 'You're talking to me?' My feeling was, Dan Wolf was great but he's gone. Daddy's not coming back."

Wolcott wrote on any subject he could get his hands on: politics, punk rock, television. New York in the seventies also proved an ideal place to school oneself. He moved easily from Lincoln Center, where he first got turned on to Baryshnikov and the ballet, to CBGBs, where he would catch the Talking Heads or the Ramones till three in the morning. During this period, Pauline Kael picked up something he'd written and the two became friends. Wolcott proudly refers to himself as a Paulette, but that hasn't stopped him from taking an ax to a host of her disciples. ("I'm of the school that to honor your mentors, you must break with your mentors," he says.)

"I admire him, he's a phenomenal autodidact," Denby, another Paulette, marvels. "He's learned from literature and journalism directly rather than from professors, which left him without any sense of false piety—and he developed a very vigorous style that turns the surface of things into metaphor. He can describe a performance or a personality and gather it up into a superb visual caricature.

"But there's a problem with that," Denby continues. "He stays on the surface. He doesn't seem to me to make the next step. There is no cultural value to defend. The only terrible thing for him is to be boring. That's a pop aesthetic. He's got nothing to fall back on."

"I THINK HE FELT JOSTLED AND OUTCLASSED AT *THE NEW YORKER*," SAYS TINA BROWN. **"AT *VANITY FAIR*, THERE'S NO ONE ELSE TO MUSCLE IN ON HIS TERRITORY."**

In the mid-eighties, he landed at the newly revived *Vanity Fair*. The job had a liberating effect on him. *Vanity Fair* seemed to give him a James Bond double-O license to kill.

But when Tina Brown took over *The New Yorker* in 1992, Wolcott went with her. It turned out to be a mistake. "He needed to shoot from the hip," remembers Knopf editor Deborah Garrison, his editor at *The New Yorker*. "There's a decorum there that was chafing."

"I think he felt jostled at *The New Yorker*," Brown says. "He felt outclassed by Anthony Lane, Adam Gopnik, and David Remnick. At *Vanity Fair*, there's no one else to muscle in on his territory."

"It's a great magazine with a great history," Wolcott says of his time at *The New Yorker*. "But I never wanted to be one of those people who hangs on just because that typeface is important to them. I was never one who touched the old walls and thought, *Oh, the ghost of Benchley*." Wolcott went back to *Vanity Fair* in 1996.

About the same time he went to *The New Yorker*, his personal life blew up. "I was going through a breakup," he says, and that's when he decided to try his hand at novel-writing. "I was going to try to do a novel about this suburban community where I grew up; all these forests were cleared and these towns would just spring up. You're going to have an instant community. What's that like? I wrote 40 pages before I just stopped. I knew I was overmatched. I thought: *Updike could do this one but not me.*

"I had a writer friend who said, 'Why don't you write about what you're going through right now?' " he says, referring to his tentative dating. "Turn yourself into a test pilot."

The novel took several years to finish. "All along, it was about an actor and acting and the people he met through his cat," Wolcott maintains. But the story went through a number of revisions, and in its final form, the book starts with Johnny Downs discovering that his girlfriend is cheating on him when she should be feeding his cats while he's away on a trip. He turns to his confidante Darlene for advice on women, and she volunteers to guide him through the labyrinth of feminine psychology as he tries to turn himself into "husband material."

It's hard not to hear Wolcott's critical voice echoing behind Darlene's. "He had to be in the book somewhere, so I thought he was extremely clever to make himself into a sassy southern belle," Hirshey observes. "Or sassy southern ball-buster."

But it's also hard not to see Darlene (she turns out to be less self-assured and self-confident than she pretends to be) as a reflection of Wolcott's own divided persona: caustic wag on paper and mild-mannered homebody in person.

Which isn't to say that Darlene's advice on which party favors to put out at a get-together didn't work for Wolcott himself. "You thought he was the kind of guy who might never get married because he was such a loner," says Garrison. "Then you heard he was getting married and you think: *Great! he's open to anything.*"

"My wife has a novel coming out where she has a chapter about how she outmaneuvered me," Wolcott says of fellow *Vanity Fair* writer Laura Jacobs, who married him nearly seven years ago. "Women are pros; men are amateurs."

Marriage, however, hasn't meant Wolcott has traded in the wallflower act. "I don't have this rich array of social contacts," he says. "I never see anybody." He and Jacobs live and work together at home. They don't socialize much with Manhattan's literati nor do they weekend in Litchfield County or the Hamptons. "We've got three cats," he says, as if that explained everything. "How could we go away for the weekends?"

Whatever the critical reaction to his novel, don't expect his former adversaries to pounce. The smart money says the Richard Fords and Kathryn Harrisons (Wolcott once dubbed Harrison and her novelist husband "the Sonny and Cher of dysfunction") won't want to seem petty or preoccupied with him by going after *The Catsitters* in print—a fact borne out by the many demurrals I received when I called writers who had already taken whacks at him or been on the butt end of one of his bruising pistol-whippings.

To be sure, many of his harshest detractors claim not to care anymore. ("He hasn't featured in my nightmares in quite a long time," Fisketjon says.) But is the current conspiracy of silence any less retaliatory? After all, what's the worst thing you can do to a writer? Ignore him.

And now that he's gotten the novel out of his system, will a kinder, gentler Wolcott emerge? Don't hold your breath.

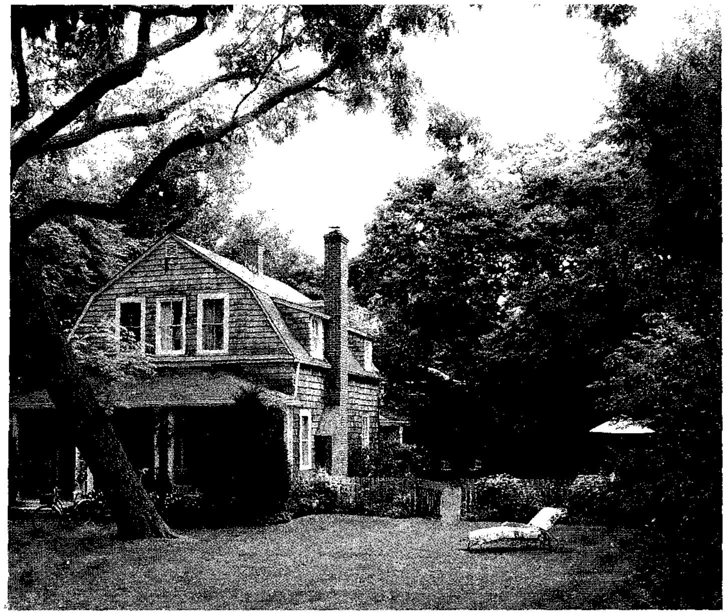
"I still feel like I'm in the back of a B-52 bomber, strapped to a machine gun," Walcott deadpans. "Which is fun." ■

Summer stock: Opposite, the house—located in the village of Southampton—and its stylish owner. This page, the front porch, set for a summer lunch. The furniture is an old iron set given to the Spades by a friend; designer Steven Sclaroff made up multicolored canvas cushions inspired by a picture of a sixties-era Beverly Hills terrace in Slim Aarons's book *A Wonderful Time*. The square market umbrella fit perfectly inside the existing trelliswork.

Using their love of color, designing couple Kate and Andy Spade combined their talents to turn a dilapidated farmhouse on Long Island into a perfectly quirky retreat. Just in time, as both get set to launch a spate of new projects.

By Wendy Goodman

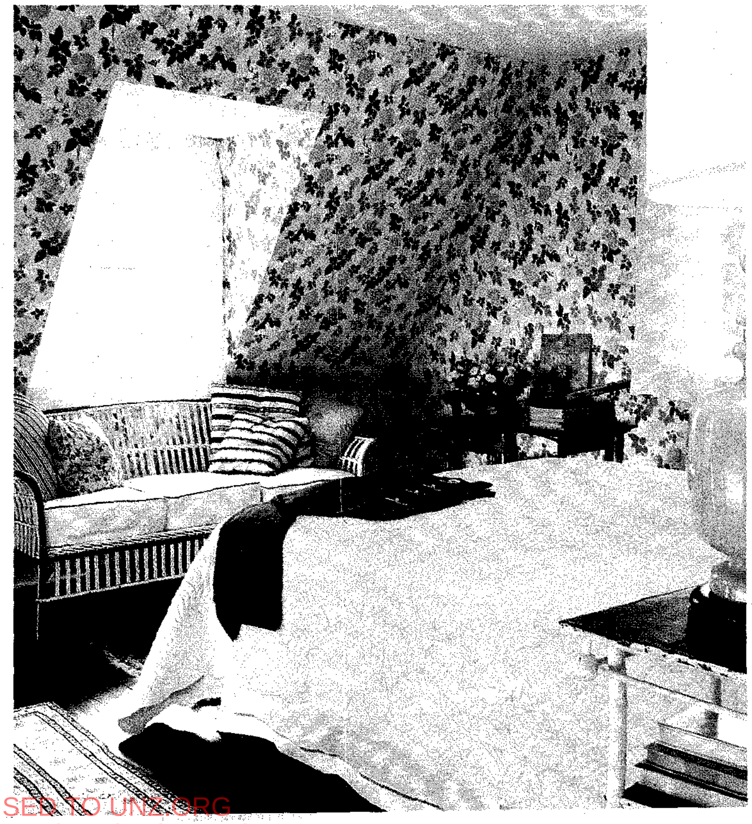
Style in Spades



Seven years ago, long before Kate Spade bags became such a status object that knockoffs were for sale on every midtown corner, when the former Katherine Noel Brosnahan of Kansas City, Missouri, was just starting up a business with her then-boyfriend Andy Spade, the couple went to the Hamptons and began a romance with a house. The shingled structure, built as a barn in 1870 and converted into a farmhouse in the twenties, was utterly dilapidated, with a crumbling roof, leaky patches in the walls, and peeling wallpaper in the bedrooms. "We fell in love with it—and we needed

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FERNANDO BENGOECHEA

From bags to riches: In the living room, above, Sclaroff covered the sofa in Lee Jofa printed linen—but used the reverse side ("The other side is lurid," he explains). The green paint color was Andy's choice; the linen gauze curtains throughout the house were added, Sclaroff says, "because having it all look like a farmhouse just seemed right." At right, the cabbage-rose wallpaper—which replaced the original, worn-out paper—is antique, from Secondhand Rose in Manhattan. The wicker furniture set has a mix of cushions: some Sclaroff had made, plus some made of antique ticking that he purchased at Paula Rubenstein in SoHo. Opposite: The weeping beech in the front yard is Kate's favorite spot. The paper lanterns, initially hung for a party, looked so good they became permanent fixtures. The second living room was originally a workroom, which the couple fixed up and painted. The paintings were collected by Andy: The large canvas over the sofa is by Lowell Boyers; the portrait at right is by René Ricard. The wall-to-wall carpet is sisal, with area rugs thrown over for color. The fabric over the back of this couch (as well as the one in the living room) is from Craft Caravan.



"We wanted everything white," remembers Kate. "But then we realized all the character was stripped away!"

it for our mental health," Andy recalls.

Mental health indeed. These days, Kate Spade is a $70 million business, with six freestanding Kate Spade stores nationwide, boutiques in most of the country's big department stores, a line of shoes, eyewear, stationery, raincoats, pajamas—and, starting in spring 2002, a beauty-and-bath collection, thanks to a newly minted megadeal with Estée Lauder. "Kate to me is a cross between Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* and Holly Golightly," says Lauder group president Robert A. Neilsen. "The beauty line is really about capturing the essence of her."

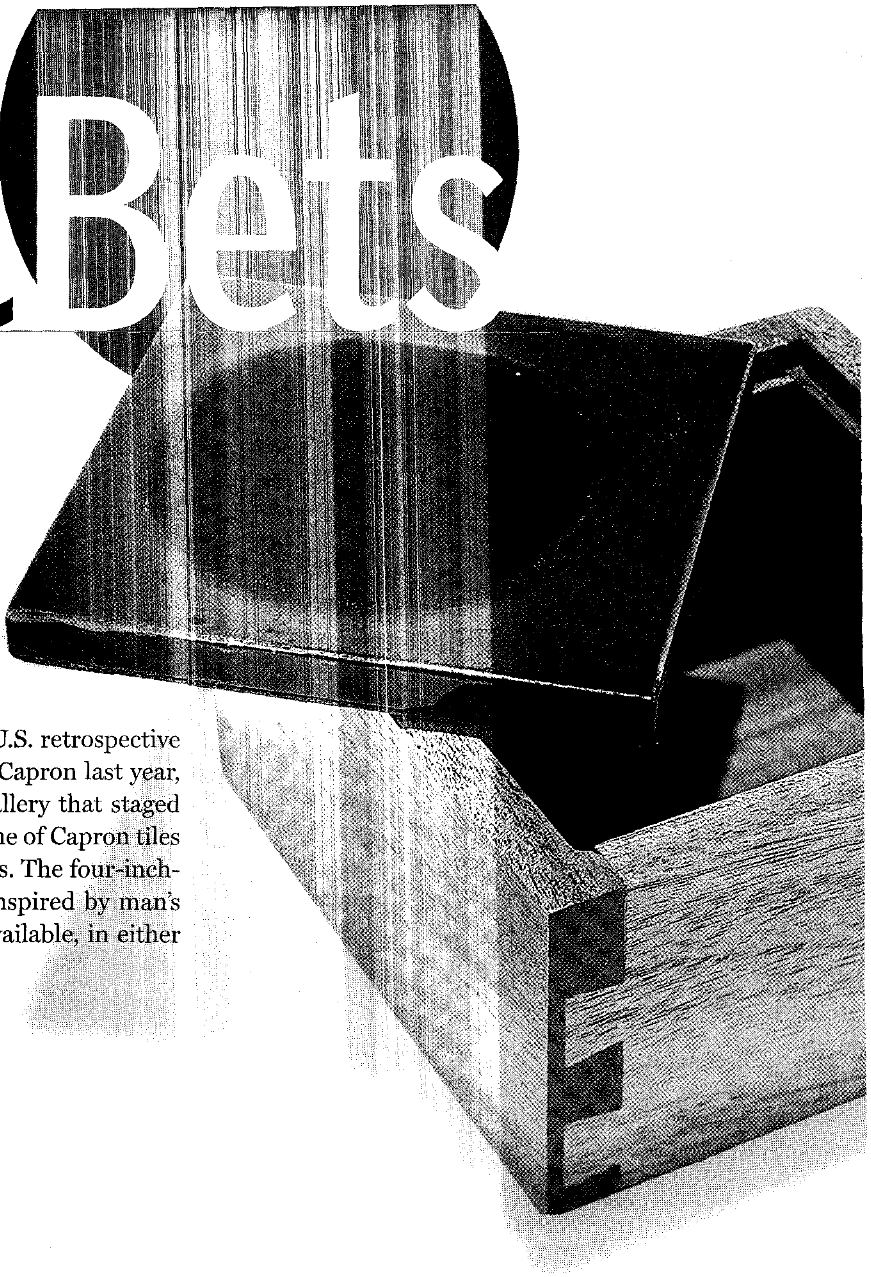
And she's not the only designer in the family; Andy launched Jack Spade men's accessories in 1999—after test-marketing them for true grit in hardware stores—and does a burgeoning business in his boutique on Greene Street. This year, he was nominated for a Perry Ellis award for emerging talent, the winner of which will be anointed at the CFDA awards June 14 (Kate has won CFDA awards twice, in 1996 and 1998). In addition, he's just finished his first documentary, *Paperboys,* a look at five paperboys from Stillwater, Minnesota, filmed by commercial-director wunderkind Mike Mills (Andy himself is a refugee from the ad world) and slated for national release, if all goes well, later this year.

So it's no wonder that the couple needs a refuge, something that the Hamptons retreat delivered in, well, spades. "We both got a little of what we wanted," says Kate, whose midwestern childhood gave her an affinity for the magnificent old trees on the property, in particular a giant weeping beech in the front yard that provides a leafy enclave for reading or cocktails. "Andy is a summer person, having grown up on the West Coast, so for him it was proximity to the beach." But neither one of them was looking for something high-maintenance. "Our schedules aren't set up for it," Kate says. "We designed around that in terms of what we chose for the house. I didn't want it just to be a summer home, so it's kind of somewhere in between."

Enter designer Steven Sclaroff, who had collaborated with the couple before, working on the Kate Spade and Andy Spade boutiques in SoHo (he's also currently enmeshed in reworking their new Manhattan apartment). He combined the Spades' existing furnishings with finds from local antiques stores, and replaced the old bedroom wallpaper with vintage paper bought at Second Hand Rose in TriBeCa. "We wanted everything white," remembers Kate, "but then we realized all the character was stripped away!" "Part of the mission statement was to pull it back to where it was," says Sclaroff, who also catered to the couple's disparate aesthetics. "Andy likes the rich patina of objects and Kate is polar—she likes things to be really fresh and bright."

Fortunately, the result is exactly what the designing duo had in mind: "I look at the house as complete relaxation. I spend a lot of time just sitting and reading. I love it; it's just *peaceful,*" says Kate. And that's always in style. ■

Best Bets



RIMA SUQI

Box Tops If you missed the first-ever U.S. retrospective on the work of French ceramic artist Roger Capron last year, now's your second chance. Guéridon, the gallery that staged the retrospective, came upon a forgotten cache of Capron tiles from 1968, which it used to make these boxes. The four-inch-square tiles are called "Planets" and were inspired by man's first landing on the moon; 300 boxes are available, in either walnut or mahogany ($79).

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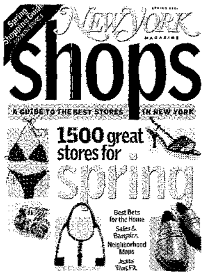
New York
Shops
A GUIDE TO THE BEST STORES IN NEW YORK
1500 great stores for spring

Check out the spring 2001 issue of **New York Shops**, our guide to the city's best stores, including "Best Bets" for the home. On sale at newsstands now. To order a copy, call 800-496-7833 ($4.99 plus $2 shipping and handling).

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DARRIN HADDAD

Plastic Fantastic

Luisa Cevese's "Riedizioni" line is an innovative fusion of fabric scraps and plastic. The Milan-based textile designer sources scraps from all over the world, then fashions them into notebooks, purses, bags, and coats. Shown here, her zippered cosmetics bag ($35).

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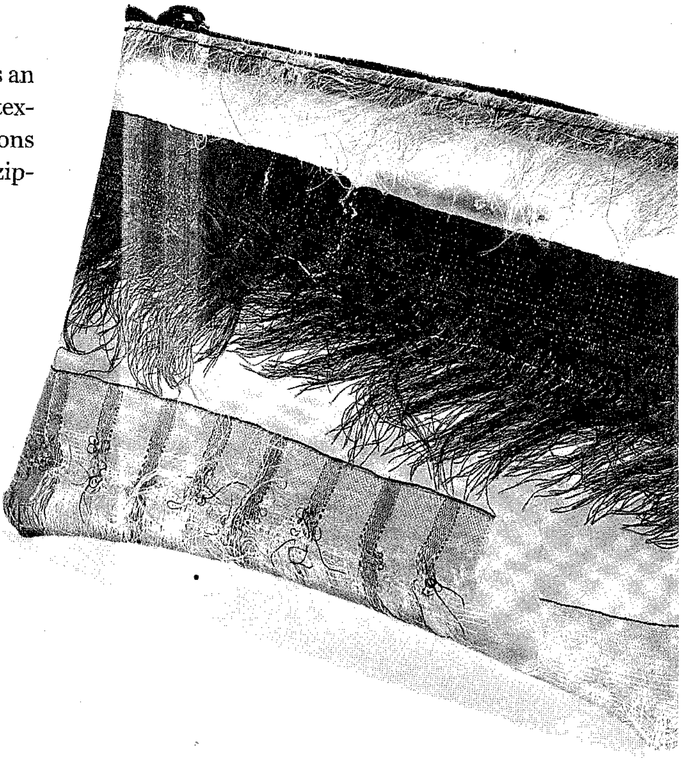

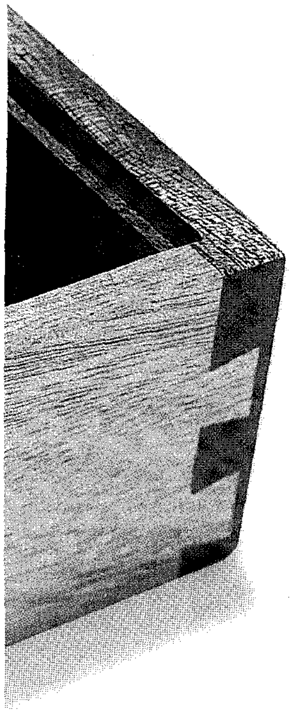

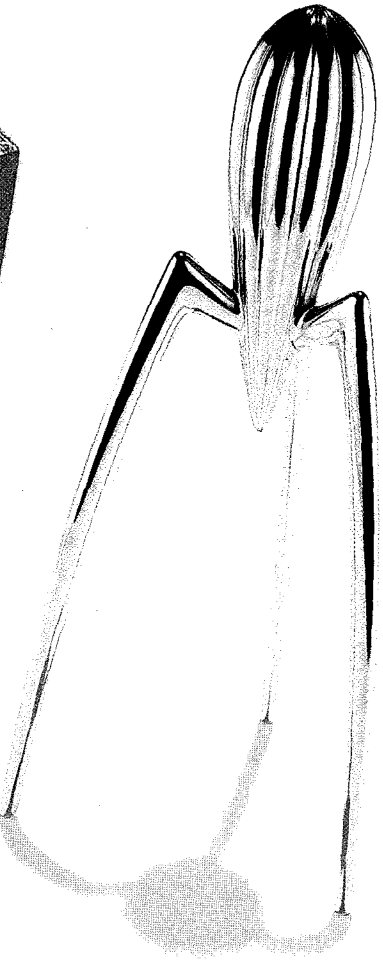

Get Juiced

In the ten years since it was first introduced, Philippe Starck's juicer for Alessi has achieved iconic status. And now, to celebrate its tenth birthday, Alessi has issued a gold-plated version. Very "I'd like to thank the academy." Almost a thousand were made for worldwide distribution, but the number available in our area is only in the double digits. Run, don't walk ($199).

- ▸ **MOSS**
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Hat Trick

It takes a special person to pull off a hat with a 7½-inch all-around brim. But if you happen to be that person, then this is the hat for you. Inspired by the likes of Daisy from *The Great Gatsby* and French actress Jane Birkin, the straw hat will cover your face in shade—and leave the world thinking you looked a lot taller in the movie ($79).

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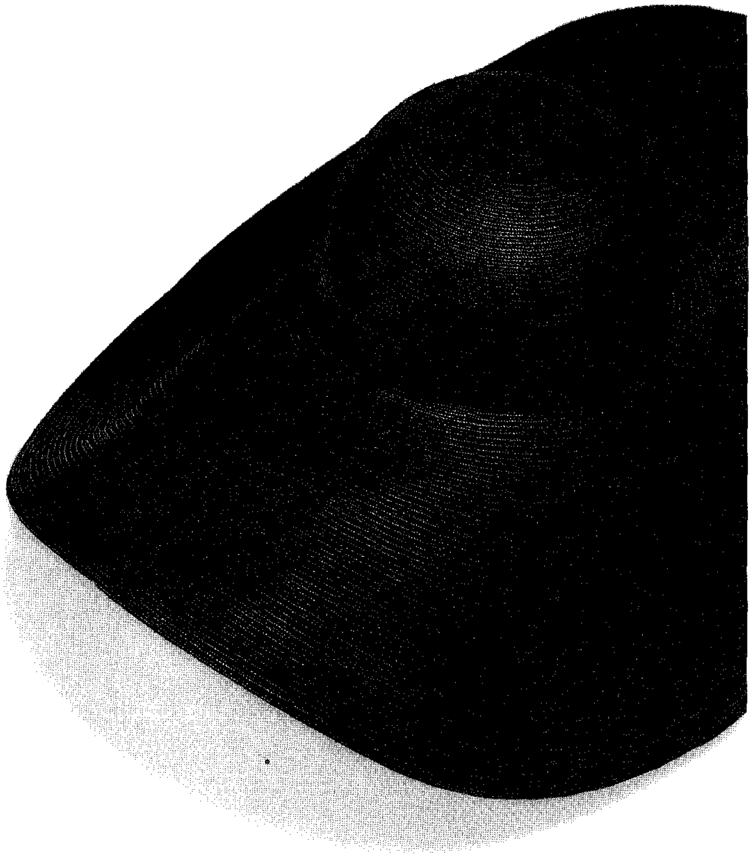


Sales & Bargains

BRIDIE CLARK

Party Lines

Festive glassware, ice crushers, mixers—even tiki torches—make party-hosting a summer breeze. Now all you need to do is sweep the terrace and pick up extra ice.

SOMETHING ABOUT BALMY air and your own terrace can invoke a spirit of unbounded hospitality—you can't seem to help tossing out invites to dear friends, and their dear friends (why not?), and so on (since it's already a crowd). Very generous, but who's supposed to deal with the party prep? Don't pull in the welcome mat just yet—if you check off the items on our must-have list, you'll be entertaining without draining your budget. Now there's no good excuse not to share your great outdoors.

Pottery Barn's brightly colored **glasses** (pictured; all $4 at Pottery Barn stores) come in a variety of sizes (lightweight, middleweight, frat-boy). Now on to filling them: For yummy frozen drinks, pick up a **Rival Ice Crusher** ($29.88 at Bernie's Discount Center) and a **KitchenAid blender** (five-to-six-cup capacity, $87.50 at Bernie's). A bag of **Margarita Mix** (pictured, $2.98 at Pier 1 stores), a tin of margarita **salt** ($5.95 at Crate & Barrel stores), a cart-required booze-buying spree at **Astor Wines & Spirits** (free delivery), and *voilà*—you've given life to a party. Or, you could keep things simple: A **galvanized pail** from Bed Bath & Beyond ($19.99) is the perfect receptacle for keeping beers ice-cold (and close at hand). Summery watermelon **candles** (pictured, $4.99 at Bed Bath & Beyond) give your patio some extra glow, as do silver **lanterns** on the perimeter ($7, at Bed Bath & Beyond). And what outdoor soirée would be complete—and, more important, bug-free—without citronella **tiki torches** (pictured, $5 at Pier 1)?

Bernie's Discount Center, 821 Sixth Ave., near 28th St. (212-564-8582); Astor Wines & Spirits, 12 Astor Pl. (212-674-7500).

margarita
beverage mix

Picks of the Week

The Loom Company's high-end personal and home accessories are mostly 50 percent off. Stock up on gifts: candles, handmade ceramics, and hand-carved Lucite jewelry by Alexis Bittar. *31 W. 27th St., tenth floor (212-889-1182); cash only; Wed.-Thurs. 10-7; 6/6-6/7.*

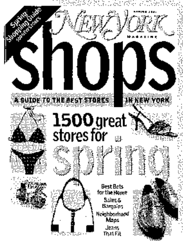
Capezio is discounting its summer leotards, tops, and pants. Buy one dancewear piece (from $19.99 to $24.99) and get the second at half off. *Capezio stores (212-245-2130); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 9:30-7, Sat. 9:30-6:30, Sun. 11:30-5; 6/11-7/2.*

Small Change has comfy, sporty clothes for kids for 50 percent off. Lilly Pulitzer dresses for girls 2-14 are about $40, marked down from $80. *964 Lexington Ave., near 70th St. (212-772-6455); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 10-5:30, Sat. 10-4:30; starts 6/11.*

Colette Malouf's pretty, girlish hair accessories and jewelry (commissioned by Michael Kors for his runway shows) are $5 to $100, normally $7 to $400. *594 Broadway, near Prince St., suite 1216 (212-941-9588); M.C., V.; Wed.-Thurs. 12-7; 6/6-6/7.*

Madison Avenue Brides' wide range of wedding-dress styles is mostly 60 percent off. A double-satin bodice with a portrait collar was $3,500, now $2,200. *1385 Broadway, near 38th St., suite 1210 (212-278-8984); A.E., M.C., V.; by appointment only; 5/28-6/8.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Sales & Bargains, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale.



Check out **New York Shops**, our guide to the city's best stores, including a five-month roundup of "Sales & Bargains." On sale at newsstands now. To order a copy, call 800-496-7833 ($4.99 plus $2 shipping and handling).

Photographed by Joe Scafuro.

A Weekly Guide to Culture and Upcoming Events

Edited by Christopher Bonanos

Movies

Stanley Kubrick: A Life in Pictures

Premieres June 12

The first authorized documentary about the great, cantankerous director (pictured filming *A Clockwork Orange*) gets a one-night screening at Lincoln Center. Tom Cruise narrates; Jan Harlan, a longtime Kubrick pal, produced and directed. But did he demand 100 retakes of every scene? (See listing, page 66.)

Theater

Martin's Kampf

At P.S. 122

You think *The Producers* gets the Tony for bad taste? Try this show by Martin Lewis, a former Monty Python associate who's doing a one-night at P.S. 122. Fun fact: The production company is called Bialystock & Bloom—a name Lewis had the foresight to register when he first saw the Mel Brooks movie. (Call 212-477-5288 to reserve.)

Restaurants

Shun Lee Palace

30th Anniversary Lunch

It's three decades since Michael Tong taught East Siders that Chinese dining could be more than red flocked wallpaper and chow mein. To mark the restaurant's 30th birthday, Shun Lee is rolling back lunch prices to 1971 levels—$9.95, for the week of June 11—and offering an array of specials that show off the chefs' uncanny presentation skills. Leisure suits discouraged. (Call 212-371-8844 to reserve.)

In Concert

Dance Theatre of Harlem

At the Apollo Theatre

Hard to believe that DTH has never done more than a one-shot at the Apollo. But this production of three classics is on for three nights, starting June 8. And one of the pieces, *Return*, is choreographed to music by, among others, Apollo legends James Brown and Aretha Franklin. Sing it loud. (See listing, page 89.)

Best of the Week

Art

The Next Best . . . Ding!

At Grand Central Terminal

We loved "Yugo Next," the School of Visual Arts' show of outlandish ways to reuse those unpleasant little autos. Now comes an exhibit of wacky projects made of old Remingtons and Royals: an aquarium, a roulette wheel, a tiki idol, and much more. (Starts June 7 in the terminal's Vanderbilt Hall.)

Books

Paradise

By Larry McMurtry; Simon & Schuster; $24

Texas novelist Larry McMurtry is notoriously shy about discussing his personal life. But *Paradise* is a poignant and revealing memoir disguised as a lighthearted travel book. On a trip to Tahiti, McMurtry comes to terms with a family secret revealed by his dying mother. In bookstores now.

PARADISE
LARRY McMURTRY

Nightlife

Our Sinatra

With Bill Boggs

The New York TV figure joins this popular revue, singing and recalling his association with the Chairman himself (pictured, in a moment from their extraordinary 1975 one-on-one). Order yourself a Jack Daniels and water, three ice cubes, baby—the way Frank liked it. (See listing, page 88.)

Photographs: clockwise from bottom left, Jonathan Smith; courtesy of Bill Boggs.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Organization Man

In *Bread and Roses,* Ken Loach wears his agitprop politics on his sleeve; Jim McKay's *Our Song,* about three appealing Brooklyn girlfriends, never pushes MTV buttons.

KEN LOACH, THE GLUMLY SOCIAL-REALIST British director, has shifted his attentions to Los Angeles in **Bread and Roses**, about the struggle of janitors to unionize. The drama has its real-life precedent in a 1990 riot that erupted when police in Century City attacked peaceful demonstrators in the so-called Justice for Janitors campaign. The violence, caught on the nightly news, helped force International Service Systems, the biggest cleaning company in the country, to sign a union contract in Los Angeles County.

Loach and his screenwriter, Paul Laverty, have an unfortunate penchant for agitprop melodrama. At times, *Bread and Roses* has the feel of a Depression-era tract: The cleaning-company boss (George Lopez) is a scummy bully, and the rich people whose high-rise offices the janitors clean are cardboard meanies. Meanwhile, the multiethnic band of workers, primarily illegal-immigrant Latinos and a few African-Americans, are, for the most part, a staunch and righteous breed. Things start to boil on all fronts when Maya (Pilar Padilla), a newly arrived Mexican illegal staying at the home of her sister Rosa (Elpidia Carrillo), falls for Sam, the Anglo union organizer (Adrien Brody).

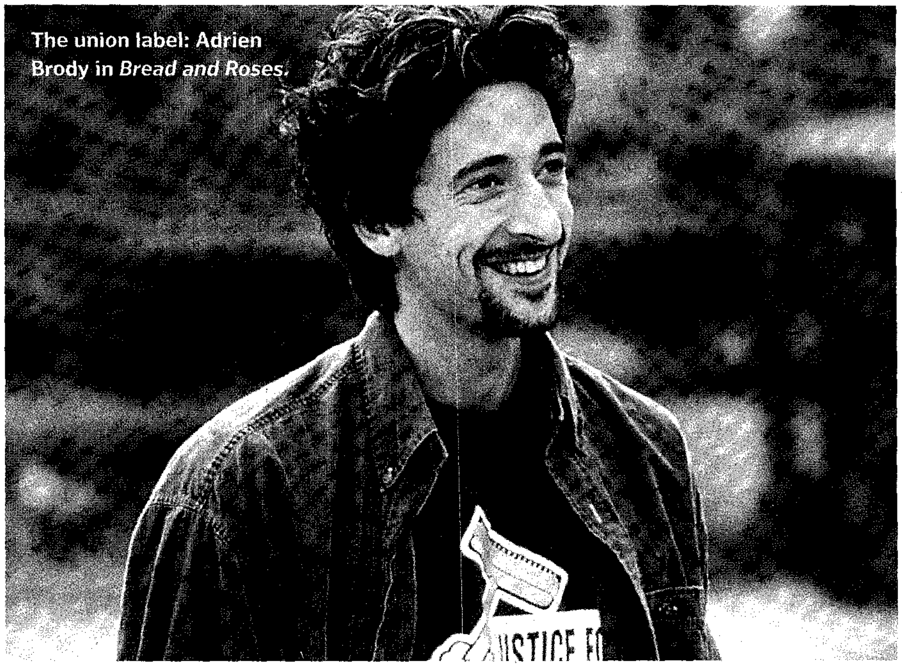
None of this would be worth much serious mention except that Loach has gotten hold of a marvelous subject—the invisibility of the working poor in the environs of the rich—that keeps you watching despite all the banner-waving. And Elpidia Carrillo, a great actress (*The Border; Salvador; Mi Familia*), delivers a monologue about the sacrifices she has made that is so furiously sad it leaves you shaken and yet grateful for having felt something so rich and complex and, for once, undogmatic.

Bread and Roses
Directed by Ken Loach.

Our Song
Written and directed by Jim McKay.

Divided We Fall
Directed by Jan Hrebejk.

The Wide Blue Road
Directed by Gillo Pontecorvo.
See Movies listings for details.



The union label: Adrien Brody in *Bread and Roses.*

LANISHA (KERRY WASHINGTON), MARIA (Melissa Martinez), and Joycelyn (Anna Simpson)—three teenage girlfriends from Crown Heights who go through a hot summer in the new film **Our Song**—don't have the camera-ready look that so many teens in the movies and on MTV have right now. Which is not to say they don't hold the screen. They certainly do, especially Washington, whose face, delicate and quietly beseeching, is one that comes along very rarely in the movies. But there's none of the teen-pic posturing common to youth movies that both flatter and condescend to their young audiences. Although all three friends, members of the Jackie Robinson Steppers Marching Band, are played by actresses with at least some training, they have a freestyle, make-it-up-as-you-go-along quality. It's as if nonactors had magically stepped out of their lives and into these roles.

Jim McKay, who wrote and directed, keeps the entire film on the same intuitive, small-scale level as the performances. *Our Song* isn't really much more than a funny, touching little squiggle, but it has a bracing honesty and pays particular heed to the betweenness in people's lives, to how much goes on when nothing seems to be going on at all. The action in this movie, such as it is, would be considered downtime in a typical melodrama. Even the teen-pregnancy material involving Maria is not overscaled; it's just another complication for her to deal with. McKay has an abiding affection for these girls, which translates into a respect for the difficulties of their maturation. Although *Our Song* is fictional, it has the observant and embracing qualities of a good documentary. You learn about the lives of people who may be very far away from you, and very close.

SET IN A GERMAN-OCCUPIED CZECH TOWN during World War II, **Divided We Fall**, which was nominated this year for a Best

Photograph by Merrick Morton.

Foreign Language Film Oscar, recalls at its best the folksy, bittersweet movies from the sixties Czech-film renaissance. Director Jan Hrebejk and his screenwriter, Petr Jarchovsky, were both born in the late sixties, and so in a sense their film represents a revisiting by a new generation of the subjects that shaped that renaissance. And, like some of the films from that era, particularly *The Shop on Main Street, Divided We Fall* utilizes, with varying success, themes of anti-Semitism and collaboration in order to achieve a wider view of intolerance.

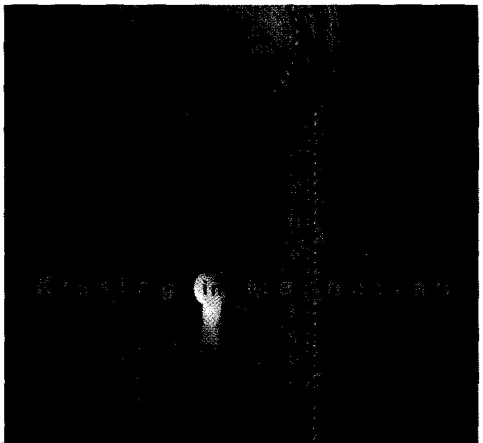
A childless couple, played by Anna Sisková and Boleslav Polívka (particularly fine), hide in their apartment annex the Jewish son of a former employer (Csongor Kassai) who has escaped from a concentration camp. Fearing discovery and reprisal, the husband takes a job with a Nazi collaborator and former workmate (Jaroslav Dusek). The complications and deceptions multiply into a kind of slapstick horror, but the filmmakers pull away from the full ghastliness of their own conception (apparently based on a true story). The wrap-up has a fablelike pleasantness that serves as a gentle reproach to all the Holocaust-themed movies that have left us feeling hopeless. *Divided We Fall* is intended to be restorative, but its wish fulfillments, while charming, are also a bit too gaga for that.

GILLO PONTECORVO'S VERY RARELY SHOWN first feature, the 1957 **Wide Blue Road**, is being released in a restored print courtesy of Milestone. Yves Montand stars as a fisherman who lives with his family on a small island off the Dalmatian coast of Italy and survives by fishing illegally in the open sea with explosives. Pontecorvo has made only four other features since this first one, of which just two, *Battle of Algiers* and *Burn*, are well known. I can't think of a greater director with less of an interest in fulfilling his greatness. *The Wide Blue Road*, written by Franco Solinas, who went on to co-write Francesco Rosi's *Salvatore Giuliano* and Costa-Gavras's *State of Siege*, is a somewhat awkward mixture of Marxism and social realism (not to mention glamour; in addition to Montand, Alida Valli stars as the fisherman's wife). It's worth seeing, though, not only for its occasional moments of breathtaking beauty and sadness but also because its very rarity demands it. (At Film Forum.) ■

BOOKS DANIEL MENDELSOHN

Fuzzy Logic

Two promising writers debut collections; one is maddeningly elusive but the other stumbles through a diffuse plot to enlightenment.



sister crazy
emma richler
ICKLER

'IF YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE people who feels he deserves a straight story," a rich, good-looking, thirtyish sex weirdo declares in David Schickler's new book, **Kissing in Manhattan**, "like I have some duty to enlighten or clarify, then go fuck yourself." As luck would have it, I happen to be one of those people: What's the point of reading fiction if enlightenment and clarification aren't in the offing? While I enjoyed Schickler's polished and hotly anticipated debut, I felt screwed by the time I finished it. Ravished, on the other hand, is how you'll feel at the end of Emma Richler's first collection, a book that bears a superficial resemblance to Schickler's. Both are concerned with the way fragile people make connections with one another, and both, essentially, are collections of loosely interwoven stories revolving around a single group of characters. (Schickler's are the mostly good-looking, single, love-starved thirtysomething residents of a fabulous prewar building called the Preemption; Richler's are the members of the decidedly Salinger-esque Weiss family, intensely observed by the mentally unstable middle sister, Jemima.)

Kissing in Manhattan
By David Schickler
Dial Press; 274 pages; $21.95.

Sister Crazy
By Emma Richler
Pantheon; 216 pages; $22.

But any similarities end there. As elaborately imaginative as Schickler's stories are, they're not particularly enlightening about anything but their own cleverness. However everyday her themes and diffuse her narrative (there's no action or plot, and you sometimes wonder whether it's you or she who's lost the thread), Richler gets beyond little-girl-lost clichés and creates something striking and original.

You can certainly see why Schickler has gotten so much buzz. Though it's true that his fictional territory is a minefield of clichés—if I had a dime for every fictional debut whose punch line was "All those weights you lift, all those miles you run, all those movies you see. It isn't right. It's lonely," I could retire and buy a penthouse in the Preemption myself—Schickler has a wild, out-of-left-field dramatic imagination that's really fresh. The way his characters take you, as well as one another, by surprise is terrific fun. In "The Smoker," the story that got Schickler so much attention in the first place, a solitary young high-school English teacher accepts a dinner invitation from the parents of a brilliant, seductive female student whom he secretly longs for, only to find that she and they have decided that he should marry the girl.

He ends up agreeing with them.

Schickler's baroque plotlines and the weirdly unsettling details here (the "Preemption"; the fact that people eat in restaurants where you can only order things like Noodles or Shoots or Vodka, with no brand names or other attributes) give *Kissing in Manhattan* the feel of an urban erotic fable. Often, the surprises the author concocts for his characters remind you that whatever we frazzled and spent city dwellers say about love, we've developed remarkable resources for resisting it. In "Checkers and Donna," a woman named Donna wants to find a man who will crush himself into her "and never apologize"; she balks, naturally, when she meets a guy, Checkers, who does just that. "You're going the traditional flirting route," he tells her disdainfully two minutes into their blind date, and things go downhill from there. Until, that is, she has a last-minute change of heart just as she's running away from Checkers, and smiles at him. You know they're going to be okay.

Pretty much all of the stories here end with a seeing-the-light-and-smiling moment: Estranged sons are reconciled with their fathers, ugly guy gets to have sex with beauteous heiress, shootings end not with death but with bedside redemptions, and so on. For all the inventiveness of the situations this author creates, there's something predictable at the heart of these stories—and, ultimately, something quite pat. This is the kind of book in which the nice, nice-looking shy guy gets the dishy, secretly sensitive girl at the end. "This isn't a movie," someone tells Donna before her blind date, "this is real life." Oh? In a book that purports to be a daring new vision of love and life in the city, it's not clear that Schickler isn't the one who's gone the traditional route here. Like a lot of young writers who set out to give us the lowdown on urban romance, he's ended up subscribing to the same clichés he set out to expose. It's about as daring as . . . Noodles.

IF *KISSING IN MANHATTAN* IS ALL OUTSIDES—all plot mechanics and descriptions of things—**Sister Crazy** is all insides, like its hypersensitive narrator. A lot of Richler's book is liable to give you déjà vu—the narrator is yet another Girl, Interrupted, and the neurotically precise, tremulously childlike tone is a bit daughter-of-Holden Caulfield ("The spooky thing is, I have to watch the same film again and again because I have this fear that it changes when I am not looking"). Yet from small and familiar things, this author has managed to create something new and moving.

The pleasures of *Sister Crazy* are the pleasures afforded by an authorial sensibility so alert to the minutiae of family life that you often have the uncanny feeling you're eavesdropping on, rather than reading about, these characters. Jemima Weiss may be crazy, but she's not stupid: It would be hard to find a more acute portrait of the strange, private ways in which children think about parents—as cowboys, say, which is bizarrely yet somehow rightly how Jem thinks of her Jewish sportswriter dad—and of the strange currents that swirl around siblings. (It's fairly clear that Jem is in love with her curly-headed brother Jude, and the incestuous currents are all the more powerful for being handled matter-of-factly here; weirdly, it's not a big deal.) And despite the way that everyday things tremble with menace for Jem, there's a lot of wacky, really smart humor: Her analysis of *Un homme et une femme*, which she likes to watch because the *homme* reminds her of Jude, will make you laugh out loud.

Some of this book is repetitive, and there's no obvious narrative destination point, and yet the layers of stories and insights have a cumulative power. By the last lines, in which Jem imagines her family as passengers on a train that she can only watch as it whizzes past, you feel—as you should by the end of a novel or collection of stories—that something important has happened: not to the characters but to you. That, perhaps, you've been given some clarity and insight. "No one should have to see in such gory detail," Jem writes at one point; maybe so, but you can only be glad that she does. ■

IN BRIEF: TELEVISION

JOHN LEONARD

Kristin (JUNE 5; 9:30 TO 10 P.M.; NBC)—with the pint-size Chenoweth as your basic twinkle-toes from true-blue Oklahoma who came to the corrupt metropolis in search of Broadway-musical fame and fortune but works instead for a sleazeball real-estate developer (Jon Tenney)—wastes her talent and our time on a sitcom that never got past the concept stage.

Don Quixote (June 6; 8 to 10 P.M.; PBS) rediscovers and remasters for the *Great Performances* series the 1973 film production of the 1869 ballet, choreographed, directed by, and starring Rudolf Nureyev.

The Sorrow and the Pity (June 6; 8 P.M. to 12:30 A.M.; TCM) is a restored version of the Marcel Ophüls masterpiece about how one small town in France collaborated with the Nazis in World War II. Watch for Pierre Mendès-France, who makes you feel better about the human race after the rest of the film has made you despair.

Walter and Henry (June 10; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) sends a motherless 12-year-old (Nicholas Braun) from the Brooklyn streets to suburban New Jersey, where an aunt (Kate Nelligan) and a grandfather (James Coburn) he has never met are supposed to take care of him while his sax-playing ex-hippie father (John Larroquette) recovers from sex, drugs, and rock and roll in a mental hospital. In this lovely little movie, a piano is a boy's best friend.

The Big Heist (June 10; 9 to 11 P.M.; A&E), revisiting the 1978 multi-million-dollar robbery in the Lufthansa Terminal at JFK, stars Donald Sutherland as Jimmy "the Gent" Burke, mastermind among midgets, and John Heard as Richard Woods, his cop nemesis. Far from the worst of the many films not worth watching; see this one for Sutherland.

Long Night's Journey Into Day (June 11; 8 to 9:45 P.M.; HBO) picks up the work of South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission almost exactly where Bill Moyers left off last year. Amy Biehl's parents choose to forgive the four young black men who killed their Fulbright-scholar daughter; the families of the "Cradock 4" are not so kindly disposed toward the white security cop who murdered them; and then there's the black cop who did to young people in his township exactly what his white apartheid masters told him to. It would seem that Archbishop Tutu is both an Ophüls and a Mendès-France.

Blue-Note Baroque

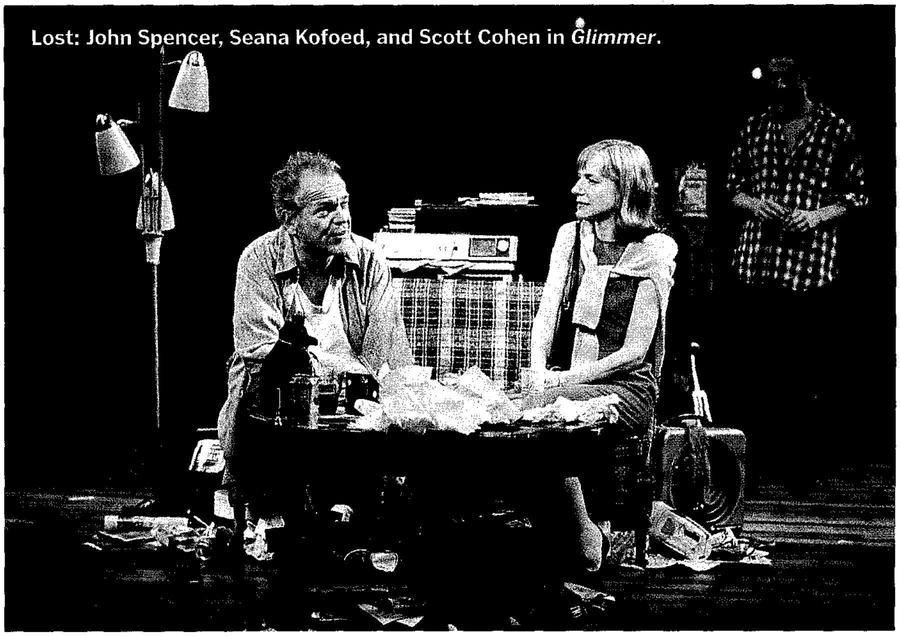
Side Man author Warren Leight returns to the jazz world in his new play, but the tangled result is soap-operatic; Pamela Gien shines in *The Syringa Tree.*

I WONDERED WHETHER WARren Leight, having won me over with his *Side Man,* about jazz musicians, could score again with his new **Glimmer, Glimmer and Shine,** about jazz musicians. Does lightning strike twice? No. The play is contrived, manipulative, uninvolving: It glimmers, glimmers, and fizzles out.

A dazzling jazz trumpet section of the fifties, consisting of the twins Martin and Danny Glimmer and Eddie Shine, is now, in 1990, a dim memory. Eddie is dead; Martin, a reformed drug addict, lives in poor health and poverty in the Bronx. Danny has been transformed by his wife, Martha, into Daniel, a rich Greenwich, Connecticut, scarf manufacturer. He has renounced his past, and has raised his daughter, Delia, in complete ignorance of his former self and the very existence of Martin.

Jordan, Eddie's son and Martin's musical disciple, meets Delia at a wedding reception, where he is merely part of the band. They fall for each other, even though Delia is engaged to the suitably wealthy and proper Chuck, conveniently in Asia on a yearlong business trip. Their shared affection for the warmhearted, feckless Martin is a further bond between them. As is hot sex.

Will Martin survive the illness into which he plunges? Will Danny, on Delia's urging, make peace with Martin? Would Jordan give up his trombone, as Danny did his trumpet, and settle down into a respectability that might make him eligible in Delia's eyes? Will Daniel, having been abandoned by Martha, pick up the trumpet again? Might Jordan and Delia's compatibility be based on—horrors!—consanguinity? These questions dance before us like motes in a sunbeam, and are nearly as interesting.



Lost: John Spencer, Seana Kofoed, and Scott Cohen in *Glimmer.*

Glimmer, Glimmer and Shine
By Warren Leight.

The Syringa Tree
Written and performed by Pamela Gien.
See Theater listings for details.

Leight revels in trickery. Any number of consecutive scenes are acted out concurrently stage right and stage left, with the two sets of speakers artfully interconnecting, overlapping, or deliberately getting into each other's hair. For one particularly flashy flashback, Jordan and Delia become Eddie and Martha in the process of betraying the absent Danny.

Fateful misunderstandings proliferate. Background jazz is less well integrated than in *Side Man.* Hit-or-miss one-liners are tossed about prodigally. Martin soliloquizing during his coma borders on the cutesy. And Evan Yionoulis, the director, has cast two totally dissimilar actors, about fifteen years apart in age, as the twins. The usually able set designer Neil Patel does not sufficiently differentiate and characterize the various locations. Even the acting is uneven.

John Spencer is aptly witty and cynical as Martin, but why must he so often speak in slow motion? Brian Kerwin cannot make the transition from Daniel back into Danny compelling. Seana Kofoed is far too unappealing as Delia. Only Scott Cohen, as Jordan, truly clicks. There are funny moments here and there, but the humor feels unspontaneous: In the better patches, it is Warren lite; in the worse ones, a Leight that failed.

BELATEDLY, I CAUGHT UP WITH **The Syringa Tree** by Pamela Gien, who also performs its numerous and diverse parts. She starts out as 6-year-old Elizabeth, a precocious—but not *too* precocious—kid in Johannesburg under apartheid, and ends up as Elizabeth the married woman, living with her husband in California, but now on a visit with her small son to a new South Africa and her old father. (Mom has Alzheimer's, and is somewhere in a retirement home.)

In between, Miss Gien encompasses Elizabeth at various ages, Mom and Dad, sundry Afrikaners, Anglos, and blacks, all with perfect accents, sometimes singing native chants. It is an ex-

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

traordinary performance—or, rather, some dozen or more extraordinary performances of beautifully controlled panache.

The story—of the immigrant English-Jewish doctor and his South African-born wife, their daughter Elizabeth, their neighbors and kinfolk, friends and foes, black servants and servants' children—is a good one, reflecting as it does the larger issues and changes in a convex mirror of a representative yet idiosyncratic family. Obvious autobiography but deftly fictionalized, it is told with great sympathy but without a shred of self-pity or sentimentality.

Then there is the acting. Miss Gien totally and movingly becomes all of her disparate male and female, young and old characters—in voice, body, limbs, and that mesmerizingly modulating face of hers. It is a sweet and pretty countenance that can become contorted into a Munchian shriek, a child's importunate obstinacy, a beleaguered housewife's exasperation, a hectoring soldier's grimace, or anything else. And all that in the twinkling of an eye, separated at most by the whirling around of her lithe, willowy body, abetted by eloquent arms ending in searching fingers, and propelled by bare legs springing from svelte, nervous feet. The energy expended is enormous, yet the actress conveys nothing but airiness and ease.

Kenneth Foy's set is a mere swing suspended from an invisible syringa tree in front of an earth-colored cyclorama on which Jason Kantrowitz's lighting rings enthralling changes. William Ivey Long's dress for Miss Gien is a simple, beige, loose-fitting second skin; Larry Moss has directed with similar unobtrusiveness. *The Syringa Tree* may have grown in Johannesburg, but thanks to Miss Gien's artistry and humanity, it takes life-enhancing root in all of us.

A WITLESS POCKET MUSICAL, **The It Girl**, has deservedly just closed at the York Theatre Company, but harbors arrogant delusions of reopening on a grander stage. This would be a mistake for all concerned. It was distinguished only by having the most untalented and unprepossessing leads in recent history, though the leading lady, with some experience in movies and TV, is said to have "a face the camera loves." Who would have thought that the camera had such bad taste? ■

ART MARK STEVENS

Goya's Children

Retrospectives of the artists Leon Golub and James Ensor, who strikingly reveal the real monsters within us.

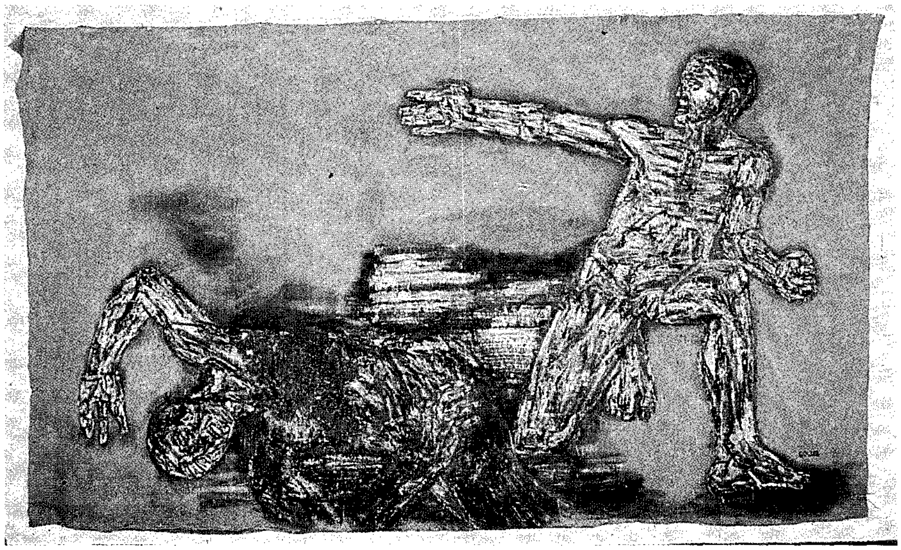
AT THE OUTSET OF **Leon Golub: Paintings, 1950–2000** at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, the curators have hung *Napalm Flag* (1970), which the artist painted during the height of the Vietnam War. Old Glory appears blood-smeared—twisted and burned and scabbed. For followers of American art, the Golub flag brings jarringly to mind another, more famous rendering of the Stars and Stripes, the Jasper Johns *Flag* of 1955. If the Golub seems to erupt—hot, angry, and earnest—the Johns is cool and studied, a reflecting pool of irony, ambiguity, and inward-looking rumination. The flags represent two different ways of seeing, and two different Americas.

The Johns approach has been far more influential in American art. Although most Pop and minimal artists of the period opposed the Vietnam War, their work was typically clever and knowing—more a product of the seminar room than of the streets. Golub was an odd man out, one of those who kept alive certain ambitions scuttled by the artists who followed Abstract Expressionism. Golub clung to the figure. He believed he could still make use of great old art, such as classical friezes. He was not ironic. His politics stemmed more from the old left's cry for social justice than from Foucault's fashionable dissection of power. He refused to give up the public ambitions of history painting and subside into the merely personal. To put it differently, he would not withdraw art from the suffering of the world. Like Goya, Golub, who is now 79 years old, could not forget the monsters among us. He was rude, embarrassing, and admirable.

Organized by Jon Bird for the Irish Museum of Modern Art, this exhibition of Golub's (*Continued on page 67*)

Leon Golub: Paintings, 1950–2000
At the Brooklyn Museum of Art; through August 19.

Between Street and Mirror: The Drawings of James Ensor
At the Drawing Center; through July 21.
See Art listings for details.



Oh, the humanity: Leon Golub's *Napalm I* (1969).

Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

Rare Commodity

Leave those new theme-park steakhouses to socialites on the Zone; for serious meat eaters, MarkJoseph Steakhouse delivers the real deal, authentic and unadorned.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A keen observer of the restaurant scene to notice that the great Manhattan steakhouse has undergone a bizarre institutional facelift recently. As I discussed in this space not long ago, so-called steakhouses have sprung up around town disguised as TriBeCa hipster destinations (Dylan Prime), megamall Italian pasta joints (Tuscan Steak), and even louche girlie bars (Strip House). In the midst of this stylistic mayhem, let's pause for a minute and redefine, for the current generation of nouveaux beefeaters, just what a real steakhouse is. A real steakhouse is an institution, not a restaurant. It serves steak, primarily, chosen, cut, and prepared according to timeless methods on which the economic and psychic health of the institution depends. The décor should have an old-shoe quality, and the waiters should, too. There may be other dishes on the menu of a real steakhouse (shrimp cocktail, for instance), but these are rarely sampled, and they are almost invariably bad.

So imagine my sense of quiet hopefulness when the shrimp cocktail I ordered at the **MarkJoseph Steakhouse**, a modest enterprise that opened not long ago down on Water Street, in the South Street Seaport, turned out to be, well, not very good. Not that it was a bad shrimp cocktail, mind you. The shrimps were uniformly huge and served on a bed of mildly limp lettuce. They came with a wedge of lemon and a cup of traditional cocktail sauce, and when you bit into them they tasted roughly two thirds fresh and one third frozen. The residue of seafood frozenness is endemic to any old-school steak palace, as comforting as plank floors sprinkled with sawdust. There were other promising signs as well. The street outside is paved in cobblestones, and when you walk down Peck Slip, before dinner, you can see tugboat lights moving to and fro under the Brooklyn Bridge. My waiter was a rotund gentleman with a crumber in his breast pocket. He waited respectfully as I studied the menu, then said, "Make it easy on yourself, babe, the porterhouse is always good."

Back to your old school: Diners at MarkJoseph Steakhouse.

Porterhouse is the half-sirloin, half-filet cut revered among traditional steak hounds, of course, as well as the specialty at Peter Luger's, the most venerable steak institution in the city. The co-owner of MarkJoseph, Charlie Blair, spent six years studying the art of beef at Luger's Long Island branch, and he has imported several of the ancient techniques to Manhattan for the first time. There are baskets of squeezy onion rolls on the table and gravy boats of Luger-style red steak sauce. MarkJoseph sits beside an old city bridge, just like Luger's, although there is a TV at the commodious bar, and instead of stamped tin, the ceiling has been painted in a soothing fresco of blue clouds and sky. As at Luger's, however, the beefsteak tomatoes are sliced as big as Frisbees, the creamed spinach has no cream in it (flour and butter, mostly), and the hash browns are served golden fried, by the platter, heaped like tiny Indian burial mounds.

The porterhouse at MarkJoseph is handled with a similar respect for simplicity and heft. It can be ordered in four sizes, from a single sirloin ($33) to a monster platter for four ($130). It's sprinkled with salt and cooked in a Jade oven at 1,100 degrees, then sliced and broiled to order at a lower temperature. The searing heat gives the steak a charred, salty edge, and it's brought to the table unadorned, sizzling in its own burnt fat. You can also order a buttery filet mignon separately or with a single, paprika-covered lobster tail as part of a classic surf-and-turf combination. There's a handsome, brick-size veal chop, a beautifully seared bone-in rib steak, and a flotilla of excellent double-cut lamb chops with a proper cup of English mint sauce (not jelly) for dipping.

If you can't finish all this meat, the waiter will sweep the remains into a tinfoil doggie bag, but if you can, you'll have plenty of company at this joint. Unlike Peter Luger's, which is overrun, most days, with Japanese tourists and drunken bankers, MarkJoseph caters to the original steakhouse clientele. On the days I visited, the room was full of beefy gents with gleaming pinky rings and napkins spread over their bellies. "It was business as usual," I heard someone at the next table say. "They pleaded the fifth and were back at work the

MarkJoseph Steakhouse
261 Water Street
(212-277-0020).

Photographed by Kenneth Chen.

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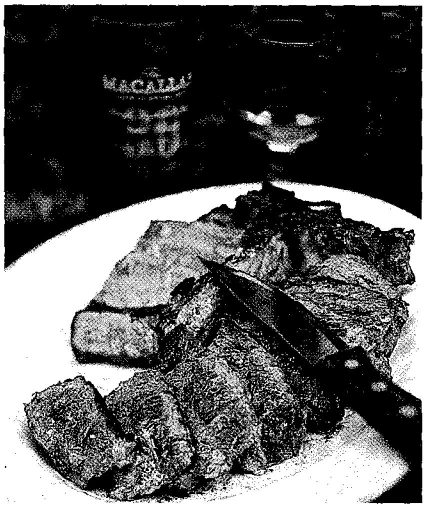


Red alert: The porterhouse, whiskey on the side.

next day." If these wise guys were on a diet, maybe they picked morosely at plates of blackened catfish or grilled salmon, but not if they could help it. There's also an unremarkable tuna steak on the menu, plus a roster of uninspired salads (stick with the sliced tomato). There's a variety of seafood appetizers as well (aside from the shrimp cocktail, the baked clams are best) and a rich lobster bisque that was flavorful but thick as porridge.

As befits a great steakhouse, however, these non-steak dishes are mere sideshows compared with the main event. The superior side dishes complement the meat, instead of overwhelming it with truffle cream sauces and fancified piles of sweet-potato fries, as they do at some of the trendy steakhouses uptown. The wine selection isn't bad, and there are 25 varieties of single-malt whiskey to choose from. The desserts are Luger knockoffs, only you get your schlag in a decorative scoop, with a sprig of mint on top, instead of in a vat on the side. There's a stodgy, cinnamon-laced version of Apple Brown Betty, a nice wedge of lightly creamy cheesecake, and an average pecan pie. If you're willing to brave the tourist rabble across the river, you'll find a better version of this pecan pie served hot. If not, pull up a chair and start eating. For a new steakhouse in gimmicky postmillennial Manhattan, MarkJoseph is as close as you're likely to get to the real thing. ■

MarkJoseph Steakhouse 261 Water Street (212-277-0020). Monday through Wednesday noon–10 P.M., Thursday and Friday till 11 P.M., Saturday 5–11 P.M. Appetizers, $10–$25; entrées, $18–$33. All major credit cards.

IN BRIEF: POP MUSIC

FROM RADIOHEAD'S AMBIENT LESSONS on "How to Disappear Completely" to Sigur Ros's sonic cocoons, hiding out within music has become hip again. Like punk, retreating behind ambient-influenced walls of sound seems to cycle in and out with the economy—remember the British shoegazers of the early nineties?—and the hipsters who withdrew to their bedrooms to the hypnotic noise of bands like A.R. Kane and My Bloody Valentine seem to be ready for its return.

With its somnambulant textures and piercing sense of loneliness, Radiohead's *Kid A* made agoraphobia compelling, but just eight months later, the band's follow-up, **Amnesiac**, is too tentative and slight to be genuinely moving. The band doesn't even do much to pull the album—recorded at the same time as *Kid A*—out of its predecessor's misanthropic shadow. "I'm a reasonable man, get off my case," frontman Thom Yorke mumbles impassively on the album's opener, "Packt Like Sardines in a Crushd Tin Box." In the process, he sums up the group's antisocial, emotionally hollow stance.

Throughout the album, beautiful moments peek in and out—the jazzy timbre of "Pyramid Song," the vacuumlike sound effects on "Like Spinning Plates," the swelling, melancholic piano arrangements of "You and Whose Army?" Too often, though, *Amnesiac*'s sound isn't ambitious so much as just elliptical: The churning, tumbling percussion of "Pulk/Pull Revolving Doors" and the twangy guitar loops of "I Might Be Wrong" come off as throwaway ambient wallpaper.

Radiohead's sprawling themes and high-concept visual style have earned the group comparisons to prog rockers like Pink Floyd, but *Amnesiac* has more in common with tunnel-visioned electronica subgenres like IDM (intelligent dance music) that provide their audiences with tasteful but ultimately predictable listening.

Great art often involves confrontation, as Björk proved two weeks ago during a beautiful performance at Riverside Church in New York, where she allowed her unamplified voice to echo through a tiny chapel. For now, Radiohead seems content to hide behind their swirling soundscapes. In doing so, they risk turning their epic alienation into a comfortably downcast niche. *Ethan Brown*

Edited by Ben Kaplan

This Week's Releases

The Anniversary Party
Alan Cumming and Jennifer Jason Leigh co-wrote, directed, and star in this Altmanesque story of a marriage that comes apart over one long night in the Hollywood Hills. With Gwyneth Paltrow, John C. Reilly, and Kevin Kline. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) • Opens 6/8.

The Bride of the Wind
Newcomer Sarah Wynter plays Alma Schindler, the Viennese muse to Mahler, Gropius, Werfel, and many more. Directed by Bruce Beresford, with Jonathan Pryce and Vincent Perez. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) • Opens 6/8.

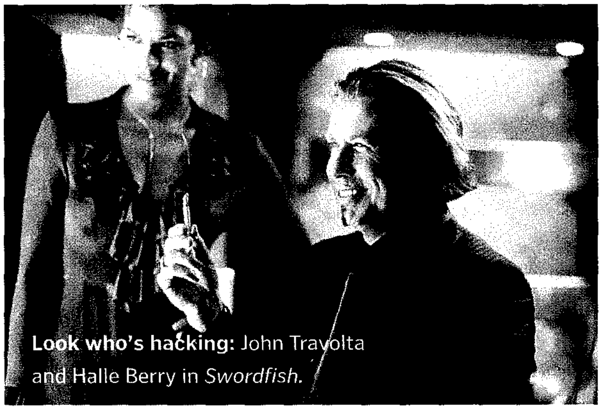
Dead or Alive
Sleazy cult director Takashi Miike's quick-cutting film about guns and gangsters in Tokyo. (1 hr. 44 mins; NR) • Opens 6/8.

Divided We Fall
In World War II Czechoslovakia, Boleslav Polívka and Anna Siskova play a couple who hide a concentration-camp escapee. Directed by Jan Hrebejk. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) • Opens 6/8.

Evolution
David Duchovny and Julianne Moore play the earth's best defense against an alien-infected meteor hurtling toward earth. Directed by Ivan Reitman; also starring *Bedazzled's* Orlando Jones. (1 hr. 37 mins; PG-13) • Opens 6/8.

Let It Snow
A romantic comedy about high-school sweethearts who reunite, sort of, in Manhattan. Written and starring Kipp Marcus, from Broadway's *Les Miserables*. Directed by Adam Marcus. (1 hr. 30 mins; NR) • Opens 6/8.

Swordfish
John Travolta plays a twisted cyberspy who siphons DEA funds with the help of Halle Berry and Hugh Jackman. Directed by Dominic Sena (*Gone in 60 Seconds*). (1 hr. 40 mins; R) • Opens 6/8.


Look who's hacking: John Travolta and Halle Berry in *Swordfish.*

New Films

About Adam
Love and marriage reinterpreted by a polyandrous Dubliner (Stuart Townsend) and a torch singer (Kate Hudson) in a comedy from writer-director Gerard Stembridge. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) • CC Village East; CC Sutton.

All Access: Front Row, Backstage, Live!
The IMAX concert film features Moby, B.B. King, Carlos Santana, and many others. (1 hr. 4 mins.; NR) • Loews Imax Theater.

Along Came a Spider
Morgan Freeman reprises his role as detective and criminal profiler Alex Cross from *Kiss the Girls* in this foot-draggy but well-plotted crime thriller about an insanely ambitious kidnapper. With his courtly grace and sonorousness, Freeman is fun to watch even though the role barely tweaks his talent. (Rainer; 4/16/01) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.

★ Amores Perros
The debut feature from director Alejandro Gonzalez Inarritu is an extraordinary triptych about life and suffering in Mexico City. In each of the three sections, which cross over into one another, the subject is the damage done to people by violence. Each section also brings out the almost mystical specialness that exists between humans and their dogs. The dog-fighting sequences in the first section (no dogs were actually hurt) are full-throttle harrowing. The entire film is harrowing. (Rainer; 4/9/01) (2 hrs. 33 mins.; R) • UA Union Square; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Angel Eyes
Jennifer Lopez plays a Chicago cop who wears her bulletproof vest as if it were a fashion accessory, and Jim Caviezel is the glassy-eyed romantic who saves her life and sports a chic, faint beard. Together they go in for a lot of designer melancholia en route to true love. (Rainer; 4/28/01) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Kings Plaza; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Animal
Rob Schneider plays a police file clerk infused with animal DNA in director Luke Greenfield's comedy debut. *Survivor*'s Colleen Haskell co-stars. (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

Blow
Johnny Depp stars as the real-life drug dealer and junkie George Jung, and the movie tracks him from the late sixties, when he was in his early twenties and riding high, through four decades, ending in his incarceration. The early scenes set in Manhattan Beach have an ominous casualness, and so does Depp's performance. But George never really takes hold of our imaginations: A cipher in misery is still a cipher. The filmmakers—director Ted Demme and screenwriters David McKenna and Nick Cassavetes—are torn between celebrating George's gonzo entrepreneurship and crying crocodile tears at his downfall. (Rainer; 4/16/01) (2 hrs.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Sutton; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Bread and Roses
Ken Loach, the glumly social-realist British director, turns his attention to Los Angeles in this dramatization of the real-life Justice for Janitors strike. Much of it is agit-prop, but Loach has gotten hold of a great subject—the invisibility of the poor who clean up in the environs of the rich—and Elpidio Carrillo delivers a furiously sad monologue about her sacrifices that leaves one shaken. Pilar Padilla and Adrien Brody co-star. (Rainer; 6/11/01) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Festival

Chick Pix Once Nixed

Will "Shifty" Hays's Hollywood Production Code of 1934 clamped down on such staples of early (and much later) Hollywood as "suggestive nudity" and "lustful kissing." But at **Ladies They Talk About: The Women of Pre-Code**, over 50 films from before the both-parties-keep-one-foot-on-the-floor-during-all-bedroom-scenes edict will be screened at Film Forum in their lively entirety. The festival focuses on uninhibited starlets like Mae West in *I'm No Angel*, Barbara Stanwyck in *Baby Face*, Greta Garbo in *Susan Lenox (Her Fall and Rise)*, Jean Harlow in *Red-Headed Woman*, and Marlene Dietrich (pictured) in Josef von Sternberg's *Blonde Venus*. After watching these pictures, you'll no doubt agree: It takes more than a VH1 appearance to earn the sobriquet *diva*. Through June 28. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for listings.

Photographs: top, Andrew Cooper; bottom, courtesy of Photofest/Film Forum.

Ground Rules

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote current releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. Reviews are followed by the names of theaters where the film is playing.

Bridget Jones's Diary
Renée Zellweger is charming in this otherwise mostly forced and unsprightly comedy based on the 1997 Helen Fielding best-seller. She has the ability to seem easygoing and chaotic in the same moment, and that works well for Bridget—a single Londoner whose ditziness can't disguise an essential sweetness. Hugh Grant and Colin Firth play her two suitors, and the Jane Austen-ish conceit doesn't work with these dullards. Austen would have tossed them overboard. (Rainer; 4/23/01) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Bayside.

The Center of the World
Wayne Wang's movie about a techno-geek soon-to-be-IPO-millionaire who cares only about connecting with a lap dancer. He pays her ten grand to spend a long weekend in Vegas with him. She should've asked for a lot more. Peter Sarsgaard and Molly Parker star. (Rainer; 4/30/01) (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) • CC Angelika Film Center; CC Eastside Playhouse.

Chocolat
Juliette Binoche plays the owner of a chocolate shop whose dainties bewitch a small town. Co-stars Johnny Depp and Alfred Molina; Lasse Hallström directs. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • CC Village East; Loews State; Cinemart.

★ The Circle
Jafar Pahani's movie about the linked lives of a series of fugitive women has been banned in Iran, and it's easy to see why. The ordeals the women endure are made to seem like summations of human experience; their misery and resolution come through with the force of accusation. (Rainer; 4/23/01) (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

★ Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon
Set in nineteenth-century China, this Ang Lee movie is a ravishing martial-arts romance with sequences as magical as anything in the movies. Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh star as great warriors and friends with a deep, unspoken ardor for each other; Zhang Ziyi, a marvelous young actress, is their nemesis. (Rainer; 12/11/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) • CC Village East; Clearview's 59th Street East; Loews State.

Enemy at the Gates
Jean-Jacques Annaud's WWII movie is a compendium of old-time war-movie clichés. (Rainer; 3/26/01) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) • Loews State.

Fast Food Fast Women
An ensemble dramedy about two generations of New Yorkers and their dalliances with love. Directed by Amos Kollek and starring Anna Thomson, Louise Lasser, and Vincent Argo. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

The Golden Bowl
The latest literary adaptation from the producing-directing team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory is an overexplicit rendition of Henry James's illustrious, overly implicit novel. It's decorous and rather bland. In a cast that also includes Kate Beckinsdale, Jeremy Northam, and Uma Thurman, Nick Nolte shines as the tycoon art collector Adam Verver. (Rainer; 4/7/01) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • Paris Theatre; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

A Knight's Tale
Writer-director Brian Helgeland is aiming squarely for the youth audience in this trying-to-be-hip medieval romp starring current teen heartthrob Heath Ledger as a low-born thatcher's son who dreams of being a jousting nobleman. Helgeland mixes modern-day anachronisms and eighties arena rock on the soundtrack, but the results seem less daring than opportunistic. This movie doesn't pull young audiences into the past; it brings the past right into the present, with a smirk. (Rainer; 5/14/01) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Cobble Hill Cinema; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Luzhin Defence
John Turturro stars as a pathologically withdrawn chess genius who attracts the love of a devoted woman, played by Emily Watson, in this adaptation of the Vladimir Nabokov novel. Watson has a shining purity in this role, but too much of the movie is blandly conventional, without the fire of obsession that might ignite it. (Rainer; 4/30/01) (1 hr. 6 mins.; PG-13) • The Screening Room; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

The Man Who Cried
A World War II movie from director Sally Potter that's more about the friendship between two women (Christina Ricci and Cate Blanchett) than battlefield blood and guts. Also starring Johnny Depp and John Turturro. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; Loews 72nd St. East.

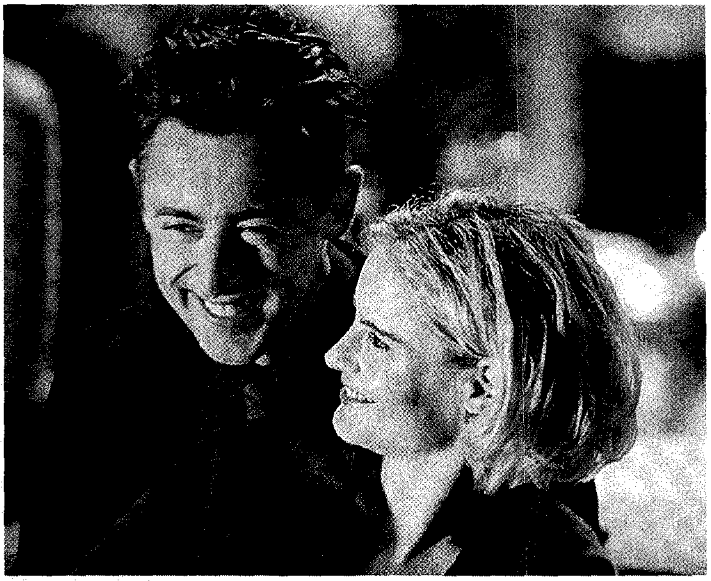
★ Memento
Christopher Nolan's low-budget noir stars Guy Pearce as a man seeking out his wife's murderer. His character has a mental handicap: a condition where he can't remember anything for more than fifteen minutes or so. The story is worked out in roughly reverse chronological order, and Nolan has a fondness for existential dread that may go over better with noir-soaked movie critics and overserious philosophy grad students than with general audiences. But it's an intriguing movie anyway. (Rainer; 3/26/01) (2 hrs.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Angelika Film Center; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Astor Plaza; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

The Mexican
Brad Pitt and Julia Roberts star in this lackadaisical action comedy about a feckless bagman for the mob and his errant girlfriend. (Rainer, 3/12/01) (2 hrs.; R) • North Shore Towers.

Opening

Access Hollywood

Is there a new Brat Pack? **The Anniversary Party**, a digital film co-written and produced by, and starring, Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming, features characters specifically written for and loosely based on their friends John C. Reilly, Jennifer Beals, Gwyneth Paltrow, Kevin Kline, and Parker Posey. "It was a weird mix of emotions," Cumming says of the atmosphere on the set. "I'd shout, 'C'mon, it's your turn, Gwyneth,' to come do a scene, and she'd be like, 'Ohhh, but I'm chatting.' It was casual, but I was wearing three hats—it was my ass on the line." They began writing the script—about a married first-time director and an actress (Cumming and Leigh, pictured) who have a fateful party at their house in the Hollywood Hills—in Leigh's kitchen after she returned from filming the digital video *The King Is Alive* in Africa. She had just gotten over a breakup; he was in the middle of one. "Writing this script was my lifeline," she says. After it was finished, they began calling their boldfaced friends, and before long, Fine Line gave them a $3.5 million budget. "Digital video made our film possible, because it's quick and it's cheap," Leigh says. They worked fourteen hours a day for nineteen days, with Cumming storyboarding the scenes in crayon and Leigh writing the shot list to accommodate everyone's schedule. "No one thought we could do this film in that much time," Cumming says. "Our opening is a big *ha-ha* to them." The film, about jealousy and yoga, infidelity and Hollywood fame, offers a view of the circus from inside the lion's cage. Opens on June 8. B.K.



Photograph by Peter Sorel/Fine Line.

Moulin Rouge
Baz Luhrman's turn-of-the-century musical set in the famous Parisian dance hall stars Nicole Kidman and Ewan McGregor, and it's meant to resuscitate the movie-musical genre for modern audiences by referencing just about every other musical ever filmed. Songs ranging from Rodgers and Hammerstein to Patti LaBelle segue into one another; the screen is replete with grease-painted plug-uglies who look like they were out of a Fellini casting call. The entire experience is exhausting and assaultive, less a resuscitation than a stomping. (Rainer; 5/28) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's Beekman; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; CO Alpine; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

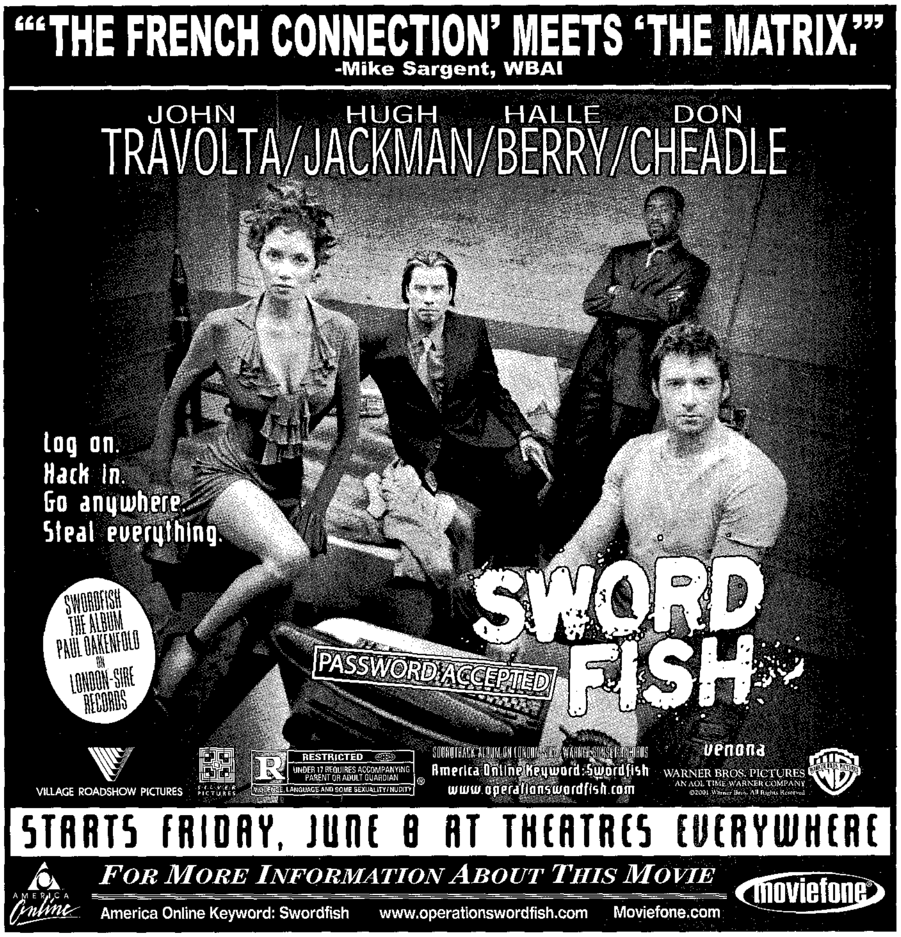
The Mummy Returns
Rachel Weisz and Brendan Fraser reprise their roles as husband-and-wife archaeologists at war with the undead in writer-director Stephen Sommers's second installment of the *Mummy* canon. Also starring the Rock, as the Scorpion King. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ Our Song
Writer-director Jim McKay has a sweet and respectful connection to the Crown Heights girls in this movie who spend a hot summer examining their lives. It's just a squiggle of a film, but McKay and his actresses have an intuitive feeling for the betweenness of people's lives, the things that go on in between the big moments. Anna Simpson, Melissa Martinez, and Kerry Washington, who has a marvelous face for the camera, star as the three friends. (Rainer; 6/11/01) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • Film Forum.

Pearl Harbor
Michael Bay has done a highly impressive job of staging the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, but his achievement is largely technological. The film, for all its agonizing true-life trappings, has the staying power of a grand-scale video game. It's big and square—like a recruitment poster. Ben Affleck and Josh Hartnett star as best-buddy flyboys, and Kate Beckinsdale is the nurse they both fall for. (Rainer; 6/4/01) (3 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Clearview's Olympia; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island

★ Pollock
Ed Harris gives a powerful, kinesthetic performance as Jackson Pollock in this respectable, somewhat conventional movie. (Rainer; 12/25/00) (2 hrs.; R) • CC Village East

A Real Young Girl
The theatrical premiere of writer-director Catherine Breillat's controversial 1976 film about a rebellious boarding-school student on vacation in France. Starring Charlotte Alexandra. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village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Opening

Schindler's List

Australian director Bruce Beresford is auspiciously diverse. His filmography ranges from *Driving Miss Daisy* to the $116 million-earner *Double Jeopardy* to **Bride of the Wind**, his new film about Alma Schindler (played by Sarah Wynter), the turn-of-the-century Vienna intellectual groupie who was muse to (and lover of) composer Gustav Mahler, painter Oskar Kokoschka, novelist Franz Werfel, and architect Walter Gropius (Simon Verhoeven, pictured dancing with Wynter). "Every film is a learning experience," the two-time Oscar-winning writer-director says. "I could've done other action films after *Double Jeopardy*, but *Bride of the Wind* was the story which spoke to me." Though the father of the Australian New Wave (and new Hollywood darling), who got involved in film because "it irritated me like hell that Australians couldn't see themselves onscreen," doesn't plan on returning to Hollywood yet, he finds no fault in the studio system. "There's no point screaming like a stuck pig when you're making a studio picture," he says. "They're fun, and I like to be entertained, I like Errol Flynn, but when it comes to what I prefer to make, I'd rather it be about life than special effects." *Bride of the Wind* opens on June 8.

Photograph by S. Newton.

The Road Home
Zhang Ymou's movie mostly recounts in flashback the extended courtship of a village girl, played spunkily by *Crouching Tiger*'s Zhang Ziyi, and the new local schoolteacher. Zhang is a marvelous director, but here he seems intent on creating a popular work of high-flown kitsch. (Rainer; 6/4/01) (1 hr. 40 mins.; G) • Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

★ Shrek
Terrific computer-animated feature about a gruff, kindhearted ogre. The script, by Ted Elliott, Terry Rossio, Joe Stillman, and Roger Schulman, is full of wriggly comic references to practically every famous fairytale as well as *The Dating Game* and lots more. The computer animation, except for the more human characters, is often on par with the script. Eddie Murphy and Mike Myers stand out among the celebrity voicers. (Rainer; 5/21/01) (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Spy Kids
Robert Rodriguez wrote and directed this tale of two children (Alexa Vega, Daryl Sabara) who must rescue their square-seeming secret-agent parents (Antonio Banderas, Carla Gugino). (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) • Loews State; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas.

States of Control
A frustrated writer (Jennifer Van Dyck) commits random terror in order to reinvigorate her life. Directed by Zack Winestine. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) • Two Boots Pioneer Theater.

★ The Tailor of Panama
John Boorman's movie of the John Le Carré best-seller is a freewheeling jape that turns into a pitch-black burlesque with surprising depths of feeling. Starring Geoffrey Rush, Pierce Brosnan, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (Rainer; 4/2/01) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) • North Shore Towers.

★ Traffic
Steven Soderbergh directed this uneven mélange—a movie about drug trafficking in which several seemingly disparate stories come together in a sweeping vision of corruption and redemption. Much of it is smartly observed, though, and the cast is impressive, including Michael Douglas, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Benicio Del Toro, and Don Cheadle. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) • Loews State.

Under Hellgate Bridge
Astoria, Queens, is the setting for this mob story in which love and power collide. Michael Sergio's debut film stars Jonathan LaPaglia and *Sopranos* stars Dominic Chianese and Vincent Pastore. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Under the Sand
Charlotte Rampling stars as a wife whose husband mysteriously disappears during a shared beach vacation in François Ozon's moody, resonant drama, which moves from the world of police procedurals to something more cosmically alienating. (Rainer; 5/14/01) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

What's the Worst That Can Happen?
Sam Weisman (*George of the Jungle*) directs Martin Lawrence as a thief whose lucky ring is lost to billionaire Danny DeVito during a botched robbery attempt. Also starring John Leguizamo. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Kings Plaza; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ The Wide Blue Road
Gillo Pontecorvo's first feature, made in 1957 and fully restored by Milestone, stars Yves Montand as a poor Italian fisherman who survives by fishing in the open sea using illegal explosives. It's an awkward mixture of Marxism, social realism, and glamour (Alida Valli plays the fisherman's wife!), but it has breathtaking moments and it's very rarely shown. (Rainer; 6/11/01) (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) • Film Forum.

The Widow of St. Pierre
Patrice Leconte's austere period drama about a condemned man (Emir Kusturica) and the French commandant (Daniel Auteuil) and his wife (Juliette Binoche) who minister to him. Impressive to look at, but the performers, especially Binoche, are too freeze-dried for all the supposed passion on display. (Rainer; 3/5/01) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • Cinema Village; North Shore Towers.

With a Friend Like Harry
Sergi Lopez plays a grinning predator in this French psychological thriller about a man who insinuates himself into the family life of an old schoolmate who barely remembers him. It's a mildly diverting murderous entertainment. (Rainer; 4/30/01) (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Battery Park City Cinema
102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; Blow; Bridget Jones's Diary; A Knight's Tale; Memento; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

CC Angelika Film Center
18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Bread and Roses; Calle 54; The Center of the World; The Man Who Cried; Memento; With a Friend Like Harry

CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • About Adam; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Moulin Rouge; Pollock

Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • The Circle; A Real Young Girl; The Widow of St. Pierre

Clearview's Waverly
323 Sixth Ave. (212-777-FILM#603) • The Animal; Shrek

Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • Our Song; The Wide Blue Road (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Angel Eyes; Blow; Bridget Jones's Diary; A Knight's Tale; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • Fast Food Fast Women; The Road Home; Under the Sand

The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • The Luzhin Defence (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • Amores Perros; The Animal; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • Blow; Memento; Moulin Rouge

Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • The Animal; *Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns;* Pearl Harbor; Shrek

Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Pearl Harbor

Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • Blow; Bridget Jones's Diary; Memento; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Loews Kips Bay Theatre
570 Second Ave. (212-505-6397#558) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; Bridget Jones's Diary; A Knight's Tale; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

42nd–60th Streets

AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; Blow; Bread and Roses; Moulin Rouge; Pearl Harbor; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Pearl Harbor

CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • About Adam; Blow

Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Moulin Rouge

Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • Along Came a Spider; Bridget Jones's Diary; A Knight's Tale; The Mummy Returns; Shrek

Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Memento

Loews Coronet
993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (212-505-CINE#608) • Shrek

Loews State
1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • Chocolat; *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon;* Enemy at the Gates; Spy Kids; Traffic

Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • The Golden Bowl

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Moulin Rouge; Pearl Harbor.

Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-777-FILM#606) • Moulin Rouge.

Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • *Bread and Roses;* The Luzhin Defence; Memento; The Mummy Returns; *Under the Sand; What's the Worst That Can Happen?*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • Blow; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • The Man Who Cried.

Loews New York Twin
1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#698) • Bridget Jones's Diary.

Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; Bridget Jones's Diary; A Knight's Tale; The Mummy Returns; Shrek.

UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • With a Friend Like Harry.

UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Angel Eyes; A Knight's Tale.

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Moulin Rouge.

Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (212-777-FILM#609) • The Mummy Returns; Shrek.

Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (212-777-FILM#613) • Pearl Harbor.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) • Amores Perros; The Circle; Fast Food Fast Women; Memento; The Road Home; Under the Sand; With a Friend Like Harry.

Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • *Angel Eyes; The Animal; The Mummy Returns;* What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; *The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek;* What's the Worst That Can Happen?

New Coliseum
701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) • The Animal; The Mummy Returns; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Nova
3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) • Angel Eyes; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • Blow; Bridget Jones's Diary; A Knight's Tale; Pearl Harbor; Shrek.

Bronx

Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • Angel Eyes; A Knight's Tale; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek.

Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) • Bread and Roses; Memento; With a Friend Like Harry (See also "Museums, *Societies, Etc.*")

Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • The Mummy Returns; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

CO Alpine
6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (718-777-FILM#580) • Moulin Rouge; Pearl Harbor; Shrek.

CO Fortway
6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (718-777-FILM #578) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; A Knight's Tale; The Mummy Returns; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

CO Kings Plaza
5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (718-777-FILM#579) • Angel Eyes; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • The Golden Bowl; A Knight's Tale; Memento; Shrek; Under the Sand; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Angel Eyes; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • Along

Festival

Getting the Boot

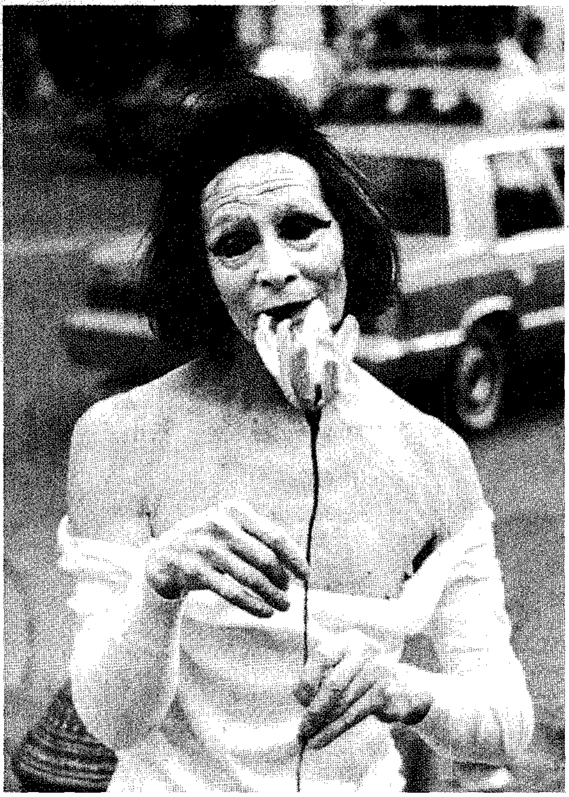
The cultish actor-director-writer-producer **Nanni Moretti** makes loosely autobiographical films that show off Italy the way an Almodóvar film does Spain. In "I Am Self-Sufficient," the new Moretti festival at BAMcinématek, the ten films being shown—from the breakout 1978 hit *Ecce Bombo,* which has become a sort of Italian *Big Chill,* to 1998's *Aprile* (pictured), a neurotic diary of the birth of his first child—are a precursor to *La Stanza del Figlio,* this year's winner of the Palme d'Or at Cannes, which is still seeking U.S. distribution. The subject matter in this retrospective varies widely, from *La Cosa,* about the Italian Communist Party, to *Caro Diario,* which is, essentially, Moretti tooling around Rome on a Vespa. Your summer plans may not yet be complete, but if Italy's not in the cards, here's an alternative to Alitalia. Begins on June 8. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for listings.)

Photograph courtesy of Photofest.

Retrospective

Anarchy in the USA

It's fitting that **Four by Peter Sempel**, a retrospective of the anarchic documentarian's twenty-year career, is being shown at Anthology Film Archives. It was the Anthology, after all, that gave Sempel his American start. "I walked around New York with my film, begging someone to show it," the 47-year-old German director says. "Anthology was the last door I knocked on, and I haven't begged anyone since." Sempel makes movies the way Jackson Pollock made art: He pours punk music over famous images, splattering rock-and-roll over interviews with icons like Andy Warhol, Allen Ginsberg, Martin Scorsese, and Peter Beard. "I work out of mind, and when I get to the editing table, I put all the color together." The results are films like *Punk + Glory*, with Nina Hagen; *Dandy*, perhaps his best-known film, which began a long-standing collaboration with musician Nick Cave; and *Just Visiting This Planet*, with the Japanese performance artist Kazuo Ohnó (pictured). You may not follow exactly what's unfolding onscreen, but if you leave with a ringing in your ears, you'll know he's achieved the desired effect. Opens on June 7. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for listings.)



Photograph courtesy of Anthology Film Archives.

Came a Spider; Angel Eyes; The Animal; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; A Knight's Tale; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • The Animal; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • The Animal; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek.

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Queens

Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Angel Eyes; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek.

Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Chocolat; Pearl Harbor; Spy Kids; Spy Kids; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • Angel Eyes; A Knight's Tale; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Angel Eyes; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • Blow; Bridget Jones's Diary; A Knight's Tale; Memento; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Under Hellgate Bridge; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • Bread and Roses; The Golden Bowl; The Luzhin Defence; Memento; Under the Sand; With a Friend Like Harry.

Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • The Animal; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Spy Kids; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Plaza
103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

UA Astoria
28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns.

UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Angel Eyes; The Animal.

UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek.

UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Blow; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Shrek.

UA Movies at Bayside
38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) • The Animal; Bridget Jones's Diary; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns.

UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • Angel Eyes; A Knight's Tale; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Staten Island

Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; A Knight's Tale; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • The Animal; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek.

UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; A Knight's Tale; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free. • "Gary Cooper: A Centennial Celebration." 6/9: *A Farewell To Arms* (1932); *Design For Living* (1933). 6/10: *The Adventures of Marco Polo* (1938); *The Wedding Night* (1935). 6/16: *Mr. Deed Goes to Town* (1939); *Meet John Doe* (1941). 6/17: *The Pride of the Yankees* (1942); *For Whom The Bell Tolls* (1943).

Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • "Four by Peter Sempel." 6/7: *Dandy* (1988). 6/8: *Just Visiting This Planet* (1991). 6/9: *Jonas in the Desert* (1994). 6/10: *Nina Hagen: Punk and Glory* (1999).

BAM **Rose Cinemas**
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. (718-623-2770). • "Nanni Moretti: I Am Self-Sufficient." 6/8: *Aprile* (1991). 6/12: *Ecce Bombo* (1978). 6/14: *I Am Self-Sufficient* (1976).

Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9. • "Ladies They Talk About: The Women of Pre-Code." 6/5: *Bad Girl* (1931); *The Animal Kingdom* (1932). 6/6: *Torch Singer* (1933); *Three-Cornered Moon* (1933). 6/7: *The Story of Temple Drake* (1933); *Girls About Town* (1931). 6/8: *Design For Living* (1933); *Private Lives* (1931). 6/9: *She Done Him Wrong* (1933); *I'm No Angel* (1933). 6/10-11: *Three on a Match* (1932); *Havana Widows* (1933); *Safe in Hell* (1931). 6/11: *Painted Woman* (1932); *Rain* (1932). 6/12: *Female* (1933); *Frisco Jenny* (1933).

Film Society of Lincoln Center
(The Walter Reade Theater) 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $9, $5 members, $4.50 seniors, $4 "Movies for Kids." • "New Filmmakers From Italy." 6/6: *The Films of Gianluigi Toccafondo* (2000). 6/7: *The Partisan* (2000). 6/8: *Live Blood* (2000); *Toto Who Lived Twice* (1998). 6/10: *Domenica* (2000); *This is the Garden* (1999); *All the Knowledge in the World* (1999). 6/11: *Watch the Sky* (2000). 6/12: *Stanley Kubrick: A Life in Pictures (2001).*

Guggenheim Museum
1071 Fifth Ave. (423-3500). • "Conversations Between Shadows and Light: Italian Cinematography." 6/8: *Titus* (1999). 6/9: *The Passenger* (1975). 6/15: *Death in Venice* (1971).

Trailers

KILLER'S KISS Jane Campion has agreed to direct *In the Cut,* based on Susanna Moore's racy novel about the distractions of erotic fixation; **Nicole Kidman** will star (and executive-produce) as a university professor in New York who becomes emotionally involved in a sex-charged murder mystery; **Laurie Parker** (*My Own Private Idaho)* will produce.

BRIDGE AND TUNNEL OF LOVE Uma Thurman and **Juliette Lewis** are in New Jersey this month shooting *Hysterical Blindness,* a production for HBO Films in which they play two thirty-something singles in search of love in suburbia; Thurman will also serve as executive producer on the film, to be directed by **Mira Nair** (*Mississippi Masala*); filming on the romantic comedy wraps in late June.

SUMMER OF '99 Andrew Lauren (son of Ralph) is in the Hamptons acting as first-time producer on the film *G,* in which **Richard T. Jones** (*Kiss the Girls)* stars as a rap mogul who sets up camp in a chichi summer hot spot—anyplace we know?—and tries to win back the love of his life; **Blair Underwood** co-stars as the Wall Street bigwig to whom the object of his affections is currently married; **Christopher Scott Cherot** directs.

KIDS THESE DAYS Seth Green will star as socialite-author James St. James in *Party Monster,* the true story of Michael Alig, the early-nineties New York nightlife king turned drug-crazed murderer; controversial filmmakers **Fenton Bailey** and **Randy Barbato** will direct for Killer Film and World of Wonder, and (as *New York* has reported previously) **Macaulay Culkin** is considering the lead role.

SARA CARDACE

STEVENS *Continued from page 58*

work—which Brooke Kamin Rapaport put together for Brooklyn—contains many of his best-known, mural-size images of political barbarism. Before the Vietnam War, Golub depicted the human monster as a kind of historical abstraction. The primitive figures in his "giantomachy" pictures, in which huge looming forms endlessly beat one another, have a timeless aura. In the napalm paintings, however, the barbarity of the ages suddenly breaks into the present. Golub left the canvas raw and sometimes jaggedly ripped, as if cruelty permitted no time for a more artful presentation. (It seemed a pretty lie, moreover, to frame evil in a tidy rectangle.) The figures themselves looked more flayed than drawn. In *Napalm I* (1969), Golub showed two men trapped in a singular, horrifying moment. One stretches out his arm in protest at what has occurred. The other lies contorted on the ground, a coagulating red smear of paint—at once blood and fire—burning a hole in his chest.

In the next few years, Golub found his essential subject: thuggery. He has made other kinds of pictures, such as portraits and personal meditations upon death, but he will be remembered for his brutes. During the seventies and eighties, Golub regularly made pictures of mercenaries and goons beating, humiliating, and killing their victims; often the victim looks like a piece of human meat. His depiction of the suffering of the powerless arouses pity in the viewer, but it is not the victims themselves who are the focus of Golub's art. What really gets Golub is the big creeps with loutish leers. No one has better captured the idiot, animal brutality of a certain subset of man. Golub knows how goons stand, how they gloat, how they smoke. He knows what unbuttoning your shirt to the navel can signal and what a beefy forearm can mean. The physical bullying is not just illustrated but presented viscerally through the paint. The roughness of Golub's surfaces skins the eye. The scrawled lines convey the desperation of a prisoner who uses a nub of chalk to send hopeless messages into the world. It takes a strong but gentle sensibility to expose, with such wounding intimacy, the details of male cruelty—which is why Golub's art seems, paradoxically, so tender.

Golub's goons often seem to look or glance outside the picture, as if they were seeking some sign of approval for their performance. In that way, Golub implicates the larger society—and the viewer—in the crimes being committed. Are we just standing around looking at pictures? Do we have the courage to stop what's happening backstage? The implication of the audience is one of the best and most disturbing aspects of Golub's art and goes some way toward offsetting my principal reservation about his art—that despite its heat and immediacy, viewers can too easily distance themselves from the crimes. Judging these thugs presents no problem. They are so awful they almost represent another species. Viewers can even indulge in a kind of self-congratulatory righteousness: *I am* not *that.* In the work of Goya, by contrast, no such separation can take place. The monster lives within the human heart. The shadow cannot be shaken.

JAMES ENSOR (1860–1949), ANOTHER child of Goya, does not display the social outrage seen in the Spanish master—or in Golub—but he certainly found the demonic in every setting and heart. In **Between Street and Mirror: The Drawings of James Ensor**, a fascinating show now at the Drawing Center in SoHo, the curators Catherine de Zegher and Robert Hoozee present a large collection of the Belgian artist's drawings and prints from his most productive period. Early in his life as an artist, Ensor made fairly conventional drawings of domestic interiors. But his pencil could not, seemingly, stop with mere appearances. He would return to the images and add ghostly blooms and emanations, often very lightly drawn against the dark and sober forms of reality. In *Nude and Balustrade,* queer faces stare out from within a woman's breasts; in another image, his sleeping aunt—a very ordinary aunt—dreams of monkeylike creatures. Out in the street, Ensor found a carnival of grotesques behind the surface of the world. The crowd teemed with smiling skeletons and beaked men conducting the business of the day. (In some of Ensor's most celebrated street scenes, Christ is depicted entering the Brussels carnival.) Ensor did not grant himself any dispensation from the monstrous. He could not look at his own face without seeing the protruding skull. ■

Photographs: top, Alec Michael/Globe Photos; bottom, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

Edited by Logan Hill

Onstage

Punching In

"We don't do 'summering in the Hamptons,' " says Mark Plesent, the co-artistic director of the Working Theatre. "No summer-home dramas," he repeats. "Those are for—well, a different economic stratum than what we serve." The mission of the sixteen-year-old Working Theatre—to present works for and about working people—came out of what Plesent describes as a "realization of how few plays there are being written about working people, and how few working people go to the theater." The company scored last year with rave reviews for its nerve-racking production of *Tabletop,* which took audiences inside a television adagency shoot. Now the theater is presenting **Free Market**, a collection of eight short plays by eight playwrights, performed by a troupe of six actors (including, below from left, Arthur French and Godfrey Simmons) and directed by Joseph Megel. Despite the assumption that most workers now fit a sort of cubicle-corralled *Dilbert* archetype, each play makes a strong argument for the diversity of the American workplace. Playwright Guillermo Reyes takes on migrant workers; OyamO writes about international gangsters; Julie Jensen writes about a family of farmers; and Sachi Oyama introduces a frustrated Korean-American dog groomer whose mother won't allow him to brush mutts. The company's outreach programs are as unusual as the season's content: Plesent keeps ticket prices low by arranging group sales or subsidized tickets for union members and has been visiting union offices to offer hands-on theater workshops. "Lately, we've been working with transit workers, and I've been shocked at the response. People complain about the graying of the theater audience or the lack of new audiences," he says. "Well, we have a very different audience." (See "Off Broadway.") L.H.

Photograph by Nick Andrews.

Broadway

Now Playing

Aida
The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. More important, the gigantic sets and ridiculously fabulous costumes are designed by Bob Crowley. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Annie Get Your Gun
Reba McEntire plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King*, but it has still been entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

Bells Are Ringing
Faith Prince and Mark Kudisch star in the first Broadway revival of this corny 1956 musical comedy about a telephone operator who falls in love with a frustrated playwright. $50–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Blast!
The world's only halftime show with an intermission, this loud, brassy spectacle is performed by a 60-piece drum corps. $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/6/02. • Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).

Cabaret
The perfect reprieve from the cutesy family fare of the new 42nd Street, this gritty revival of Broadway's most decadent musical won four Tonys in 1993 for its portrayal of the sepia-washed world of Berlin cabaret. Set in the former glory of Studio 54 and based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories,* the production revives the classic songs of Fred Ebb and John Kander with a darker edge that was missing from the Liza Minnelli edition. Now starring Gina Gershon, Matthew Greer, and Matt McGrath (*Hedwig*). $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Chicago
This delightfully raunchy musical tribute to tough women and the men they murder won six Tonys in 1996. In this stylish production, choreographed by Ann Reinking and directed by Walter Bobbie, female inmates in a jazz-age Chicago prison vie for the attention of a flashy lawyer and the tabloid press. Vicki Lewis and Nana Visitor star. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

A Class Act
The Manhattan Theatre Club's successful musical tribute to the life and music of that singular sensation, *A Chorus Line* lyricist Edward Kleban, transfers to Broadway with an expanded cast and design. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Contact
This sensational, Tony-slathered, and thankfully uncategorizable dance-theater work by John Weidman and Broadway's reigning choreographer, Susan Stroman, presents a triptych of pieces. The longest, a tale about a suicidal adman (Boyd Gaines), had the power to create an icon: the girl in yellow, played by the triumphant Deborah Yates. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Dinner Party
Neil Simon's unabashedly contrived new comedy features three men, two of their ex-wives, and a mysterious man who has locked them all in a Paris dining room together. Henry Winkler and John Ritter star. $45–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Follies
Before a wrecking ball transforms a once spectacular New York theater into a parking lot, ghosts and showgirls from decades past reunite for one last time in Sondheim's adventurous 1971 musical, directed by Matthew Warchus. Blythe Danner, Gregory Harrison, Judith Ivey, and Treat Williams star. $45–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

42nd Street
Come and meet those dancin' feet. This revival of the Al Dubin and Harry Warren musical about the proverbial chorus girl who gets her big break is snappily directed by Mark Bramble, with exuberant choreography by Randy Skinner, and features a top-notch cast: Michael Cumpsty, Christine Ebersole, David Elder, Jonathan Freeman, Kate Levering, and Mary Testa. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

Fosse
A stylish musical tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* Now starring Bebe Neuwirth. $65–$80. Mon., Tues., and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Full Monty
The rambunctious musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Ground Rules

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

George Gershwin Alone

This biographical new solo play with music, written and performed by Hershey Felder, features the music and lyrics of George and Ira Gershwin. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Invention of Love

Tom Stoppard's heady drama is an unrepentant nerd fest and tough going for those who don't care for the intricacies of Latin scholarship. The play follows the elderly scholar and poet A. E. Housman as he travels back in time and confronts his younger self, Oscar Wilde, and a gaggle of the proverbial dead white male academics that revisionists rant about so often. Robert Sean Leonard and Richard Easton star. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

King Hedley II

August Wilson (*Jitney, Fences*) returns with the latest entry in his renowned cycle of plays concerning African-American life in the twentieth century. This time, he tackles 1985 Pittsburgh with his longtime collaborator and talented director Marion McClinton. *Kiss Me Kate* vet Brian Stokes Mitchell makes the transition to drama with admirable dexterity; Charles Brown, Viola Davis, Lou Myers, Monté Russell, and Leslie Uggams all contribute strong performances. $25–$70. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200).

Kiss Me, Kate

With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this musical gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Burke Moses and Carolee Carmello interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the *Shrew's* Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $26–$86. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables

As one of the few Broadway megamusicals with a plot that's nearly as grand and sweeping as its staging, this musical version of Victor Hugo's 1,200-page novel was brought to the stage by producer Cameron Macintosh and directors Trevor Nunn and John Caird in 1987. An audacious button-pusher with over-the-top songs like "Do You Hear the People Sing?" and "I Dreamed a Dream," it still stands as the best of the big British commercial imports. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Lion King

Based on the popular Disney movie, this sensational spectacle is so much better than Mouse-haters would like to admit. It's a sublimely inventive production that showcases some of the best experimental theater techniques of a generation, wrought with joyful mastery by experimental director extraordinaire Julie Taymor. Anthropomorphic puppets, multiculti costumes and music, and delightful stagecraft illusions summon a bright, loud world that has thrilled both children and adults. $30–$95. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

The Music Man

Meredith Willson's 1957 musical about a con man who charms the sleepy town of River City, Iowa, gets a giddily inventive production at the hands of director-choreographer Susan Stroman (*Contact, The Producers*). Beginning May 8, Eric McCormack, the star of television's *Will & Grace*, will play Professor Harold Hill opposite the talented Rebecca Luker. $40–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

Terry Kinney takes his well-reviewed Steppenwolf Theater production of Ken Kesey's countercultural classic to Broadway. Though the drama's references to the Combine and relatively unbridled chauvinism are a tad dated, Gary Sinise sweats and howls his way through an aggressive performance as the wild man who is committed to an asylum and broken down by a ball-breaking nurse. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera

Unlike *Cats*, Andrew Lloyd Webber's other blockbuster refuses to give up the ghost. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Producers

Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick produce the ultimate "surefire flop," *Springtime for Hitler*, in Mel Brooks's triumphant new musical and surefire hit, based on the Oscar-winning 1968 film. Directed and choreographed with aplomb by Susan Stroman, this Tony favorite is the undisputed hit of the season. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7:30. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Proof

Recently crowned with a Pulitzer, David Auburn's *Proof* is a virtuoso piece of writing matched by Mary-Louise Parker's virtuoso performance. As Catherine, Parker plays a chronically depressed young woman whose father, a famous mathematician, recently lost his mind and then his life. When Catherine's type-A sister rolls into town to bury her father, a graduate student finds a groundbreaking proof among her father's otherwise nonsensical papers and Catherine is jolted out of her near-catatonic state and into the confusing world around her. Daniel Sullivan's direction is impeccable. $24–$69. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Rent

The late Jonathan Larson's Pulitzer-winning reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types ensconced in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

Riverdance

The high-kicking Irish return. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/26. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Rocky Horror Show

Christopher Ashley (*Jeffrey*) directs a surreal cast in Frank N. Furter's naughty pad for this stage version of the cult film about a Transylvanian transsexual and a kooky all-American couple. Lifelong rocker Joan Jett makes her Broadway debut opposite *Rent* star Daphne Rubin-Vega, Tom Hewitt, comics Dick Cavett and Lea De Laria, and Alice Ripley of *Side Show* (very appropriate). $30–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9:45, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Seussical

This all-too-earnest musical, based on a hodgepodge of Seuss's children's stories, is emceed by the Cat in the Hat. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

Stones in His Pockets

In Marie Jones's comedy about a small Irish village's encounter with a Hollywood crew, Seán Campion and Conleth Hill play fifteen different characters, from starlets to local extras. $30–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • The Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife

In this shticky Manhattan comedy by downtown "gender illusionist" and camp playwright Charles Busch, Tony Roberts and Linda Lavin play a hyper allergist and his frazzled self-improving wife, whose worlds are upended by the arrival of a globetrotting debutante (played by Michele Lee, who still glitters, appropriately, with the glamour of *Knots Landing*). $30–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Blue

Phylicia Rashad stars in new work by

Opening

Extra Innings

Off Broadway, a fresh batch of awards and a groundswell of support have pushed a number of once-dubious productions into extended runs. Buoyed by audiences that can't get enough glossy camp tributes to musical theater, the pleasant works **Urinetown** and **Bat Boy** continue to dribble and flutter their way along, while the more outrageous **Cannibal: The Musical** by *South Park*'s Trey Parker keeps killing 'em at the tiny Kraine Theater. Meanwhile, **Eli's Comin'**, the musical by Diane Paulus (*The Donkey Show*) and Bruce Buschel, inspired by the music of Laura Nyro, just scored five Obies that will help keep lead Judy Kuhn (second from left, with Mandy Gonzalez, Ronnell Bey, and Anika Noni Rose) in work until July 14. Of course, **Blast!** is also extending, until January 2002, but we'd prefer not to talk too much about that. (See "Broadway," "Off Broadway," and "Off-Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Charles Randolph-Wright, presented by the Roundabout, with music by the extremely talented Nona Hendryx. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 6/28 opening. Through 9/2. • Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-307-4100).

Breath, Boom
Playwright Kia Corthron (*Force Continuum*) teams up with August Wilson collaborator Marion Isaac McClinton to present a new drama about a girl-gang leader. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 6/10 opening. • Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Byrd's Boy
In Bruce J. Robinson's new drama, a homeless white man and an African-American woman clash in an empty Baltimore warehouse. $40. Wed.–Mon. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/11 opening. Through 7/1. • Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).

Chaucer in Rome
This new drama by John Guare (*Six Degrees of Separation, The House of Blue Leaves*) tells the story of three Americans living in Rome during the last year of the millennium. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/7 opening. • Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

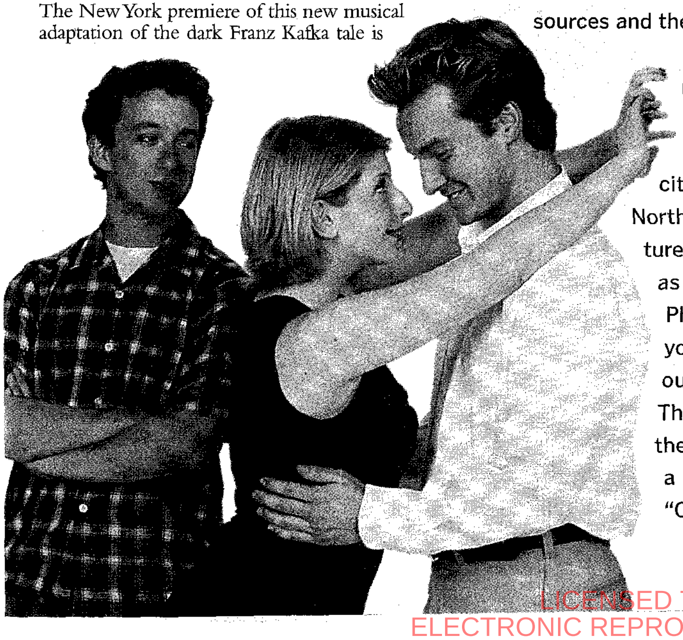
The Credeaux Canvas
In this new drama by Keith Bunin (*Principality of Sorrows*), three young East Village denizens struggle to make some sense of their artistic lives. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. In previews for a 6/5 opening. • Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

The Dog Problem
The accomplished director Scott Ellis (*The Waverly Gallery, 1776, Steel Pier*) directs a dark new comedy by David Rabe (*Hurlyburly*). Set mostly on the corner of Bowery and Grand, the play tracks two friends who become embroiled with the mob. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 6/6 opening. • Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

Free Market
The Working Theatre, the company that scored a Drama Desk award for last year's terrific advertising drama *Tabletop*, returns with eight short plays that explore the ever-stranger working world, from dog-grooming and faith healing to factory working and celebrity-impersonating. $20–$30. In previews for a 6/4 opening. Through 7/1. • Urban Stages, 259 W. 30th St. (212-279-4200).

I Sing!
A new musical comedy about five young New Yorkers with music by Eli Bolin, lyrics by Sam Forman, and book by Bolin, Forman, and director Benjamin Salka. $40. Sun.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. In previews for a 6/14 opening. • Maverick Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (212-239-6200).

In the Penal Colony
The New York premiere of this new musical adaptation of the dark Franz Kafka tale is composed by Philip Glass and directed by Mabou Mines co-founder JoAnne Akalaitis, with a libretto by Rudolph Wurlitzer. $25–$45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. 6/7–7/14. • Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).



Marathon 2001
Ensemble Studio Theatre presents its terrific annual festival of one-act plays. 6/6–6/17: Series C features new works by Edward Allan Baker, Craig Lucas, Julie McKee, and David Riedy. $19. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. • E.S.T., 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).

Measure for Measure
The first entry in the annual Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival in Central Park. Mary Zimmerman has the lucky task of directing a cast of hot performers, including Billy Crudup, Sanaa Lathan, Joe Morton, and John Pankow. Free. Performances at 8, except for 6/11, 6/19, and 6/25. Previews begin 6/5 for a 6/17 opening. Through 6/28. • Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8655).

Sus
Jean Cocteau Repertory presents Barrie Keeffe's British drama about racial profiling and police brutality. The founder of the New Federal Theater, Woodie King Jr., directs. $15–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/7 opening. Through 6/30. • Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

The Pirates of Penzance
Director Michael Scheman revives his successful adaptation of the Gilbert and Sullivan musical, onboard a ship docked outside the South Street Seaport Museum. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 6, Wed. at 3. In previews for a 6/11 opening. • Pier 17, South Street Seaport (212-239-6200).

Tick . . . Tick . . . Boom!
This semi-autobiographical musical by the late Jonathan Larson (*Rent*) tracks the life of a struggling composer who is about to turn 30. Pulitzer-winner David Auburn (*Proof*) provides script consultation; Scott Schwartz (*Bat Boy*) directs. $20–$50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 6/13 opening. • Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

Previews

Fountain of Youth

As has been solemnly announced at commencement ceremonies since time immemorial, today's youth are our greatest natural resource. Some of today's heralded "promising youths" are both the sources and the performers of **I Sing!**, a semi-autobiographical new musical about a bunch of young people trying to get by in the city, by a gaggle of recent Northwestern grads (cast pictured). Attend now, because, as the folk singer Utah Phillips has warned, "Have you seen what people do to our natural resources? They're gonna strip-mine their souls!" In previews for a June 14 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

Vieques
Surely Reverend Al's favorite play, this new new drama about the controversial island is written by Jorge González, the winner of the 2000 Nuestras Voces playwriting contest. Call for schedule. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Now Playing

American Rhapsody
A musical revue of Gershwin's works. $40–$55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. • Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-239-6200).

Bat Boy: The Musical
Boldfaced headlines in the *Weekly World News* declaring the capture of a live bat-child led to the creation of this high-flying musical tale about one kid who really was doing his own thing. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7:30. • Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Blue Man Group: Tubes
Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 1, 4, and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Blur
In Melanie Marnich's new play, a teenage girl learns that she is going blind. $40. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

De La Guarda
A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show
A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Eat the Runt
After a successful run downtown last year, Avery Crozier's comedy about arts funding returns with a nifty casting experiment in which any actor may play any role, on any given night. $50. Mon, Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Eli's Comin'
A musical inspired by the music of Laura Nyro, by co-creators Diane Paulus (*The Donkey Show*) and Bruce Buschel. $15–$49. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 7/14. • Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).

Every Day a Visitor
This new comedy by 74-year-old playwright Richard Abrons dramatizes the high jinks that ensue in a Bronx retirement home when the residents adopt famous identities. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).

The Fantasticks
The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. • Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway 2001: A Spoof Odyssey
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof. $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. • Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).

Glimmer, Glimmer, and Shine
The talented playwright Warren Leight returns to the world of jazzmen he excavated in the Tony-winning *Side Man* with a tale of two brothers and horn players. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. • MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

I Love America
A new play by Lidia Ramirez (*Sancocho*), based on

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

dozens of interviews, tracks a group of refugees as they make their way from the Dominican Republic to the United States. $30–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 8/1/96. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Kiki & Herb: Stop, Drop & Roll
The dastardly cabaret duo Kiki & Herb, so twisted they make Hedwig seem like the virginal girl next door, return with a new instructional show. They've taught us the true meaning of Christmas by reinventing songs by the Tiger Lilies, Britney Spears, and Wu-Tang Clan—now they'll teach us about fire safety with takes on cult classics like "Fuck the Pain Away" and "Carry On My Wayward Son." $15–$18. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 8. Through 7/29. • Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Lackawanna Blues
Ruben Santiago-Hudson's well-reviewed solo show reimagines 1956 Lackawanna, N.Y., with a blues soundtrack. Loretta Greco (*Two Sisters and a Piano*) directs. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Late Nite Catechism
Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by some mean wrist action with a ruler. $40. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Opening

North by Northwest

Thanks to a nifty John Golden New Frontier Award, playwright Paul Zimet, the author of the new music-theater piece **Bitterroot** (featuring, from left, Jeffrey Reynolds and Hunyup Lee) was able to follow in the many footsteps of the nineteenth-century jack-of-all-trades Meriwether Lewis, who with William Clark trekked 3,000 miles across the previously uncharted territory between Missouri and the Pacific. The rugged Zimet, his company the Talking Band, and composer Peter Gordon preview the adventurous new work on June 7 at La MaMa E.T.C. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Lipstick Traces
The Austin-based Rude Mechanicals stage their award-winning experimental adaptation of rock critic Griel Marcus's secret history of the twentieth century. Presented by the Foundry Theatre, this production ricochets from the Sex Pistols to Cabaret Voltaire. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30. • Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (800-965-4827).

Lobby Hero
After a successful run at Playwrights Horizons, the latest drama by Kenneth Lonergan, the screenwriter of *You Can Count on Me* and Pulitzer-nominated playwright of *The Waverly Gallery*, transfers to a larger theater. His latest drama, directed by Mark Brokaw, is a confounding morality tale of small conflicts and small people caught in inextricably tricky situations, set in the lobby of an inauspicious apartment building. $45–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Love, Janis
A new bio-musical based on the book *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura. $30–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Madame Melville
Macaulay Culkin rides some flattering raves back to town after a successful London run in Richard Nelson's drama about a student who's hot for teacher (Joely Richardson). $60–$65. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).

Maybe, Baby It's You
Playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 10. • Theater at St. Luke's, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Mnemonic
This 1999 London Drama Critics Award winner, a sprawling multimedia investigation into time and memory by Simon McBurney's Théâtre de Complicité, should be any experimental-theater addict's delight. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat and Sun. at 2, Sun at 7. • John Jay College Theater, 899 Tenth Ave., near 58th St. (212-239-6200).

Murdered by the Mob
Interactive off-line entertainment. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. • Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

A Naughty Knight
The Jewish Repertory's new medieval-themed musical. $45. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. • Duke Theater, 229 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Nocturne
Marcus Stern directs a new drama by Adam Rapp (*Animals and Plants*) about a young man who accidentally caused his sister's death. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 2 and 7. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

Our Sinatra
Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes. $50–$100. Mon.–Wed., Fri., and Sun. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Reprise Room at Dillon's, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Perfect Crime
The long-running thriller. $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. • Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).

The Play About the Baby
Tony winner Marian Seldes (*A Delicate Balance*) and Brian Murray star in Edward Albee's first new play since *Three Tall Women*, a mysterious drama about a couple of young new parents whose lives are invaded by an older, less innocent pair. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Six Goumbas and a Wannabe
This mob comedy by Vincent Gogliormella follows six Brooklyn buddies. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).

Stomp
As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

The Syringa Tree
Pamela Gien plays 28 characters in a superb solo show about a young girl who tries to come to terms with life in sixties South Africa. It's a surprising and unpredictable, utterly believable and affective tale of family love and loss amid the reckless violence of apartheid. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).

Thief River
In this new drama by Lee Blessing (*Cobb*), two midwestern men meet in an abandoned farmhouse three times over a period of 50 years. Mark Lamos (*Tiny Alice*) directs a cast that includes Gregg Edelman (*1776*, *City of Angels*). $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Signature Theatre'S Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Uncle Bob
A dark comedy by Austin Pendleton about a man (George Morfogen from *Oz*) and his nephew (Joseph Gordon-Levitt). $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

Urinetown
In this unlikely hit musical, an evil corporation charges New York's denizens outrageous fees for the use of its toilets. $50. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 7/2. • American Theater of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Watcher
Former MacArthur fellow, novelist (*Fixer Chao*) and playwright Han Ong opens his latest drama, a coming-of-age story set in Times Square, presented by the Ma-Yi Theatre Company. $19–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/17. • CAP21 Theater (212-581-8896).

A Will of His Own/Andromache
The irrepressible servant Crispin infuriates his tyrant and master in Michael Feingold's new translation of the Jean-Françoise Regnard 1708 comedy/Jean Racine's first successful play. $28–$35. Call for schedule. Performances in repertory, through 6/17. • Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).

The Woman in Black
A thriller and a ghost story, adapted by Stephen Mal-

Photograph by Tom Brazil.

latratt, starring Keith Baxter, Jared Reed, and Leslie Kalarchian. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 7 and 10:30. • Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).

Off-Off Broadway

Bitterroot
A traveling troupe of nineteenth-century actors pay tribute to the explorer Meriwether Lewis in this new music-theater piece written and directed by Paul Zimet and composed by Peter Gordon. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30. Through 6/24. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

Cannibal! The Musical
Musical half-eaten corpses from *South Park's* Trey Parker. $12–$15. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. Through 7/14. • The Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. (212-539-7686).

Circus Amok: The Medicine Show
The award-winning troupe Circus Amok returns with another batch of ecstatic agitprop theater directed by the "bearded lady" Jennifer Miller. 6/7–6/24. For locations and schedule, call 212-539-6550.

Kings
Christopher Logue's modern verse adaptation of the first books of Homer's *Iliad.* $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. (212-841-0370).

Labapalooza
A small festival of puppet theater, featuring *Jonas Meigs & Me,* a new collaboration between balladeer Vic Chesnutt and designer-director Janie Geiser, and several other works. Call 212-307-4100 for schedule and venues.

Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. • Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).

Mono
An inventive, improvisatory play set in a barlike environment, with a sock puppet. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

New Work
The Wooster Group presents a work-in-progress performance of Paul Schmidt's translation of Racine's *Phèdre,* directed by Elizabeth LeCompte and featuring Willem Dafoe and Kate Valk. $20. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 7/1. • Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).

Orestes
The ever-ambitious Ellen Beckerman directs Charles L. Mee Jr.'s adaptation of the Greek classic, with a score that romps through punk, New Wave, ska, and classical music. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Through 6/17. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

The Right Way to Sue
New Georges presents Ellen Melaver's comedy about a careless woman who keeps losing her baby—only to have it stolen by a bitter teenager. $15. Wed.–Mon. at 8:30. Through 6/10. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot
The seventh annual Lower East Side festival kicks off with *Richard II,* through 6/23. Free. • Located across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (212-358-5096).

Slaves of Starbucks
A Toronto Fringe hit by Peter Aterman lambastes consumer culture. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 6/10. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

So Long Ago I Can't Remember
GAle GAtes (*Field of Mars, 1839*) presents a new work in thirteen installations, by Michael Counts. $20–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 6/30. • GAle GAtes, 37 Main St., Brooklyn (718-522-4597).

cue Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Donn Davis
Recent collages of found machine-printed materials; through 6/22. • Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-924-0858).

Lockwood de Forest
Plein-air oil sketches of landscapes in America, Europe, Syria, Egypt, and India by this artist (1850–1932), who was the great-nephew of the Hudson River School painter Frederic Edwin Church; through 7/27. • York, 21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155).

John Duff
Early sculptures spanning the years 1969 to 1975; through 6/30. • Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Jean Fautrier
Works on paper and one major bronze sculpture by the French artist (1898–1964); through 7/6. • Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Alex Katz
A selection of paintings, drawings, collages, and prints from the sixties through the eighties; through 7/13. • Baumgold, 74 E. 79th St. (212-861-7338).

Knox Martin
Black-and-white abstract paintings made by the artist over the past twelve years; through 7/31. • Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (212-327-0441).

Anne Peretz/Michal Ronnen Safdie
Paintings of the hills around Jerusalem and Tel Aviv and the rooftops of Jaffa/Color photographs of nature. Through 6/29. • Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606).

Tony Smith
Paintings and sculpture dating from 1960 to 1965, a period of time when the artist was teaching at Pratt Institute in New York and Bennington College in Vermont; through 6/23. • Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

Wayne Thiebaud
New paintings by this artist whose traveling retrospective opens at the Whitney Museum on June 28; through 7/12. • Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-4997).

57th Street Area

Gifford Beal/Kenneth Callahan
Watercolors and gouaches of landscapes in New York, Bermuda, and the Bahamas by the American artist (1879–1956)/Drawings. Through 6/30. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Fernando Botero
New monumental sculptures by the Colombian artist; through 6/30. • Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Vija Celmins
New paintings; through 6/22. • McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-688-5951).

Davis Cone
Realist paintings of Art Deco movie theaters; through 6/29. • Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

Jonathan Ehrenberg
Paintings that depict skylights, chimneys, and other enclosures common to New York City rooftops isolated in barren, wintry landscapes; through 6/29. • McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (212-956-3366).

Ground Rules

Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Inka Essenhigh
Recent drawings; through 6/23. • Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Conrad Marca-Relli
Abstract canvas collages from the fifties through the seventies by the Abstract Expressionist painter; through 6/29. • Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Andy Warhol
A survey of the artist's prints and drawings of shoes, a subject he first took up while working as an illustrator in the fifties; through 6/30. • Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Louise Bourgeois/Yayoi Kusama
Works on paper, paintings, and sculptures executed between 1942 and 2000 by both artists; through 9/15. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Fabrice Gygi
Installations, using canvas tarps, fitted pipes, mattresses, and other materials, that bring to mind street displays of illegal goods; through 8/18. • Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (212-925-2035).

Marianne Hopf
New abstract paintings that combine geometric and organic shapes; through 7/2. • Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).

Brad Kahlhamer/Philippe Bradshaw
New paintings and drawings on the theme of how the West was won/Seven installations consisting of layers of chain tapestries, sculpted objects, and video projections. Through 6/30. • Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Carol Myers
Automatic drawings inspired by the artist's childhood memories of growing up in a small Southern town; through 6/22. • 402, 19 Hudson St. (212-219-9213).

George Ortman
Paintings, constructions, and drawings based on the artist's analysis of Georges Seurat's painting *Les Poseurs* (1886); through 6/30. • Algus, 25 Thompson St. (212-966-1758).

Rebecca Quaytman
"The Sun," an installation of 40 paintings based on three events: the 1939 World's Fair, an accident that killed her grandfather and great-grandfather, and a train trip the artist took to Lodz, Poland; through 7/14. • Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455).

Eva Schlegel
Images of clouds, women, and Cuba that originate with a photograph taken by the artist that is then manipulated through Xeroxing and painting; through 7/6. • Roeder, 545 Broadway (212-925-6098).

Valton Tyler
Paintings, prints, and drawings by a self-taught Texas-born artist; through 6/30. • Kind, 136 Greene St. (212-925-1200).

Hiro Yamagata
A large-scale laser installation that comprises grids of holographic panels on the gallery's walls; mirrored, rotating cubes suspended in space, and a computer-programmed laser and lighting system; through 7/28. • Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Charles Yuen
Paintings of figures in enigmatic narratives; through 6/23. • Asian American Arts Centre, 26 Bowery (212-233-2154).

Chelsea

Philip Akkerman
Drawn and painted self-portraits that evoke the brooding sensibility of the artist's Dutch forebears Vin-

cent van Gogh and Rembrandt van Rijn; through 6/30. • *Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8372).*

Reed Anderson
New drawings that depict images of geishas, elephants, and butterflies, and incorporate punched holes and sprayed paint; through 6/23. • Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937).

Ross Bleckner
New large-scale abstract paintings; through 6/23. • Boone, 541 W. 24th St. (212-752-2929).

John Bock
New work; through 8/31. • Kern, 532 W. 20th St. (965-1706).

James Bohary/Russell Mehlman
New abstract paintings/Figurative paintings reminiscent of folk art. Through 6/23. • Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Jessica Bronson
Two new videos filmed on location in Death Valley that reflect the artist's interests in science fiction, structuralist cinema, and minimalist sculpture; through 6/23. • CRG, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-966-4360).

Richmond Burton
New paintings of all-over abstract patterns that merge and disperse; through 6/30. • Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727).

Stephen Dean
New sculpture and a video work that continue the artist's exploration of color as an active agent of experience; through 6/27. • Urbach, 526 W. 26th St. (212-627-0974).

Ken Feingold
New sculpture; through 6/23. • Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323).

Phil Frost
Paintings and sculpture; through 6/29. • Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Richard Hamilton
Prints made between 1968 and 1998; through 7/20. • Cowles, 537 W. 24th St. (212-925-3500).

James Hill/Stanley Whitney
New mixed-media paintings/New abstract paintings. Through 6/16. • Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (212-741-3318).

Linda Karshan
New works on paper; through 7/6. • Dee/Glasoe, 529 W. 20th St. (212-924-7545).

Ellsworth Kelly
Six new large-scale paintings, each of which consists of two overlapping canvases, and a group of six early relief paintings; through 6/29. • Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. and 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Judith Linhares
New paintings and gouaches of doll-like figures in fantastic landscapes; through 6/23. • Thorp, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-6565).

Ken Lum
New works that explore the expressive potential of the commercial sign; through 6/30. • Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Gerhard Mayer/Roland Flexner
Drawings made according to the German artist's self-imposed restrictions "Bubble drawings" that the artist creates by expelling a mixture of ink and soap bubble from a hollowed brush. Through 6/23. • Golden, 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Jason Meadows
Sculptures that recontextualize such materials as painted wood, chicken wire, aluminum, Plexiglas, basketball nets, and generic modular shelving units; through 7/6. • Bonakdar, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

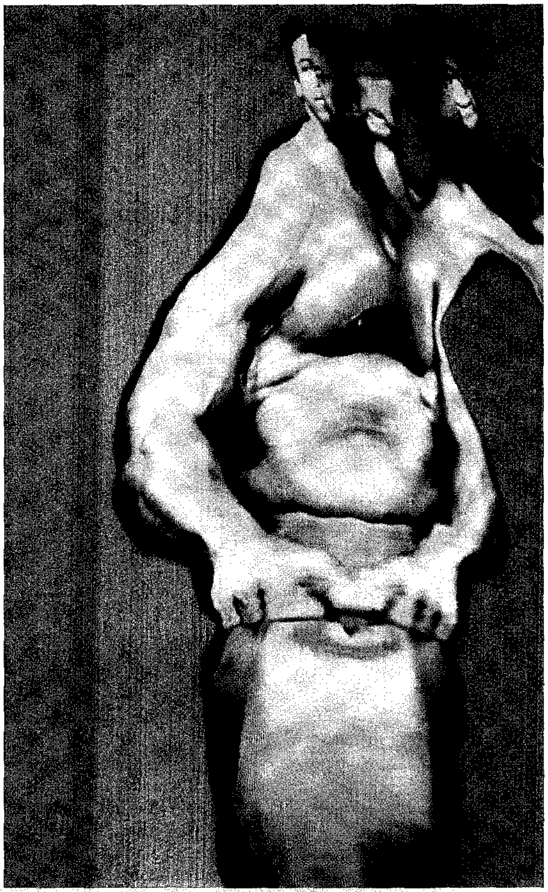
Olivier Mosset
Recent abstract paintings; through 7/14. • Gasser & Grunert, 524 W. 19th St. (212-807-9494).

Antonio Murado
Recent paintings from the artist's "Icescapes" series; through 6/30. • Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

Chuck Nanney
Recent sculpture; through 6/30. • Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-643-2070).

Shirin Neshat
Three new films by the Iranian-born artist that address issues of ideology and identity in post-revolutionary Iran; through 6/29. • Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Niklas Nitschke
Digitally manipulated photographs that depict cityscapes juxtaposed against serene natural landscapes; through 7/7. • Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).



Photography

Manipulated Men

Although best known for her stylish black-and-white fashion photographs, shot for *Harper's Bazaar* in the forties, fifties, and sixties, **Lillian Bassman** has also devoted time to personal projects. Among them is her startling series "Men," photographed in 1985 (and printed for the first time this year), in which she distorted male bodybuilders into images reminiscent of Francis Bacon's tortured figures. At Ricco/Maresca Gallery, 529 West 20th Street; through June 23 .

Photograph courtesy of Ricco/Maresca Gallery.

Fairfield Porter/Julio Galan
Recent paintings by the Mexican artist that continue his explorations of dichotomies and himself/Drawings and paintings. Through 6/30. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Jorge Queiroz
Drawings that depict clouds, plant life, landscapes, and animals in the process of mutating, exploding, or merging with other forms; through 6/23. • Eller, 526-30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411).

Eduardo Sarabia/Patrick Thorne
Paintings, drawings, and sculpture inspired by excess and various subcultures in Los Angeles/One large, glossy painting about vanity, notoriety, and the artist's love-hate relationship with L.A. Through 6/23. • I-20, 529 W. 20th St. (212-645-1100).

Kerry Stewart
Figurative sculptures that capture the mood of the outsider or misfit; through 6/24. • Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-680-9889).

Robert Watts
Works that synthesize photographic images and ideas with sculpture and other media, by this artist (1923–1988) who was affiliated with Conceptualism, Pop Art, and Fluxus; through 6/23. • Tonkonow, 5535 W. 22nd St. (212-255-8450).

Jean Xceron
Abstract works on paper from the thirties through the sixties; through 6/30. • Zarre, 515 W. 20th St. (212-255-0202).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill
"Homage to the Square: Picturing Washington Square, 1890–1965," paintings, drawings, and photographs of New York's famous square by Abbott, Arbus, Beals, Glackens, Hopper, Sloan, Weegee, others; through 7/6. • 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

Gagosian
"Pop Art: The John and Kimiko Powers Collection," works by Dine, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, Wesselman, others; through 6/30. • 980 Madison Ave. (212-744-2313).

57th Street Area

Krugier
Drawings by nineteenth-century artists, among them Cézanne, Constable, Courbet, Delacroix, Ingres, Redon, and Turner; through 7/26. • 41 E. 57th st. (212-755-7288).

PaineWebber
"Tibet: Mountains and Valleys, Castles and Tents From the Newark Museum Collection," an exhibition exploring the ancient culture of Tibet through rare artifacts and documentary materials; through 6/22. • 1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2885), Mon.-Fri. 8-6.

Rosenfeld
Drawings and paintings of flowers by American modernists, including Burchfield, Cramer, Graves, Hartley, Lazzell, Maurer, Ossorio, Stella, others; through 6/30. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General
"Material Whirled," works that explore the boundaries of traditional and nontraditional materials by Creech, Havens, McGill, Miceli, Shotz, Westphal, others; through 6/30. • 79 Walker St. (212-219-0473).

Here
"Smile," works by Behrens, D'Alvia, Esber, Grannan, Lazarus, Moyer, others; through 6/30. • 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202)

Ross
"Wet!" works by Anderson, Boynton, Eisenman, Fas-

nacht, Holley, Polke, Soriano, Traylor, others; through 7/27. • 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Chelsea

Foster
Sculpture by nine recent graduates of Virginia Commonwealth University's M.F.A. program; through 6/30. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-229-0044).

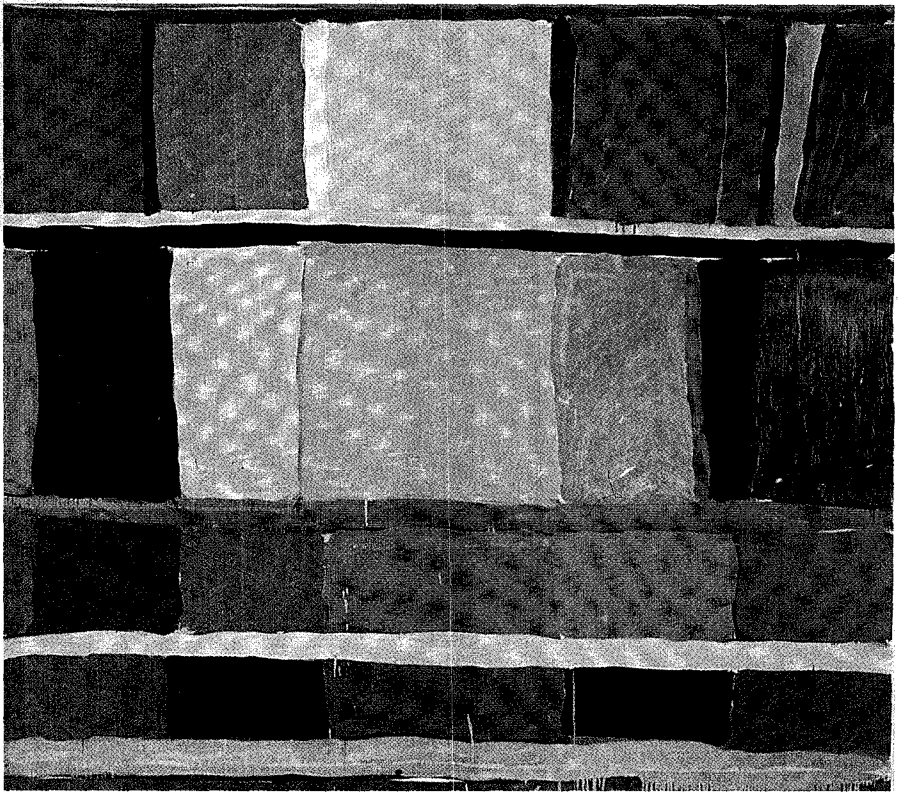
Grimm
Works by Corey, Crump, Gallagher, McDonnell, Ruskin-White, Tenenbaum, Thomas; through 6/29. • 505 W. 28th St (212-564-7662).

Rodgers
"Clench, Clutch, Flinch," works that explore psychosomatic phenomena in contemporary art, by Cooper, Dunning, Hawkinson, Michaux, Swartz, others; through 6/30. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-414-9810).

Talent

The Sound of Color

The format for **Stanley Whitney**'s paintings is almost radically basic: rectangular blocks lined up in rows and divided by horizontal bands. Of course, it's hard to imagine a system better suited to the deviations and incidents that Whitney then imposes, applying paint so loosely it drips, and pushing his shapes and lines to cartoony extremes. But the real feat is the syncopation Whitney achieves through color, cobbling greens, oranges, reds, blues, and other hues together into music for the eyes (pictured, *Here and There*, 2001). At Bill Maynes Gallery, 529 West 20th Street; through June 16.



Photograph courtesy of Bill Maynes Gallery.

Silverstein
Works by nine female artists who are expanding the notion of landscape; through 6/23. • Silverstein, 520 W. 21st St. (212-929-4300).

Snyder
"Four Abstract Classicists," hard-edge abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties by Benjamin, Feitelson, Hammersley, McLaughlin; through 8/25. • 601 W. 29th St. (212-871-1077).

Sonnabend
New works by Baldessari, Koons, Wesselman; through 7/27. • Sonnabend, 536 W. 22nd St. (212-627-1018).

Other

Creative Time in the Anchorage
"Massless Medium," environmental works using sound, light, and moving image, by Angelidakis/nanogod, Antenna Design, Brambilla, López, Phillips/Bonney, Redl, Villareal; through 7/29. • Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage, Cadman Plaza West at Hicks St. and Old Front St., Brooklyn.

New York Studio School
"Painting Abstraction II," abstract paintings by Barth, Fyfe, Goldberg, Goodman, Jensen, Martin, Moser, Porter; through 6/30. • 8 W. 8th St. (212-673-6466).

Socrates Sculpture Park
"Beyond City Limits," outdoor sculptures by Braine, Carruthers, Goldman, Mosher, Williams; through 8/25. • Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819).

Wave Hill
"Verging on Real," works by Bankemper, de Mar, Edlund, Jacobs, O'Shea, Pepe, Victoria; through 8/19. • 675 W. 252nd St., Bronx (718-549-3200), Tues.-Sun. 10-4:30, Weds. in June and July 10-8.

Photography

Lillian Bassman
Distorted color images of male bodybuilders; through 6/30. • Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Benrubi
"Let's Have Lunch," a survey of dining photographs by Abbott, Brassai, Cartier-Bresson, Stettner, others; through 7/13. • 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

Chambers
Recent photography and video by seven contemporary Chinese artists; through 6/30. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-414-1169).

ICP
"Behind Closed Doors: The Art of Hans Bellmer." A survey of photographs and works in other media from the twenties and thirties by the Surrealist known for his erotic, lifelike images of dolls; through 6/10. • "Kiki Smith: Telling Tales." The first museum exhibition devoted exclusively to the artist's photographs, digital prints, and video projections; through 6/10. • "Dear Friends: American Photographs of Men Together, 1840–1918." Daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, tintypes, and early paper prints whose images of men together suggest a surprisingly broadminded attitude toward intimacy between men; through 6/10. • 1133 Ave. of the Americas (212-860-1777).

ICP
"Mark Ellen Mark: American Odyssey." A retrospective celebrating the work of ICP's second annual Cornell Capa Award for distinguished photography; through 6/17. • 1130 Fifth Ave. (212-360-1777), Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8 (voluntary contribution from 5-8), Sat. and Sun. 10-6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Builder Levy
Photographs of mass demonstrations in New York in the sixties and recent work; through 6/23. • Art Resources Transfer, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956).

Martha Madigan
Recent photograms that depict images of newborn babies and adolescent females; through 6/30. • Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

Diana Michener
Large-scale black-and-white photographs that depict a nude male and a nude female engaged in an intimate scuffle; through 6/23. • Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Roger Newton
Five new color photographs and one black-and-white print by this artist, who constructs his own lenses from different refracting liquids: water, mineral oil, and glycerin; through 6/23. • Roth Horowitz, 160a E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

Luis González Palma
Two new series by the Guatemalan photographer; through 6/30. • Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

George Rodger
A retrospective of work by the photojournalist who worked for *Life* magazine during World War II; through 6/23. • Leica, 670 Broadway (212-777-3051).

Aaron Rose
Unique photographic works that depict atypical views of New York City and views of the sun as seen through a layer of clouds; through 7/7. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Victor Schrager/Andrea Modica
New photographs of plant forms/Platinum-palladium prints depicting century-old crania unearthed from a mass grave discovered a decade ago on the grounds of a psychiatric hospital in Pueblo, Colorado. Through 6/30. • Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

Andres Serrano
New photographs from the artist's "The Interpretation of Dreams" series; through 6/30. • Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Seton Smith
Recent color photographs that play off a tension between the recognizable and the abstract, the quotidian and the ethereal; through 6/23. • Winston Wächter Mayer, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Stark
"As Far as the Eye Can See," photographs and video exploring ways of looking at landscape, by Difarnecio,

Kerrigan, Lemieux, McLean, Misrach, Turrell, others; through 7/20. • 555 W. 25th St. (212-807-1051).

Ezra Stoller/Lucien Hervé
Images of modernist architecture/Paris as seen from the photographer's apartment, as well as images of Matisse designing the Chapel at Vence. Through 6/23. • Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434).

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"Overnight to Many Cities: Tourism and Travel at Home and Away," works by Burrows, Disfarmer, Epstein, Marcopolous, Meyerowitz, Shore, Singh, Sternfeld; through 7/13. • 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Katherine Turczan
Black-and-white photographs of people in the Ukraine, taken on the artist's trips there between 1991 and 1997; through 6/30. • Gallery 24, 552 W. 24th St. (212-414-0370).

Jeff Weiss
Large-scale color works that join photography and painting through the use of the computer and depict landscapes that compress long periods of time and vast territories of space into a single image; through 6/29. • Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Museums

American Craft Museum
"Light Screens: The Leaded Glass of Frank Lloyd Wright." Fifty patterned windows designed by the architect for private residences and major buildings, on loan from the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation and private collections; through 9/2. • "Origamic Architecture." Origami works by the Japanese architect Masahiro Chatani, his colleagues Keiko Nakazawa and Takkaaki Kihara, and other artists from around the world who employ the ancient Japanese art of paper folding; through 9/2. • "Radiant Geometries: Fifteen International Jewelers." Works by fifteen jewelry artists from the United States and Europe; through 9/2. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History
"Ancient Microworlds." Photographs by Giraud Foster and Norman Barker that reveal the internal structures of Jurassic dinosaur bones, Permain tree ferns, Devonian nautilus, and more; through 9/9. • "The Genomic Revolution." An exhibition examining developments in this key field of molecular biology through hands-on models, interactive stations, videos, films, and polling stations; through 1/1. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts
"Print, Power, and Persuasion Graphic Design in Germany, 1890–1945"; through 8/26. • 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts
"Game Show: Installations and Sculptures by Willie Cole"; through 9/9. • "Aztlán Today: The Chicano Postnation"; through 9/9. • "Recent Acquisitions"; through 9/9. • "(un)Shop: An Installation by Gillie Holme"; through 7/1. • "Rune Olsen: The RICE Banquet"; through 7/1. • 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 12-9, Thurs.-Sun. 12-6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art
"Leon Golub: Paintings 1950–2000." A retrospective of the artist's figurative paintings exploring race, violence, war, and human suffering; through 8/19. • "A Family Album: Brooklyn Collects." More than 200 major artworks, ranging from antiquities to contemporary paintings, lent by collectors who have deep connections to Brooklyn; through 7/1. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11-6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Clocktower Gallery
"P.S. 1 National and International Studio Program Exhibition." Works by artists who participated in this year's Studio Program; through 6/9. • 108 Leonard St. (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sat. 12-6; donation suggested.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution
"Rooms With a View: Landscape and Wallpaper." Selections of wallcoverings from the museum's collection that reveal changing attitudes toward nature; through 10/14. • "Aluminum by Design: Jewelry to Jets." The first major museum exhibit to explore the role of aluminum as a catalyst for design in Europe and America; through 7/15. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5, Tues. 10-9 (5-9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum of Art
"Telling Tales 1: Classical Images From the Dahesh Museum of Art." Paintings, drawings, lithographs, and sculptures from the museum's permanent collection, including works by Alma Tadema, Bouguereau, Gérôme, Leighton, others; through 9/29. • 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts
"Diana Thater: *Knots and Surfaces*." A large-scale multiprojection video installation that interacts with the architecture of Dia's third-floor gallery; through 1/30/02. • "Panamarenko: *Orbit*." An exhibition pairing the Belgian artist's key work, *Aeromodeller*, an experimental flying machine built in 1969–71, with a work created this year; through 6/17. • "Bridget Riley: *Reconnaissance*." The British artist's seminal paintings from the sixties and seventies in which carefully calibrated geometric patterns seem to move rhythmically across a canvas; through 6/17. • "Jorge Pardo: *Project*." A transformation of the Dia Center's 6,000-square-foot ground floor featuring colored ceramic tiles, mural paintings, glass dividers, stylish seating, increased natural light, and an expanded bookstore; through 6/17. • "Rodney Graham and Bruce Nauman: . . . *the nearest faraway place* . . ." New and earlier works by both artists that reflect their shared interests in the myth of the American West; through 6/17. • 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. noon-6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center
"Between Street and Mirror: The Drawings of James Ensor." An exhibition devoted exclusively to the Belgian artist's drawings and their stylistic evolution from his early Impressionist style to the personal and grotesque nature of his later works; through 7/21. • 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection
"El Greco: Themes and Variations." Different versions of the paintings *St. Jerome* and *The Purification of the Temple* by the Crete-born artist (1541-1614), on view together for the first time; through 7/29. • "Mantegna's *Descent Into Limbo*, From the Barbara Piasecka Johnson Collection." A smaller version of Mantegna's original masterpiece that was probably painted by the artist for Ferdinand Carlo, the last duke of Mantua, around 1470–75; through 8/1. • "Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Works by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, Redon; through 7/29. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery
"Dreams and Disillusion: Karel Teige and the Czech Avant-Garde." A look at the life and career of the Czech graphic designer and architectural theorist (1900–1951) whose innovative book design, poetry, stage sets, and collages revolutionized Czech artistic production in the twenties and thirties; through 7/7. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8, Sat. 11-5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
"Frank Gehry, Architect." A retrospective of the American architect's work as seen through drawings, plans, models, furniture designs, photographs, video footage, and the installation itself; through 8/26. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Japan Society
"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Art of Japan: The Architect's Other Passion." Works of art and objects collected by the architect during his several sojourns in Japan, as well as drawings for architectural projects he was commissioned to build in Japan; through 7/15. • 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. and Sun. 11-5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum
"Marc Chagall: Early Works From Russian Collections." Paintings, drawings, and theater murals created by Chagall in Russia between 1908 and 1920, and paintings by Yehuda Pen, Chagall's first teacher; through 10/14. • "Voice, Image, Gesture: Selections From the Jewish Museum's Collection, 1945–2000." More than 60 works from the museum's collection, by Diane Arbus, Tina Barney, Adolph Gottlieb, Hannah Wilke, Andy Warhol, and others; through 8/5. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45; Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5, $2 for Chagall exhibition, pay what you wish for other exhibitions), Sun. 10-5:45; $8 ($10 for Chagall exhibition), $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art
"Jacqueline Kennedy: The White House Years." Clothing and accessories worn by the former First Lady in the early sixties, on loan from the John F. Kennedy Library and Museum in Boston; through 7/29. • "William Blake." The first American exhibition of works in all media by the British Romantic artist (1757–1827), including drawings, paintings, prints, and illuminated books; through 6/24. • "Terry Winters: Printed Works." More than 80 prints from the museum's collection; 6/12–9/30. • "Dancing on the Roof: Photography at the Bauhaus (1923–1929)." Rare photographs from New York-area collections that were created by Bauhaus students and teachers between 1923 and 1929; through 8/26. • "Photographs: A Decade of Collecting." Works collected by the museum, including French photographs of the 1850s and 1860s; through 9/2. • "Joel Shapiro on the Roof." Five large cast-bronze and painted cast-aluminum sculptures by the American artist; through 11/30. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library
"Master Drawings From the Cleveland Institute of Art." Works spanning the fifteenth through the twentieth centuries, by Degas, Goya, Michelangelo, Picasso, Raphael, Rembrandt, others; through 8/19. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10:30-8, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. 12-6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art
"African Forms." Handcrafted objects from more than 156 ethnic groups and 34 African nations, among them clothing, jewelry, kitchen utensils, devotional objects, and musical instruments; through 8/8. • 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon-6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art
"ABCD: A Collection of Art Brut." *Art brut* works by Darger, Mackintosh, Ramirez, Wölfli, and others, from the collection of the Paris-based foundation ABCD (Art Brut Connaissance & Diffusion); through 7/28. • Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues., Thurs. 10:30-5:45, Fri. 10:30-8:15 (4:30-8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York
"Gay Men's Health Crisis: 20 Years Fighting for People With HIV/AIDS." A look at the role the Gay Men's Health Crisis has played in the ongoing effort to fight HIV/AIDS; through 9/10. • Art at the Table: Lotos Club State Dinner Menus, 1898–1922." Twenty menus designed for special dinners held by the literary club honoring Samuel L. Clemens, Booth Tarkington, Admiral Robert E. Peary, and other luminaries of the day; through 7/29. • "Working Women: A Century of New York Junior League Volunteerism." Photographs, clothing, and ephemera documenting the movement founded by Mary Harriman in 1901; through 8/12. • "Guys & Dolls: The Fabled Musical of Broadway." Scene designs, costumes, photographs, and ephemera drawn from the archives of composer Frank Loesser and playwright Abe Burrows that reveal how they turned

Retrospective

American Style

There's a perfectly good reason why Condé Nast photographer John Rawlings has largely been forgotten—he died in 1970 at the age of 58, long before the rage for rediscovering and recontextualizing fashion work came about. But in a career that spanned a mere three decades, the prolific Rawlings put his own unmistakable stamp on fashion photography, a legacy that is now finally coming to light through his personal archives, which, presumed lost by fashionistas, in fact had been donated to the Fashion Institute of Technology. **John Rawlings: 30 Years in Vogue** (Museum at FIT, Seventh Avenue at 27th Street; June 12 through August 11) marks the first time that Rawlings's photographs—and working notes and annotated scrapbooks—are being exhibited in their entirety. Rawlings, who started out as an apprenticed assistant at *Vogue* in 1936, initially took his aesthetic cues from the dramatically lit and posed work of George Hoyningen-Huene and Horst P. Horst, but by 1940 had begun to develop a style of his own, most obviously in his use of daylight and shooting his subjects in nonstudio environments. The longtime *Vogue* art director Alexander Liberman once said that Rawlings's works possessed "a very American clarity" and had "no European chichi about them." Rawlings also suggested—and put into effect—the idea of using Hollywood actresses and society figures as models, a move that not only raised *Vogue*'s circulation considerably but changed fashion photography forever. He continued to photograph models, though, among them the all-Americans Suzy Parker (pictured, in Givenchy, *Vogue*, October 1953) and Sunny Harnett, and went on to shoot high-powered ad campaigns (Coca-Cola, Viceroy cigarettes, General Motors) and even nudes. Parker, a Texan, summed up Rawlings's accessible style simply: "Rawlings always made you feel like what you were doing, or the way you were interacting was just what the camera wanted. . . . He understood movement and the beauty of naturalness, even humor." E.N.

the Damon Runyon story "The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown" into the 1950 hit musical; through 6/10. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology
"John Rawlings: 30 Years in Vogue." A retrospective of works from the late thirties through the late sixties by the fashion photographer who worked for *Vogue*, *British Vogue*, *Glamour*, and other magazines; 6/12–8/11. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. noon-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

National Academy of Design
"176th Annual Exhibition," with works by Chuck Close, Robert Cottingham, Jane Freilicher, Yvonne Jacquette Wolf Kahn, Milton Resnick, and other Academy members; through 6/24. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs. 12-5, Fri. 10-6, Sat. and Sun. 10-5; $8; $4.50.

New Museum of Contemporary Art
"William Kentridge." A retrospective of the South African artist's animated films, drawings, and videotapes, plus two new sculptural installations; through 9/16 • "Graham Gussin: States of Mind." A computer-generated projection and a new video by the British artist, in the museum's Media Z Lounge; through 7/8. • "Trompe L'Oeil: Fictitious Internet Sites." An online program of Websites that use the familiar look and feel of existing sites to elicit a specific expectation through their design and information architecture, in the museum's Media Z Lounge; through 7/8. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. noon-6, Thurs.-Sat. noon-8 (free Thurs. 6-8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library
"Touring West: Nineteenth-Century Performing Artists on the Overland Trails." Objects, manuscripts, photographs, and ephemera relating to the individual artists and troupes who brought entertainment to the pioneers and miners living in the newly mapped territories of the American West; through 7/7. • "Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Mon. 10-6, Tues. and Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New-York Historical Society
"Out of Time: Designs for the Twentieth-Century Future." Visions of the future as seen through twentieth-century architectural renderings, models, and drawings; through 6/10. • "Walk About: Past and Present Views of New York." Photographs of New York in the nineties by Richard Benson, Mitch Epstein, Ed Grazda, Thomas Roma, and Michael Spano; through 6/17. • "The Sight of Music: Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." Twentieth-century prints offering visual interpretations of music, by Chuck Close, Red Grooms, Roy Lichtenstein, and others; through 6/17. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center
"Uniform: Order and Disorder." A look at the way military wear has infiltrated fashion and contemporary art, with works by 33 artists and 31 designers; through 9/30. • "Los Carpinteros: Ciudad Transportable (Transportable City)." An exhibition of portable tents made by the Cuban artists' collaborative and installed throughout the museum; through 9/3. • "Carla Accardi: Triplice Tenda." A full-size circular tent of clear plastic marked in patterns of pale pink paint, by the Italian artist who co-founded the Forma 1 movement in 1947; through 9/3. • "Miri Segal: Circular Acts." Video installations that feature deceptively simple optical illusions; through 9/3. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; $5 suggested donation.

Studio Museum in Harlem
"Freestyle." Works in various media on the theme of racial identity, by 28 emerging artists; through 6/24. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon-6, Fri. 12-8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art
"BitStreams." An exhibition exploring the range of artistic expression made possible by digital technology, including installations, video, animation, photography, and sound pieces; through 6/10. • "Data Dynamics." Five new works of Internet art; through 6/10. • "The Draftsman's Colors: 14 New Acquisitions From Johns to Chong," recently-acquired drawings by Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Martin Puryear, Richard Serra, and others; through 7/8. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.-Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Fri. 1-9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6-9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris
"Do-Ho Suh: Some/One." A new sculpture installation in which the Korean-born artist uses thousands of newly fabricated dog tags as his medium; through 6/29. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's
6/7 at 10 and 2: "Twentieth Century Decorative Arts." On view from 6/2. 6/8 at 10 and 2: "Antiquities." On view from 6/2. 6/12 at 10 and 2: "Fine Jewels." On view from 6/9. • 20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000).

Christie's East
6/6 at 10: "Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 6/2. 6/11 at 1: "Fine Jewels." On view from 6/9. • 219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430).

Doyle
6/6 at 10: "Belle Époque: Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Decorative Arts." On view from 6/2. • 175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730).

Swann Galleries
6/7 at 10:30: "Maps and Atlases; Decorative Graphics." On view from 6/2. • 104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710).

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of FIT.

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

Opening

Stepmamma Mia!

While there's no greater compliment you can pay an Italian chef than telling him his cooking is "just like mamma's," saying that his technique reminds you of your stepmother's is, if not an invitation to a fistfight, an entirely different thing. So why would anyone name a new restaurant **La Madrastra**, an unusual spelling of the Sicilian (and the Spanish) word for Dad's wicked new wife? "I just like the sound of it," says La Madrastra's Sicilian-born chef and co-owner, Salvatore Zapparata (formerly of Piadina), who doesn't have a stepmother, and whose mostly Southern Italian recipes—a deeply flavored rigatoni melanzane with ricotta salata; grilled sardines; and a satisfying soup of fava beans, green peas, and celery—come from "my real mom." The inspiration for the room, with its amber glow and old-timey ambience, on the other hand, came from another relative: "We basically went for a look that says Grandma's living room," says Zapparata. (93–95 First Avenue; 212-475-6620.)

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

New and Noteworthy

★ A Salt & Battery
The folks from Tea & Sympathy have expanded their British empire with a fish-and-chips shop that literally reeks of authenticity. Aside from the main attraction, properly wrapped in British newspaper, there are mushy peas, pickled onions, and the improbably edible deep-fried Mars Bars, all deftly executed by a wisecracking fry chef who used to cook in the British Merchant Navy, and then, judging by his hoop earrings, pantaloons, and Errol Flynn beard, must have turned pirate. • 112 Greenwich Ave. (212-691-2713). (I-M)

Acqua Santa
The name means "holy water" in Italian. But secular types shouldn't read too much into that—any worshiping at Mario La Manno's laid-back, candlelit trattoria is for his rustic Italian cooking—thin-crust pizzas, simple pastas, and entrées like a red-wine-and garlic-sauced pork tenderloin. And the holiest water on the premises comes in a bottle with a Calabria label. • 556 Driggs Ave. at N. 7th St., Brooklyn (718-384-9695). (M)

Adä
As you might guess from the Murano-glass chandeliers and bas-relief nudes, this isn't your run-of-the-mill curry kitchen. Your dinner choices are limited to two streamlined prix fixe menus that run $55 and $65, and feature newfangled novelties like salmon quenelles with cashew rice and fresh coconut curry, garam masala quail with date-and-pistachio pillau, and wild-mushroom biryani with white-truffle oil. • 208 E. 58th St. (212-371-6060). (M-E)

★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House
After a harrowing ride through the critics' spanking machine, six-Michelin-star chef Alain Ducasse has emerged if not triumphant then at least standing. All his Cartier pens have been dutifully stolen, the array of mysterious knives presented in a leather case is gone, but the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room feels more like a $160–prix fixe Michelin supernova now that the kitchen has pulled up its socks. Dishes that were very good to begin with have gotten even better—pea soup with crab cakes; silken woodcock, pheasant, and foie gras terrine; halibut with sea-urchin custard; glorious cheese; luscious rhubarb clafouti—and even the few disappointments don't sting so badly now that the chastised Ducasse has shown us his warm and fuzzy side. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

★ Aleutia
You may have to navigate past the murky leather-swathed bar crowd and scurry up the industrial steps to escape their piercing mating calls, but forsooth, there is light at the top of the stairs. In fact, if Aleutia is willing to shift its priorities a bit, it has the potential of being considered among the city's most inventive and satisfying seafood restaurants. Vibrantly flavored dishes like citrus-grilled octopus and pancetta-wrapped cod provide life-preserving—make that -affirming—distractions from the hormonally raging sea around you. • 220 Park Ave. So., at 18th St. (212-529-3111). (E)

Alphabet Kitchen
In a long, lofty room outfitted with a colorful mosaic alphabet and a dining counter flanking an open kitchen, chef Liz Arana (late of Provence) offers Spanish- and Portuguese-flavored food calibrated to every appetite. Nibble on such tapas as crab empanadas and Serrano ham, or tear into a moulard-duck cassoulet or roast suckling pig with grilled persimmon. In warm weather, seek refuge—and your choice of sangrias—by the stone waterfall in the backyard. • 171 Ave. A (212-982-3838). (M)

Artisanal
If cheese is a religion, this is its bustling, Balthazar-gone-midtown house of worship. After an olfactory assault at the door, where you're hit with the pungent aroma of Muenster, Taleggio, and 200 other varieties aging gracefully in the boutique cheese cave, indulge in full-fromage festivities from appetizer (raclette pizza) to dessert (a splendid tarte Tatin with a cheese-infused crust.) If you manage to resist a dozen different fondues, there's a full menu of bistro classics like braised lamb shank, boudin blanc, and cassoulet. If not, feed your Appenzeller addiction at the retail cheese counter, which also carries crusty loaves of Balthazer Bakery bread. • 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (212-725-8585). (M-E)

Banjara
In spite of its location amid all those cookie-cutter curry cookers, Banjara is an oasis on Little India's restaurant row. The room and adjoining lounge are cliché-free. And chef Tuhin Dutta's unusual dishes like juicy clay-oven chicken marinated in wine and cream, and dumpakht (think supercolossal Indian potpie) should dispel any worries that the street's mythical underground shared kitchen has taken on a new client. • 97 First Ave. (212-477-5956). (M)

BarTabac
Following in the footsteps of pioneering restaurateurs before him, Georges Forgeois, the empire-building force behind Bistro Jules, Café Noir, and Le Singe Vert, has entered the Smith Street fray with a Brooklyn bar and bistro of his own. Francophiles will appreciate the artfully aged environs, the all-French wine list, the menu of French bar snacks, and the obligatory steak-frites and onion soup. Not to mention what we assume will be a very tobacco-tolerant attitude. • 128 Smith St., at Dean St., Brooklyn (718-923-0918). (I-M) AE only

★ Beppe
Cesare Casella's devoted fans know him for his Tuscan cooking and his signature breast-pocket herb bouquet, both of which have resurfaced at this Gramercy trattoria. You'll also find an instant coziness, a pride of rustic Tuscan products stashed behind glass at the en-

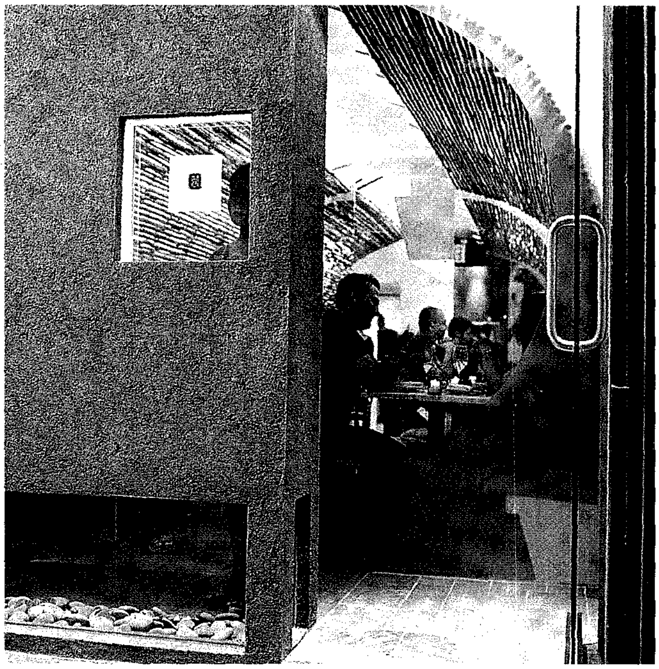
Ground Rules

These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: **(E)** = expensive; **(M)** = moderate; **(I)** = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; **($)** = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

Opening

Don't Judge a Bako by Its Cover

Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, were apprehensive when the architect they hired to build **Jewel Bako**, their sushi-and-sake bar, suggested a stucco façade with only the tiniest of windows. "No one will be able to see in," worried Grace, who quit her day job as a merchandising director at Tiffany & Co. to open this tiny jewel-box restaurant with her sushiphile husband, who'd lasted a record six years working front-of-the-house for David Bouley. As it turned out, the storefront, which references those forbidding midtown restaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, seems to captivate passersby more than alienate them. The snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic arches of bamboo that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where chef Tatsuya Nagata (BondSt, Tanuki) reigns over a piscatory realm of imported rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. (239 East 5th Street; 212-979-1012.)



trance, the warmth of a giant open fireplace. Casella's cozze are plump and sweet in a fiery broth; chewy handmade pinci noodles in walnut-tomato sauce are a triumph. We love braised black cabbage in toasted Tuscan bread, the grilled wild mushrooms with polenta crostini, and savory braised spare ribs. And desserts like sensational lemon "pudding" with candied orange peel are luscious variations on a Tuscan theme. • 45 E. 22nd St. (212-982-8422). (E)

★ Brasserie 8 1/2

At this souped-up designer bookend to the newly modish Brasserie, you get big brasserie dishes plus a pumpkin-carpeted-diva staircase entrance, and two subterranean, airport-lounge-style bars. The simpler menu choices tend to be better, like the frisée salad and the cornflake-crusted crab cakes. The evening scene is overcooked, but lunch at bar No. 2 (the blue-green one) is better. • 9 W. 57th St. (212-829-0812). (M–E)

★ Caffè Linda

Caffè Linda is a refuge for homesick Italian expats as well as midtown desk jockeys hungering for good food and a warm welcome. Owner Claudio Marini graciously provides both: Every meal begins with complimentary bruschetta and ends with a stick of Wrigley's with the check. In between, there's simple, satisfying salads; sandwiches; a dozen or so impeccably al dente pastas; and dinner specials like stewed rabbit with mashed potatoes and sautéed calamaretti with avocado. • 145 E. 49th St. (646-497-1818). (I–M)

★ Chow Bar

Chef-partner Peter Klein started out cooking at China Grill and El Teddy's, then parlayed that spicy Chino-Latino experience into a lucrative cross-country consulting gig. Luckily for us, he's settled down in the West Village, where's he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively bar crowd, which seems ecstatic to finally find a quasi-exotic neighborhood place to call its own. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

★ City Eatery

Looks aren't everything. City Eatery's décor is Balthazar on a dime, almost Hopperesque in its starkness when the lights aren't lowered. Chef Scott Conant, however, is a handsome devil. But even that wouldn't be enough if he didn't have such a gift for invigorating familiar dishes and such a knack for demystifying seemingly odd ones. Neat how he makes butternut-squash soup taste original and rabbit-and-lamb ravioli as homey as chicken. One bite of his chocolate cake and the world, and City Eatery, are beautiful. • 316 Bowery (212-253-8644). (M)

★ Craft

Tom Colicchio is a chef with a mission, two jobs, and what must be a crackerjack support team. When he's not supervising the three-star kitchen at Gramercy Tavern, he's reducing cooking (or elevating it, depending on your point of view) to its most basic elements, a tactic that works only when the ingredients are of the highest possible quality, procured from small family farms and artisanal producers. At his first solo venture, literally around the corner from Gramercy and decorated in a similarly elegant modern style, he and his chef de cuisine, Marco Canora, like any good craftsmen, collaborate on a high-concept menu that focuses almost obsessively on the raw materials. • 43 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M–E)

★ D'Artagnan, The Rotisserie

After fifteen years of selling foie gras and game to restaurants, D'Artagnan has opened its own: a narrow, high-ceilinged duplex countrified with tiled floors, rough ocher walls, a communal table, and Basque linens. Besides the signature terrines and charcuterie, there's seriously rib-sticking Gascon fare like cassoulet, spit-roasted free-range chicken, and "la garbure et son chabrot," a duck-confit soup dense enough to be eaten with a fork—or drunk in the true Gascon style, directly from the bowl. • 152 E. 46th St. (212-687-0300). (M–E)

★ Dim Sum gogo

What do you get when a French-American food writer (Colette Rossant) collaborates with a Hong Kong chef (Guy Lieu)? Dumpling dough flavored with beet juice, seasoned beef patties on steamed buns with taro fries, roast chicken smothered with fried garlic stems, and 24 kinds of dumplings. Plus four variations on the dough-wrapper theme, four different sauces, and microwave-safe takeout containers. • 5 E. Broadway (212-732-0797). (I–M)

★ The Dining Room

You know how you love cooking those intimate dinners at home for just you and your close friends? Oh, you don't. Well, then don't you wish you were at one? This scrumptious example of turning lemons into lemon soufflé not only transforms an awkward layout into a series of cozy hideaways but it gets you all warm and snuggly with hearty American cuisine that surprisingly weighs less than the conversations around it. • 154 E. 79th St. (212-327-2500). (M–E)

District

At this new hotel restaurant, David Rockwell's design makes playful reference to the theater-district locale, and Sam DeMarco's menus make mouthwatering reference to the fun, original food he popularized downtown at First. For breakfast, there's the Scramble (smoked salmon, cream-cheese fondue, latkes, and dill-caper gremolata). For lunch, "double features" like potato pierogi with a brisket sandwich. Plus a $28 pre-theater dinner and a late-night "mini-bar." • 130 W. 46th St. (212-485-2999). (M)

Emo's

This spiffy spot hopes to give the neighborhood's plethora of sushi bars and Chinese takeouts some much-needed competition by introducing Upper East Siders to the kimchee-spiked pleasures of Korean cooking. Savory scallion pancakes called pajan come with calamari, scallops, and shrimp; tofu-stuffed dumplings are adeptly pan-fried. The menu features bibimbop and all sorts of seafood, but none of that participatory grill-your-own barbecue, which should ensure a smoke-free evening. • 1564 Second Ave., near 81st St. (212-628-8699). (M)

★ Figs

Until they install one of those restaurants with water-masseuses and beds instead of tables, the next best thing in tri-state airport noshing is this 125-seat branch of Todd English's Figs. During flight-delay downtime, curb your air rage with a lively Boston-bibb-and-watercress salad sprinkled with Maytag blue; spaghettini with roasted tomato and toasted breadcrumbs; or a killer to-go flatbread pizza topped with figs, prosciutto, and Gorgonzola in a box designed to fit your seat-back tray. • Central Terminal Bldg., La Guardia Airport, Queens (718-446-7600). (I–M)

★ Fleur de Sel

Chef Cyril Renaud wanted his first restaurant to be a personal statement. So he hung his own watercolors, painted the menu covers, and named the place after the highly prized, hand-harvested sea salt that's native to Brittany, just like him. His $52 prix fixe menu is small and changes daily, so there's no telling when you might see that lobster-avocado salad or venison fillet with juniper berries and orange zest again. • 5 E. 20th St. (212-460-9100). (M–E)

★ Gingko Leaf Café

If you don't believe secret gardens grow in New York, check out this urban oasis, with its stone waterfall, bamboo shoots, and granite sculptures, all engineered, planted, and built by Toshio Sasaki, a Park Slope sculptor whose wife, Miyo, runs the tranquil café in the backyard of her Japanese gift shop. Collecting thoughts and contemplating life require sustenance, available in the form of tea, bean-paste confections, and a delicious assortment of bento boxes. • 788A Union St., Brooklyn (718-399-9876). (I–M) ($)

★ Gnocco Caffe

Co-owner Pierluigi Palazzo named this East Village

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

café after the traditional Modenese snack of crispy, puffy fried dough, usually served with prosciutto di Parma. But just to complicate matters, the gently-priced menu also offers two versions of gnocchetti (an entirely different, equally delicious thing), plus well-dressed, unusually fresh salads and an unassuming pork tenderloin lavished with Parmigiano-Reggiano shavings and an aged-balsamic emulsion. • 337 E. 10th St. (212-677-1913). (I)

★ Hampton Chutney Co.

SoHo can be a soulless place, not to mention maddeningly expensive, and in desperate need of good karma and cheap, delicious grub. This eighteen-seat offshoot of a popular Amagansett enterprise satisfies both criteria with its Indian-chant soundtrack, gurgling fountain, and addictive dosas and uttapa made from rice-and-lentil flour and stuffed or topped with everything from traditional spiced-potato-masala to untraditional tuna and avocado ($6.50 to $10.50). Plus daily soups, chai teas, cardamom coffee, and fudgy brownies. • 68 Prince St. (212-226-9996). (I) ($)

Hudson Cafeteria

The room is big, dark, incredibly handsome, cavernous, more humming than boisterous, unfocused but friendly. Think of Hudson Cafeteria as a community center for the privileged. And while the food tries to be more ambitious than that of its downtown counterpart, Canteen, the stuff that makes the surprisingly diverse customers happiest is beef stew, macaroni and cheese (without the foie gras), and a banana split. It's become very canny to claim discomfort with comfort food, but those eating it here want more and couldn't care less. • 356 W. 58th St. (212-554-6500). (M-E)

It's Greek to Me

In case the name doesn't give it away, the blue-and-white color scheme and the panoramic photos of Aegean island life let you know what you're in for: fresh, flavorful Greek fare, from garlicky skordalia to heaping souvlaki platters, a great value at $10.95, including grilled pepper and tomato, tsatsiki, and lemon-and-oregano-dusted fries. • 128 E. 7th St. (212-473-0220). (I-M)

Jane

Just what every neighborhood needs: a casual spot featuring smartly affordable, creatively conceived American fare like fried oysters with creamed corn and red-chili vinegar, grilled hanger steak with Gruyère piroshki, and honey-braised pork with mascarpone polenta and orange-parsley salad. Since entrées max out at $19, you might feel less guilty splurging on the caramel-banana-cream pie with hazelnut brittle. • 100 W. Houston St. (212-254-7000). (M)

★ Javier

There may be no better chicken sandwich than the pressed pollo asado at this friendly café and takeout shop, a no-frills storefront where chef-owner Javier Martinez supplements his grandmother's Puerto Rican recipes with a limited menu of Latin-Caribbean classics. The chicken is moist and succulent, the ajilimojilo sauce redolent of garlic and lime, the pan de manteca crusty and compact. But save room for main dishes like tender roast pork (pernil) accompanied by deeply flavored beans and rice and daily specials like smoky white-bean soup and chorizo-flecked tortilla espanola. The coffee is strong and smooth, ideally drunk with a sweet, flaky quesito or a slice of coco-piña cake. Eat in, take out, or call for delivery. • 70 Greenwich Ave. (212-929-7878). (I)

★ Josie's

In these uncertain agricultural times, people question where their food comes from, and Louis Lanza, chef-owner of Josie's on the Upper West Side and its new Murray Hill outpost, is full of reassuring answers, most of them printed right on the menu. The sleek design shatters every health-food-restaurant cliché. And from a mesquite-burning oven, inherited from the previous tenant, come Lanza's iconoclastic dairy-free pizzas with a spelt-oat-bran crust. • 565 Third Ave., at 37th St. (212-490-1558). (M)

Le Souk

On a rapidly gentrifying Alphabet City block, two Egyptian brothers have carved out their own North African niche and accessorized it with Moroccan tile, glowing lanterns, and camel-skin chairs. A Tunisian chef oversees an evolving menu of assorted tagines and couscous, and meze like calves' liver and Merguez sausage. But food is only half the story. Linger long enough to smoke a hookah and admire the belly dancer. • 47 Ave. B (212-777-5454). (I-M) ($)

★ Le Zinc

Once you open a place like Chanterelle, where do you go from there? If you're Karen and David Waltuck, you head two blocks south and two blocks east to open a casual bistro—the perfect spot to unwind after a long night shaving truffles. The menu, a French framework embellished with Asian, Jewish, and Hungarian highlights, reads like the homespun work of someone who's sown his wild *hautes*: charcuterie, steak-frites, crispy duck wings, Grandma Gaby's stuffed cabbage. A burger, even. And nothing over $19. • 139 Duane St. (212-513-0001). (I-M)

★ Locanda Vini & Olii

A beautifully restored 130-year-old Clinton Hill pharmacy complete with apothecary drawers and rolling ladders right out of Henry Higgins's library is the charming backdrop for this terrific Tuscan restaurant. Two young chefs recruited from Italy turn out uncommon antipasti and salads; main dishes like rabbit civet; and a wealth of exquisitely sauced pastas like carrot maltagliati with fava beans. The excellent house wines are sold "consumption"-style. The bottle is left on the table, you help yourself, and whatever's left is theatrically measured with a homemade stick. It's the most fun you can have in a drugstore without a prescription. • 129 Gates Ave., Brooklyn (718-622-9202). (M)

★ Lotus

Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is a blooming surprise. A slight kitschiness keeps it warm. Nice-guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richard Farnabe keeps you well-fed. Think of the velvet rope outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14th St. (212-243-4420). (M-E)

★ Mangiarini

There may be more Italian restaurants on the Upper East Side than there are cannoli on Mulberry Street, but few as bare-boned chic as this one. The designer of the Calvin Klein boutique went commensurately minimalist at this narrow 30-seater, where spaghetti with lemon and basil and sandwiches like prosciutto and melted goat cheese on semolina flatbread are as stylishly stripped down as the décor. • 1593 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-734-5500). (I)

★ MarkJoseph Steakhouse

"Your steak will be out any minute," says our waiter. "I just saw the chef chasing the cow." If that line plus the house specialty—porterhouse for two, three, or four, served family-style and ritually baptized with pooled juices—sounds familiar to habitués of that steak shrine across the river, it's no coincidence. The general manager and a cadre of remarkably friendly, seemingly rehabilitated waiters came straight from Peter Luger, and brought their meal-ending schlag with them. • 261 Water St., nr. Peck Slip (212-277-0020). (M-E)

★ Mary's Fish Camp

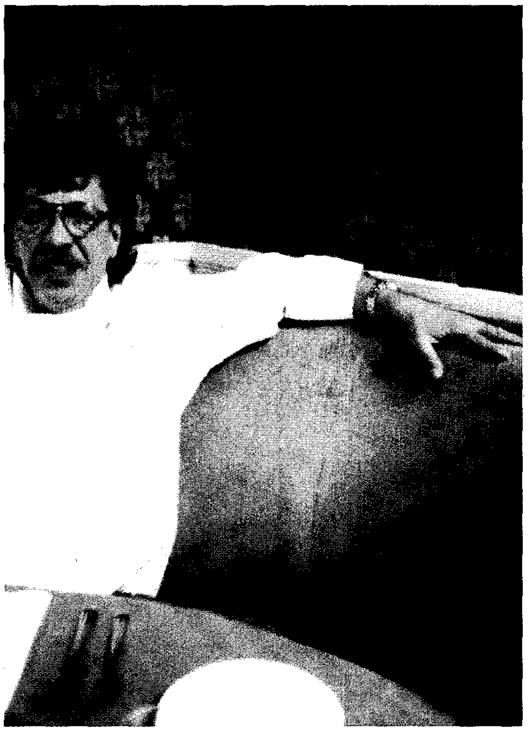
Here's a tip for anyone who's ever paced up and down Cornelia Street waiting for a vacant stool at Pearl Oyster Bar: The West Village is now home to *two* sources of world-class lobster rolls, silken clam chowder, and fragrantly moist, herb-stuffed whole fish. One of Pearl's chef-partners left to open this sunny corner spot equipped with a tin ceiling, a curved stainless-steel counter (ten tables, too), and new additions to the Pearl repertoire, like crispy kernel-studded corn fritters and a lush, sherry-enhanced lobster potpie. • 246 W. 4th St. (646-486-2185). (M)

★ Merge

Chef Sam DeMarco and his partners have a knack for creating neighborhood restaurants good enough to leave your neighborhood for. At Merge, in the former Indigo space, they've done it again. A cool, comfortable room, a friendly staff, a festive mood, signature "tiny tini" cocktails, and DeMarco's inspired multiculti neo-American cooking are an irresistable draw for locals as well as interlopers. Sunday evenings, "Gino's *Soprano* Style Dinner," a $25 prix

Happening

A Chefs' Chef



He was the first great French chef of the rock-and-roll generation, the godfather to two generations of kitchen talent in America, the man who brought Daniel Boulud to New York. With his mane of curly hair, gravelly voice, and thick glasses, Jean-Louis Palladin is the unmistakable and irrepressible party boy of fine dining. Now fighting lung cancer and facing astronomical medical bills, he is being fêted on June 24 at Daniel in an all-star benefit. It's the largest gathering of culinary talent, especially to turn out just one meal, in memory: Boulud will be joined by David Burke, Tom Colicchio, Ariane Daguin, Christian Delouvrier, Rocco DiSpirito, Alain Ducasse, Jean-Louis Dumonet, Todd English, Michael Ginor, Lee Hanson, Harold Moore, Riad Nasr, François Payard, Don Pintabona, Eric Ripert, Jacques Torres, Laurent Tourondel, and Jean-Georges Vongerichten. Meal tickets are $500 (call 212-327-3434 to purchase). Charity auction to follow.

PETER KAMINSKY

Photograph by Danny Clinch.

Opening

The Blue Brothers

In the beginning there was Blue Ribbon, which begat Blue Ribbon Sushi, which begat Blue Ribbon Bakery. And this week, brothers and chef-owners Bruce and Eric Bromberg (pictured, left to right) expand their late-night empire with the opening of the Brooklyn **Blue Ribbon**, on Park Slope's thriving Fifth Avenue. "No one's made this big a commitment to Brooklyn," says Fort Greene resident Bruce, standing in the sparkling new kitchen the brothers dug out of a former supermarket basement. "We could fit all of Blue Ribbon down here." Instead, they fit most of it upstairs—or at least worked enough design motifs from the original SoHo restaurant into the new branch to make Manhattan regulars instantly feel at home. There's the same neon OYSTERS sign in the window, the same shellfish display, the same globe wall sconces, even an identical table No. 16, the big round one in the corner. But here, there's also room for three big booths by the bar and a semi-private dining nook. "When we saw the ceiling, we said, *Great, a tin ceiling—we don't need to do anything,*" says Bruce, who goes on to add that a little excavating led to the discovery of original wood beams, and the demolition of said ceiling to expose them. The likewise familiar menu (nearly all of Blue Ribbon's, half of the bakery's—but no sushi) does pack a few surprises. "We're pulling a little deeper from our childhood, our summer trips up to Maine," says Bruce, hinting that a lobster roll wouldn't be out of the question. He promises an abundance of roasts and family-style platters, and there's been some hush-hush experimentation with newfangled surf n' turf, like "dragon and phoenix," Bromberg-speak for grilled Louisiana shrimp and pigeon. And after Brooklyn, what then? Standing in the chaotic midst of painters and welders, carpenters and plumbers, Bruce doesn't hesitate. "The next thing we do will be a book." (280 Fifth Avenue, at 1st Street; 718-840-0404.) R.R.

Photograph by Bruce Katz.

fixe Italian-American feast, is an absolute steal. • 142 W. 10th St. (212-691-7757). (M) AE only

NL

NL claims to be the first Dutch restaurant to open in Manhattan since Peter Stuyvesant's time. This may or may not be true, but given the tepid reputation Dutch food has developed over the past 350 years, NL is a minor revelation. The tiny storefront space looks like it's been lifted directly from some clean, modernist precinct of Amsterdam itself. The food's equally well packaged, especially an exotic version of hare stew, and the herring tartare. • 169 Sullivan St. (212-387-8801). (M)

ONEc.p.s.

Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger, and a rack of lamb accompanied by a disc of shepherd's pie. Note to nostalgists: The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

Ouest

After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and yes, those signature lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; mustard-and-crumb-crusted terrine of pork; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M-E)

★ The Park

Were you around during the eighties when places like Mudd Club and Area, "mom and pop" emporia in SoHo, and art in the East Village, made New York nightlife feel like the coolest island in the world? If you were, then stop watching the reality-based show you're hooked on, and go play in the Park. If you weren't around, well, then it could be your hard luck, for the Park is a great sandbox for urbanites who used to be kids but now have some of their own. If you've ever enjoyed the Odeon, you'll get into it. If not, this ain't your playground. • 118 Tenth Ave. (212-352-3313). (M-E)

★ Picasso Cafe

Chef-owner Michele Colonna's pizza has cultivated a loyal following including connoisseurs like Jim Lahey, owner of Sullivan Street Bakery and a trusted arbiter of all oven-baked things—and it's no wonder: His pies are superbly charred, ultra-thin-crusted gems arrayed with homemade mozzarella, a mildly sweet tomato sauce, and the perfect ratio of toppings to crust. There's also a growing fan base for his bruschetta heaped with arugula and ripe tomato, hefty sandwiches on freshly baked focaccia, pasta, and entrées like grilled lamb chops with sage and balsamic vinegar. • 43 E. 29th St. (212-696-4488). (I-M)

★ Pipa

Doug Rodriguez has done Nuevo Latino at Patria and Chicama. Now he's tackling old-world Spanish (sort of). A field trip to Galicia yielded dozens of recipes for tapas, casseroles, soups, and flatbreads, all of which undergo subtle and delicious transformation in the chef's inventive hands. To wit: bocarones in escabeche with almond-crusted queso de cabra, crispy anchovies wrapped in sage leaves, and churros with warm chocolate dipping sauce for dessert. Much more radical is the conversion of the old Parlour Cafe into a seductive Iberian oasis with serrano ham hanging from beams and walls studded with enough shells to stock Sanibel Island. • 38 E. 19th St. (212-677-2233). (M)

Plate 347

We can imagine the astonished passerby's reaction: There's steak-frites in them thar hills, otherwise known as the bistro-deprived no-man's-land between Stuyvesant Square and Kips Bay. It's just what the neighborhood needed: mussels, warm goat-cheese salad, braised lamb shank, and an estimable bleu cheese burger. Bonus points: superfriendly service and a nice-sized garden. • 347 Second Ave., nr. 20th St. (212-388-0526). (I-M)

★ Quartino

All that separates this rustic Italian osteria and wine bar from the South Street Seaport is a few short blocks and one major mind-set. It's all about the good life, Italian-style, which of course involves wine, served by the mini-carafe; delectable cured meats and imported cheeses; pasta; pizza; strong espresso; and convivial conversation. But amazingly, no smoking. The owners may be Italian, but they're also (with one or two exceptions) doctors. • 21 Peck Slip (212-349-4433). (I-M)

Red Bar

This popular Southampton-spawned canteen, where the potted palms cast soothing and romantic Rick's Café-like shadows, launched on the Upper East Side with caviar dreams and a $34 rack of lamb. Since then, it's wisely (and perhaps involuntarily) instituted a seriously philanthropic $25 prix fixe, but if you're not pinching pennies, there's still lots of modish and flavorful food to choose from, like fabulous endive salad with Stilton, pears, and hazelnuts; tremulous grilled Atlantic salmon with truffled celery-root purée; and pan-roasted wild striped bass in a fines herbes vinaigrette. • 339 E. 75th St. (212-472-7577). (E)

★ Rose Water

Chef-partner Neil O'Malley used to work at Oznot's Dish in Williamsburg, and it shows in his meze platter and lamb brik. But his tenure at Savoy, where he met partner John Tucker, is equally conspicuous. The menu's seasonal fixation guarantees a harvest of white-lightning corn and heirloom tomatoes in the summer. But the careful service, Brooklyn-mellow ambience, and sublime breaded pork chops are good year-round. • 787 Union St., Brooklyn (718-783-3800). (M)

Rothmann's Steakhouse & Grill
Chef Robert Dickert, an alumnus of Bobby Van's and Roslyn's Bryant & Cooper, might have a genetically predisposed way with dry-aged beefsteak—his grandmother was Peter Luger's niece. He carries on the family tradition with a $132 porterhouse for four. And he breaks it too with "Asian fried calamari" and something called West Coast chicken. • 3 E. 54th St. (212-319-5500). (E)

☆ Sandro's
Though neither as ingenious as Babbo nor as familiar as Baldoria, Sandro's cooks the kind of forthright, robust Italian food you wish you knew how to make in your own home. In a room as basic as his flavors are direct, bucatini amatriciana resonates, snapper satiates, lemon pasta invigorates, and the fried artichokes tickle at least two senses. • 200 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (212-633-8033). (M)

★ Scotch Bonnet Jamaican Gourmet
Dawn D'Aguilar graduated from a pair of Wall Street lunch carts to this underlit, bare-bones garment-district joint, where Bob Marley's on a muted video loop, Steel Pulse is on the sound system, and the powerful flavors of Jamaica emanate from the (sometimes plodding) kitchen. "Cha-cha" chicken, tender morsels of hacked meat, are swaddled in a mildly spicy sauce studded with pineapples and onion; crispy codfish fritters come with a fiery dip so popular D'Aguilar's planning to bottle it. And truly spectacular homemade drinks (subtle sorrel, frothily sweet soursop, and bitter mauby among them) soothe the slow burn. • 32 W. 31st St. (212-594-7575). (I–M)

★ Strip House
The Glazier Group and chef David Walzog, the same team responsible for Tapika, Michael Jordan's, and our slightly lower life expectancy, take a Gallic approach to the New York steakhouse menu with starters like a five-ounce foie gras torchon and sides like goose-fat potatoes and truffled cream spinach. (Try ordering that at Gallagher's.) Meanwhile, designer David Rockwell has given the former Asti's space a saucy new look to go with its naughty new name. • 13 E. 12th St. (212-328-0000). (M–E)

Tappo
The menu says "baby," but this is a big baby octopus, all in one piece, brilliantly caramelized and meltingly tender, a triumph. It's just one of the mostly oversize Mediterranean appetizers, best followed by a pasta from the list of daily specials—sensational maltagliati with Genovese ragù, or luscious spinach-and-ricotta raviolini in a fresh tomato sauce—and then perhaps a grilled sirloin with arugula and Parmesan for the table to share in this romantically dim flea market of a room. (Yes, a lot of the furniture is for sale.) • 403 E. 12th St. (212-505-0001). (M)

★ Todd English's Olives NY
Chef Todd English has a genius for artful, HungryMan dishes. He stuffs his pastas with delectable fillings (sweet chestnuts, shredded veal) and slathers them with creamy cheeses. He moulds cupolas of foie gras flan, builds pagodas of hanger steak, constructs pill boxes of tuna tartare with crunchy shrimps buried at the base. It's delicious, but a little overwhelming, especially if you tag on thrombotic desserts like the peppermint bombe (creamy chocolate with mint syrup inside). The cramped, frenetic space (in the lobby of the Union Square W Hotel) makes lunchtimes a more restful experience. • 201 Park Ave. So. (212-353-8345). (E)

★ Town
A delightful sensation takes over the moment you descend into Town—that all too infrequent feeling when you know you're going to be glad you came. From a front desk actually focused on you to a subterranean room aglow in plush but sleek romanticism, Town revels in being all grown up. But the restaurant's real forte is chef-owner Geoffrey Zakarian, who, eschewing gimmicks like chili peppers from around the world, prepares subtle, sophisticated dishes like tuna in ramp-and-sea-urchin sauce, and duck steak with buckwheat pilaf. • 15 W. 56th St. (212-582-4445). (M–E)

☆ Wallsé
Who knew veal goulash could be elegant? Kurt Gutenbrunner's version is an artful mound of tender meat you almost regret toppling. And though dishes like tafelspitz and wiener schnitzel seem like a culinary memoir, the guiding principle here is less goulash than Greenmarket. Local farmers supply Gutenbrunner with lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. Don't miss the quark dumplings. • 344 W. 11th St. (212-352-2300). (M–E)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Alfanoose
This spotless but otherwise nondescript falafel joint flanked by $10 discount emporiums, makes the best—and neatest—falafel sandwich in town. Co-owner Mouhamad Shami meticulously rolls his expertly seasoned falafel and fresh condiments in an unusually thin and pliant pita, like a burrito, so that all the harmonious components merge in every bite. It's also a great source for Middle Eastern appetizers, flatbreads as well as suberb lamb or vegetarian kibbeh. • 150 Fulton St. (212-349-3622). (I)

★ City Hall
Chef-owner Henry Meer may be imagineering Old New York, with back-lit photos of bygone street life, but he can't help refining it, too. The triple-tier "Chrysler" shellfish highrise is global gluttony via the jet stream. Chesapeake she-crab soup is creamy perfection. But go for the marvelous double steak on the bone, a behemoth served stunningly rare. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777). (M–E)

Clay
A small, sleek space filled with a stylish, young NoLIta crowd as crazy about the soju-litchi martinis as they are about the interpretive Korean dishes, including bibimbop, seafood pajun, and smoked tea duck. • 202 Mott St. (212-625-1105). (M)

Ecco
Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classically prepared pastas, veal chops, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. • 124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M)

Gigino Trattoria
The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and inventive peasant food attract a loyal neighborhood following. • 323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M)

The Greatest Bar on Earth
This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and, of course, tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M)

★ Next Door Nobu
Set in a stunningly clever David Rockwell–designed room as homespun as it is elegant, Nobu Matsuhisa's simpler version of his South American-flecked Asian cooking matches its décor by making Nobu's genius even more accessible. The only thing we'd change is the no-reservations policy. Come early, come late, come on Monday. Come Saturday, if you're nuts. • 105 Hudson St. (212-334-4445). (M–E)

★ Peasant
Peasant is exactly right. From its stunningly backlit brick-walled kitchen that features only open-fire cooking to its incredibly appealing Tuscan menu, chef-owner Frank De Carlo has reason to bust his buttons every night, and you have almost too many reasons to undo a couple of yours. And thanks to some recent soundproofing, you no longer need to shout to get your share of impeccably al dente pastas, and meltingly tender osso buco in a risottolike nest of farro. • 194 Elizabeth St. (212-965-9511). (M)

☆ Vine
It will take a lot of duck confit with sweet-potato hash to make a village in the canyons of Wall Street. But the bold pioneers at Vine are game to gamble. Their bull-market menu is big on seafood like lobster pan roast with corn fritters and coconut-curried grilled shrimp. There's a quick-service café and grocery next door, and private party space (plus extra lunch seating) downstairs in what used to be, and still resembles, bank vaults. • 25 Broad St. (212-344-8463). (E)

★ Wild Blue
It sounds like a bar right outside the NASA compound, but in fact it's an intimate, upretentious room that doesn't try to compete with the famous view. Chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steak house in side dishes like creamed spinach and butternut-squash hash. Don't wait for a special occasion to take the 107-flight elevator ride. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E)

Windows on the World
Yes, tourists love it. But Michael Lomonaco's sophisticated American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs and lobster potpie with truffle cream manages to steal some attention away from the main attraction, that spectacular view of Manhattan Island. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E)

Below 14th Street, East

★ BondSt
The crowd is too cool, the rooms too cozy, the waiters way too pretty. No way is this anywhere you're going to get chirashi worth much more than a can of Bumble Bee. Boy, are you about to be surprised. With food this fresh, original, and vibrantly spiced, the kitchen can easily take on most traditional midtown sushi houses and wouldn't have to walk out of a room backwards if Nobu's troops were in attendance. • 6 Bond St. (212-777-2500). (M–E)

Osso Buco
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ Prune
There's not a wrinkled plum in sight at this American bistro. But chef Gabrielle Hamilton's childhood nickname indicates the sort of unpretentious home cooking at which she excels, a grab bag of eccentric, multicultural influences that is, at heart, American—as any place whose quirky bar menu includes Triscuits alongside serrano ham with fresh figs must be. Minus the traditional categories for appetizers, main courses, and sides, the menu gives as prominent placement to vegetables like creamed corn and roasted beets as to the more entrée-ish capon on a savory garlic crouton, or the pastrami duck breast with a rye-flavored, fried-shallot omelet. • 54 E. 1st St. (212-677-6221). (M)

Below 14th Street, West

★ Blue Hill
Alex Urena's seasonal American menu draws on his cooking tour of France and Spain, which is where he picked up the haute habit of garnishing food with foam (to wit: a delicious asparagus soup with Parmesan froth). But despite a certain culinary trendiness, the atmosphere couldn't be more congenial or the service less pretentious. The room is pretty, too, comfortable and sophisticated, and the three-sided limestone bar accommodates diners and drinkers alike. • 75 Washington Pl. (212-539-1776). (M–E)

★ Do Hwa
Jenny Kwak and her mother Myung Ja try to familiarize diners with their home-style Korean cooking with family-style dinners for four, as well as various combinations of dumplings, spicy pancakes, stews, sautés, and the barbecue dishes that provide all the drama. If you're a do-it-yourself type, request a table with a built-in grill. • 55 Carmine St. (212-414-1224). (M)

★ Meigas
The décor is a little goofy and the location, on Hudson Street, in the Siberia of West SoHo, is a bust. But chef Luis Bollos's kitchen produces the best Spanish cuisine (Galician, actually) in town. In his hands, hefty dishes like braised oxtail croquettes and roast suckling pig appear light, almost candied. His gazpacho—a light confection, loaded with Maine lobster—makes the usual approximations of this dish look like crankcase oil. Trendy Iberian jellies and foams are mostly relegated to dessert, of which a wondrous chocolate layer ganache is best. • 350 Hudson St. (212-627-5800). (M-E)

★ Peanut Butter & Co.
Smooth or chunky is only the beginning: Savor the sticky stuff 21 different ways at this kitschy café, where you're transported back to elementary school with one bite of "ants on a log," celery sticks slathered with the peanut butter of your choice and studded with raisins. Request your Elvis (grilled peanut butter, banana, honey, bacon) on whole wheat if you must, though we're certain the King would disapprove. There must be a mom in the kitchen; sandwiches come with chips and carrot sticks, and they'll even cut off the crusts for you. • 240 Sullivan St. (212-677-3995). (I-M)

Tio Pepe
A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. • 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I-M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva
Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sophisticated American bistro owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Terrance Cave's unfussy food is all very twentieth-century: grilled hanger steak, pan-seared salmon, mussels in saffron broth, and a portabello mushroom burger. • 36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M-E)

Bambou
A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

★ Bolo
Spanish food doesn't possess the big flavors that have attracted so many Americans to southwestern fare, but chef Bobby Flay has the audacity to inject some and the skill to make it work. In an unfortunate room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, items as modest-sounding as baby clams steamed in green-onion broth, tuna brushed with honey, and paella with saffron rice exhibit pure bravado. • 23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E)

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel
Commuters and business travelers can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal from the French-influenced American menu. • 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M-E)

Commune
If you're envisioning a vegan paradise of skinny hippies in millet-dusted overalls, think again. In fact, think dark, loud, and populated by a scantily clad clientele that tends to congregate around the onyx bar and communal table. Co-owner Matthew Kenney takes the same comfort-food tack as at his other downtown hot spot, Canteen, except here the macaroni and cheese is truffled. • 12 E. 22nd St. (212-777-2600). (M)

★ Cosette
Everything about this humble 30-seat restaurant is unswervingly Gallic, from the Côtes du Rhône table red to the menu (a Gruyère-crusted brandade de morue, rich onion soup, flaky pissaladière, textbook juicy steak-frites). Everything, that is, except for the host's friendly manner and the West African chef. Cosette is exactly what every neighborhood should be lucky enough to have: an affordable French bistro with consistently well-executed food and a comfortable, low-key atmosphere. • 163 E. 33rd St. (212-889-5489). (M)

Meli Melo
This cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy and rack of lamb with couscous. • 110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M)

Metronome
This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with roasted ricotta salata, and ribeye of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

Mi
A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. • 66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M-E)

★ Patria
Spicy Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room is bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. And you won't find a Cuban sandwich like this anywhere else in New York. Or Havana, for that matter. • 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (E)

★ Tabla
It's diminishing to categorize Floyd Cardoz's clean Goan-spiced Maine crab cake or his exquisite pairing of seared foie gras with a black-pepper-and-pear compote as nouvelle Delhi; he's gone and forged a deliriously satisfying union of this country's produce with the strong, heady spices and bewitchingly pungent condiments of his homeland. A less expensive menu at the Bread Bar downstairs aspires less to break new ground than to rekindle old taste memories—specifically Cardoz's, including his mom's recipe for beef assad, otherwise known as "Indian pot roast." • 11 Madison Ave. (212-889-0667). (M-E)

Tavaru
With a tropical theme, finger foods like spicy coconut shrimp and an exotic name (after an isle in Fiji), the island of Manhattan may seem far away. Dancing till four and nibbling on the signature andouille-topped pizza will also make you feel the heat. • 192 Third Ave. (212-471-9807). (I-M)

★ Veritas
Does the wine list make the restaurant? Luckily, if you've got a chef like Scott Bryan whipping up arctic-char carpaccio with warm fingerling potato salad and a sublime, marrow-and-wine-fortified fillet of beef, it doesn't have to. His elegant American fare ($68 prix fixe only) perfectly complements the massive cellar, a joint obsession of the owners, who seem to take intense pleasure in sharing their private collection with the paying public. • 43 E. 20th St. (212-353-3700). (E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

★ AZ
If you think pan-Asian fusion is so last decade, make haste to the Flatiron triplex that used to be Flowers, remade with a glass elevator and retractable roof and now home to chef Patricia Yeo and her inspired culinary inventions. What works? A trio of sensational chutneys on Indian flatbread, and lapsang souchon–smoked quail with scallion pancakes, for starters. A street-level lounge caters to lighter appetites. • 21 W. 17th St. (212-691-8888). (E)

Diabla
Appetizers to be eaten tapas-style and entrées like herb-crusted scallops with grilled-vegetable tamales and sage-and-lime roast pork with chiles rellenos draw a neighborhood crowd to this Chelsea Mexican restaurant. • 202 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (646-638-1111). (M)

Hush
Part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu noshes like Peking-duck pizza and corn-meal-fried shrimp with braised Swiss chard, served in shareable portions. • 17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I-M)

Ohm
An all-in-one entertainment center offering dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an eclectic menu including sesame chicken tenders, Black Angus steak, and grilled salmon

Opening

Chicken Run

Upper East Side fans of juicy, complexly spiced Peruvian rotisserie chicken who mourned the recent closing of El Pollo have reason to raise their Pisco sours once again. The team behind the Queens-based chicken chainlet **Pio Pio** has moved into the old El Pollo space and brought its own secret spice-rub recipe. The super-savory birds can be purchased alone or in platters like the "matador combo," which feeds two, maybe three, and includes a whole chicken, rice and beans, avocado salad (more salad than avocado), pale french fries topped with sliced frankfurters (a Lima street-food specialty), and fried green plantains—all for $28, remarkably only two bucks more than you'd pay at the two Queens branches. (1746 First Avenue, near 91st Street; 212-426-5800.)

Photograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

with lemon-caper beurre blanc. • 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E)

☆ Periyali
This is the restaurant that first made diners aware that there was more to Greek food than a leg of lamb on a vertical spit. Periyali took the plates away from Zorba and set them down in a room that exudes the quiet whitewashed, salt-air scented charm of mornings in Mykonos. And while other places have reduced the novelty of combining bouzouki music and class, Periyali's succulent baby chicken, unfussily grilled fish, and uncommonly light moussaka can still surprise and beguile with their cultivated polish. • 35 W. 20th St. (212-463-7890). (M–E)

★ The Red Cat
Not every artist is starving, and the ones with bank accounts and hearty appetites would do well to make this their home away from home among the West Chelsea galleries. Hanging lanterns, barn siding, and artwork contribute to the funky décor, and the bar is the roomy, welcoming sort that solo diners find appealing. It's hard to find a clunker on the Med-American menu. The quick saute of zucchini with toasted almonds is something your mother would never have imagined—a vegetable that could spoil your appetite. • 227 Tenth Ave., nr. 23rd St. (212-242-1122). (M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises
Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro
A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. • 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M)

Coldwaters
Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood—steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops—in a casual atmosphere. Every dinner comes with garlic bread and all the salad you can eat, nearly anytime you want to. Brunch is served daily, and the kitchen stays open until 3 A.M. • 988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (212-888-2122). (M)

★ Della Femina
It might be easier to score a table here than at the infamous ad man's East Hampton address, but don't read too much into that: the souped-up seasonal American menu tastes just as good in the 212 area code. There's a little country and a little city in his cold corn soup with black truffle coulis, and Dover sole "fish sticks" with a caviar remoulade. And you can almost smell Georgica beach in the lobster roll. • 131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (E)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante
Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

La Mangeoire
A bit of Provence in midtown. This rustic French country restaurant featuring hearty fare like Mediterranean fish soup with rouille and rabbit fricassé in a mustard tarragon sauce is a boon for a neighborhood otherwise lacking in savoir fare. • 1008 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (212-759-7086). (M)

The Leopard
This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. • 253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E)

☆ Lutèce
Well, it's definitely not André Soltner's Lutèce anymore. Brace for a $72 prix fixe and $135 tasting. Would you believe sautéed foie gras slathered with chocolate sauce? David Féau (late the executive chef at Guy Savoy, a Paris two-star) makes a stronger statement with his brilliant "Black and White" scallops and the complex black cod with exotic spices. You can taste the essence of roasted lobster shells in the truffled stock of his lobster consommé. Strawberries and blueberries "chaud and froid" surprise the mouth. As do gossamer baby macaroons and buttery palmiers, still warm from the oven. Just like André's. Remember? • 249 E. 50th St. (212-752-2225). (E)

★ Maloney & Porcelli
Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstriped bankers and big, big hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep enough into it to hide the blade—and the welcoming, unstiff service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

★ Métrazur
Given the location and prime people-watching potential, we'd happily munch Cheez-its on Grand Central Terminal's spectacularly restored East Balcony. Thanks to Charlie Palmer and his seasonal American menu, we don't have to. Instead, there's white-bean flatbread, raw shellfish platters, and fire-roasted lobster, with views of both the open kitchen and the star-studded ceiling. • Grand Central Terminal (212-687-4600). (M–E)

Monkey Bar
Many talented chefs have made their way through this revolving door of a kitchen, which, in its latest incarnation, has taken on a distinctly Asian accent that's reflected even in house classics like baked Alaska, rendered exotically Eastern with yuzu and litchi sorbet. Thankfully, David Rockwell's swanky design and the monkey-muraled bar remain unchanged, and plushly comfortable in an Old New York way. • 60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E)

Montebello
Upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. • 120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M)

Nino's Positano
An upscale Italian restaurant specializing in food from the southern regions, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

★ Oyster Bar
Unperturbed by the arriviste competition in the food court next door, the jewel of the pre-renovation Terminal continues to serve superlative pan roasts and clam chowders, and an overwhelming assortment of East and West Coast oysters. The sprawling subterranean space has the hustle-bustle feel of a cafeteria, which its snaking counters resemble, but don't be fooled—you pay for the privilege of eating under that vaulted tile ceiling. • Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M–E)

★ Peacock Alley
In this cushioned cocoon of a dining room off the lobby of the Waldorf Astoria, chef Laurent Gras—a disciple of Alain Ducasse—offers diners a chance to mix and match bite-size "courses" chosen from categories like Ocean and River, Field and Forest, and Farm. Or put yourself entirely in his hands with the seven-course "tête à tête" menu, each streamlined dish composed of just two ingredients achieving, in Gras's words, a "single clean note." • 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E)

Smith & Wollensky
Urban cowboys herd together between deals over big steaks with outsize knives to match (for sale, of course) at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations from the chef at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M–E)

Tropica
Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the conch chowder and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves some of the most imaginative Caribbean-inspired seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. • 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M–E)

Opening

There's Rigatoni in Them Thar Hills

"We took this space in August, before Clinton said he was coming here," says Luigi Iasilli, a partner in **Max SoHa**, the charming new Harlem offshoot of Max, the perennially cramped East Village Italian trattoria. Not that anyone's calling him a Luigi-come-lately: There isn't, after all, an abundance of hearty rigatoni al ragù Napoletano (with meatballs and Italian sausage), toasted garlic bread with anchovies, or osso buco served over risotto in this hilly Morningside Heights neighborhood. So when the tall, Italian-accented waiter gets around to dessert and tells you that Max's is the best tiramisu around, you can take his word for it. (1274 Amsterdam Avenue, at 123rd Street; 212-531-2221.)

Photograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

Villard Bar and Lounge

Once you squeeze past the voracious stockbrokers and fashion editors comparing business cards, you'll warm up to this lavishly appointed room (like a mock-up mini-tour of Versailles) with a round of martinis, an array of foie gras prepared three ways, and a spread of Petrossian caviar. • 24 E. 51st St. (212-303-7757). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne

Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant overlooking a particularly swank stretch of Fifth Avenue. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a trio of soups), foie gras (with red-onion compote), and poached Dover sole. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

★ Aquavit

Swedish chef Marcus Samuelsson puts his own uninhibited spin on Scandinavian food, which isn't to say you won't find herring, gravlax, and Swedish meatballs on his menu. But for every expected Northern delight there's an innovation like tandoori-smoked char with goat-cheese parfait and Osetra caviar. Those who find the quasi-corporate dining room frosty can warm up with an aquavit or dine upstairs in the cozier, less expensive café. • 13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (M–E)

Ben Benson's Steak House

This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when our town's steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of prime-aged beef and steakhouse standards. And there's a canopied outdoor terrace. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Bombay Palace

This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent Indian breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

Cité

Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its popular prix fixe wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-roasted salmon "choucroute," grilled chicken merguez sausage, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual, less expensive dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E)

★ Del Frisco's

Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbanely elegant steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. Now if they can only figure out how to get their staff up to the level of their surroundings and kitchen. The place is New York landmark potential. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

★ Island Burgers and Shakes

This Hell's Kitchen storefront with a Southern California-vibe specializes in burgers and chicken sandwiches, or churascos, in countless combinations and served on great bread and with superior condiments. A blackened churasco is almost painfully spicy and needs only minor embellishment (some blue cheese, or avocado and Monterey jack) to gain admission into our sandwich hall of fame. Great malteds douse the flames. • 766 Ninth Ave., nr. 51st St. (212-307-7394). (I) ($)

La Veranda

Northern Italian food. A popular theater district spot offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta and brunch on weekends. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. • 163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M)

★ Local

If your idea of Theater District dining is a lackluster prix fixe, this stylish newcomer and its focused, flavorful cooking will open your eyes—and with entrées venturing into the mid-$30s range—your wallet. Previously seen stirring the pots for Ron Perelman, chef Franklin Becker has the knack. We're particularly fond of his Vidalia-onion-and-black-olive tart, and knockout sea scallops riding a crab cake. • 224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E)

Martini's

Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

Palio

Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous ground-floor muraled bar depicting the Palio race and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like sliced hen pheasant on salad with white truffles, and monkfish ravioli with asparagus and fresh tomato. Jacket required. • 151 W. 51st St. (212-245-4850). (E)

Randolph's

Housed in the Warwick Hotel—which William Randolph Hearst built for his mistress, Marion Davies—this cozy restaurant and lounge has a lush, old-world feel and an eclectic menu of international snacks and entrées, from dim sum to a filet mignon sandwich. • 65 W. 54th St. (212-247-2700). (M–E)

★ Thalia

The striking interior may not prepare you for the simplicity of this theater-district restaurant's preparations. Nevertheless, grilled black sea bass in a lobster creme, honey-cured salmon in puff pastry with whipped dill creme fraîche and lamb with peach-mango chutney are not plats du jour at Beefsteak Charlie's. Then again, roast chicken with mashed potatoes and steak-frites sound just right after marching in your seat to *The Music Man*. • 828 Eighth Ave. (212-399-4444). (M–E)

Trattoria Dopo Teatro

Famous for its signature open ravioli of lobster and lamb, the menu also offers an across-the-board selection of regional Italian specialties like braised baby octopus with red peppers and onions and tagliolini with lemon zest and vodka. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded connoisseurs, and private parties can pursue their passions in the wine room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

'21' Club

You no longer need to wear a necktie at lunch, and chef Erik Blauberg has slightly modernized the country-club-classic menu— try the foie gras with black mission figs and pomegranate and the crispy black sea bass with champagne sauce. But the tablecloths at this famous Prohibition-era speakeasy are still red and white, toys still hang from the ceiling, Nixon's wine is still in the vaults, and, in spite of the lunchtime dress code, the crowd here doesn't have anything against neckties. • 21 W. 52nd St. (212-582-7200). (E)

Utsav Festive India

The bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level while the contemporary dining room is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch buffet costs only $12.95, and à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

57th–60th Streets

★ Atlas

Each dish has a litany of preparations, and every single impressive yet complicated one of them gets explained to the diner. Chef Paul Liebrandt's food—marinated eels with watermelon, tagliatelle with cepes, and tuna with mini green-apple strudels—exhibits remarkable invention, though some dishes could use more restraint. All the house is missing is the confidence to let its guests sit back and observe Atlas's enjoyable qualities for themselves. • 40 Central Park So. (212-759-9191). (M–E)

The Manhattan Ocean Club

Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish with a check mark indicating availability. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

★ Norma's

Anyone who equates French toast or biscuits with Mom and unconditional love might agree that the Parker Meridien's spiffy Norma's, with its exuberant all-day breakfast, is worthy of the Nobel Peace Prize. Pancakes by a mom on Prozac. Complimentary fruit-smoothie shots and a duo of croissants oozing smoked-salmon-flecked scrambled eggs. If there really can be too much of a good thing, then breakfast here ought to be against the law. • 118 W. 57th St. (212-708-7460). (M)

★ Shelly's New York

The latest restaurant Shelly Fireman has created in his own image inhabits the space that was originally an Art Deco–era Horn & Hardart Automat. Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

★ Aureole

Charles Palmer is the kind of chef Americans love. Nothing precious, nothing stagy, nothing he wants to teach you. With the help of a staff as high-buttoned and on their toes as the original crew of the Enterprise, he brings you your favorite foods prepared with big flavors in comforting combinations. Lobster-and-sweet-pea ravioli. Sirloin of beef and red-wine-braised short rib. There's no question—you want to dive into this man's saucepans. • 34 E. 61st St. (212-319-1660). (E)

The Boathouse in Central Park

Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass in a warm citrus vinaigrette. • E. 72nd St. and ParkDrive N. (212-517-2233). (M–E)

★ Cafe Boulud

Most chefs have one menu to worry about. At Daniel Boulud's beige-on-beige bistro, Andrew Carmellini has four. For "Le Voyage," he globe-trots wherever his taste buds take him, from Vietnam to New Orleans. Mixing and matching is encouraged, so there's no reason why you can't begin with fresh- and smoked-salmon latkes from "La Saison," segue into potato-crusted sea bass from "La Tradition," and conclude with a warm fig tart from the menu called "Le Potager," nirvana for the vegetarian gourmet. • 20 East 76th Street (212-772-2600). (E)

★ Cello

Every appointment (Bernaudaud dishes, monochromatic flowers, and almost reflective mahogany walls) serves as an elegant yet unobtrusive backdrop for the whisper-light delicacies that emerge from chef Laurent Tourondel's kitchen. Rougets glistening like bloodstones in a raw tomato sauce. Turbot that melts like cotton candy. Lamb as velvety as foie gras. And frozen crême bruleé that must have the Häagen-Dazs people turning like dervishes. Cello also has the most beautiful new private dining room in town. • 53 E. 77th St. (212-517-1200). (E)

Etou

"Fusion is indefeasible" reads the motto printed on Etou's menu. To support their thesis, the kitchen dabbles in Thai spices, Mexican chiles, even mozzarella cheese to jazz up otherwise traditionally prepared

Japanese dishes. • 1420 Third Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-249-0738). (M)

Mark's

Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka-worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

Nino's

Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Park Avenue Cafe

A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper and a fabulous swordfish chop. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

★ Payard Patisserie & Bistro

You'll never shiver and blush the way Francois Payard's Nôtre Dame, Fontainbleau, St.-Honoré, or devilish chocolate tart make you when they hijack your taste buds to a place they've never been and will forever yearn to return. If all this sweetness weren't enough, Payard's chef Philippe Bertineau concocts first and second courses that match François's touted thirds. • 1032 Lexington Ave., nr. 73rd St. (212-717-5252). (M–E)

★ The Post House

How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a collection of Americana spiced up with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

Sel & Poivre

Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. • 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M)

Trata

With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upper East Side restaurant offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bello Giardino

As the name implies, this pleasingly priced neighborhood Italian has a nice garden and a friendly staff serving well-prepared standards. Try the lobster ravioli and the gnocchi with portobello mushrooms and goat cheese. • 71 West 71st St. (212-875-1512). (I–M) ($)

★ Jean Georges

Are you ready for an amazing evening that is not about you? Nothing and no one at Jean Georges steals center stage from the wondrous creations of its extraordinary chef, Jean-Georges Vongerichten. If you're okay with such divine supplication, prepare to be open-mouthed whenever you're not chewing. Nothing you encounter will fail to dazzle, from the simplest dish of asparagus and morels au jus to the unexpected combo of sweetbreads en cocotte with ginger and licorice. • 1 Central Park West (212-299-3900). (E)

★ Ruby Foo's

In what might be Auntie Mame's duplex during her high mah-jongg period, the black-bean sauce is vibrant and the wok steamed lobster is worth its weight in jade. And regardless of where you sit, you have to walk down the Mamescent staircase at least once. Screaming "Live! Live! Live!" is optional. • 2182 Broadway, at 77th St. (212-724-6700). (M)

Sabor

As the abiding popularity of tapas proves, grazing never goes out of style. Customize a tiered tray of pan-Latino nibbles like shrimp empanaditas, octopus salad, smoked-chicken croquettes, and tuna seviche and watch the Upper West Side roll by, in all its dog-walking, stroller-pushing glory. • 462 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-579-2929). (I–M)

Sapphire Indian Cuisine

A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. • 1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M)

★ Sylvia's

Though it's lost few if any acolytes, Sylvia's is hardly a Harlem hangout anymore. On any given night, you can find more Columbia students there than you can in study hall, not to mention Asian tourists by the busload. Still, that hasn't changed Her Majesty's covenant by one black-eyed pea. The hot ribs still fall right off the bone. Pork chops induce finger-licking. And desserts like rum cake and coconut cake are deliriously good. • 328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I)

Brooklyn

Nick's Lobster

This is the kind of family-style restaurant you'd expect to find in Maine or Montauk, not downstream from the Kings Plaza shopping center in southeastern Brooklyn. In good weather, dine on the canopied deck, which overlooks Mill Basin, and order lobster with corn and steak fries off the no-frills seafood menu, and a pitcher of Miller. Sit as close to the railing (and as far from Flatbush Avenue) as possible, and contemplate the coastal quiet—at least until the next Jet-Skier comes blasting by. • 2777 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn (718-253-7117). (I–M)

Queens

★ La Flor Bakery and Cafe

A wonderful neighborhood resource, this cozy Woodside café has two mouthwatering pastry displays, one stocked with Mexican rolls and buns, the other brimming with sour-cream coffee cake and cranberry scones. If breakfast is an embarrassment of riches, lunch and dinner are equally, intriguingly bicultural. The Mexican chef cooks food from his Puebla past (*tortas, tacos, and quesadillas*) and his New York present (pan-roasted salmon in a spinach-caper sauce, say), and nothing—even, incredibly, the steak au poivre—costs more than $10.95. • 53-02 Roosevelt Ave. (718-426-8023). (I)

Water's Edge

Even if the voyage lasts just fifteen minutes, as the one does from East 34th Street to Long Island City, the ferry ride feels like an instant vacation. This one happens to be free if you're having dinner at this quiet, elegant space where every table has a view of Manhattan. Lively French-American fare like Maine-lobster soufflé and seared Copper River salmon with chanterelles and tarragon jus vie with the view for your attention. • 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E)

Westchester

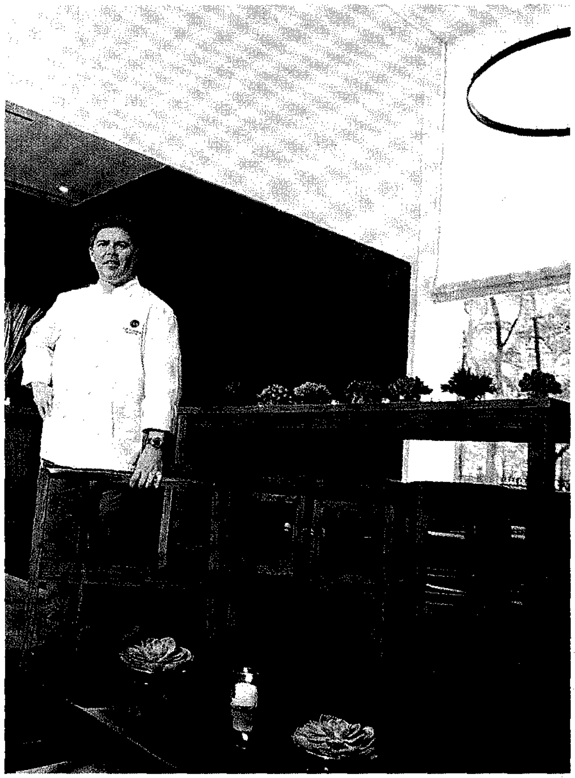
Equus

No ordinary hotel restaurant, this one is housed within a hundred-year-old castle called, appropriately enough, the Castle at Tarrytown, a Relais & Châteaux property with Hudson River views. Dinner is a $58 prix fixe, and offers such contemporary French fare as terrine of foie gras with Calvados, pan-roasted wild striped bass with corn ravioli, and medallions of venison with red cabbage and root-vegetable cakes. Jacket required. • 400 Benedict Ave. (914-631-1980). (E)

Opening

Park Plates

After spending six years competing with the view at the River Cafe, chef Rick Laakkonen (pictured) is understandably sensitive about calling his new place, Ilo, a hotel restaurant—just another boutique amenity lumped in with the 70-seat screening room and 24-hour butler service at Philip Pilevsky's new Bryant Park hotel. But with such daringly original food as seared-chicken-liver-and-tapioca pansotti, and charred filet of pork with lacquered bacon and tamarind essence—not to mention a seven-course beef bonanza called "For Beef Lovers Only"—it's clear that Laakkonen is determined to make his kitchen the uncontested draw. (40 West 40th Street; 212-642-2255.)



Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Performance

Heard This Beat Before?

His music is an almost limitless source of samples, tapped and tapped again by hip-hoppers and dance-music producers looking for that perfect beat. But jazz keyboardist **Bob James** (pictured) is nowhere near as well known as much-sampled peers like James Brown, Curtis Mayfield, and Parliament-Funkadelic. After all, who but hip-hop tastemakers know that James's "Mardi Gras" provided the clanging percussiveness of RUN-DMC's "Peter Piper," that his "Nautilus" gave Ghostface Killah's "Daytona 500" its dark, sinister groove, or that several of his compositions are included on the legendary breakbeat collections *Super Disco Brakes* "I'd always known that some of my pieces were used as samples, because that became such a good source of extra publishing income," James says. "But after I began to get more than a dozen requests for samples every year, I thought, *Why not check out what they're doing?*" The mellow, jazz-fusion-leaning 61-year-old was surprised to find that "many of the artists weren't interpreting the work in a traditional way; they were taking small rhythmic chunks and manipulating them to make a whole new piece." Earlier this year, a New York composer named Milan Simitch presented James (who is signed to Warner Bros. and who records with the group Fourplay) with an intriguing offer: Collaborate with D.J. Rob Swift on a piece written for keyboards *and* turntables. "I wondered whether it'd be awkward, because we come from different generations," James says, "but there was a lot that we had in common—we had a lot of the same instincts." The unlikely pair will perform that composition, "Turntablessence," live at the Knitting Factory on June 5, and they've gotten along so well that James is hoping Swift will make a guest appearance on his next album. "I'm very anxious to keep working with him," James says. "I think we've crossed a very great hurdle, and there's no going back." E.B.

Concerts

Kenny Wayne Shepherd
6/5 at 7:30. • Beacon Theatre, 74th St. and Broadway (212-307-7171). $42.50–$32.50.

"Loser's Lounge" presents: A Tribute to Paul Williams
6/7–6/9 at 8. 6/15–6/16 at 8. • The Westbeth Theatre Centre, bet. Washington St. and West Side Highway (212-741-0391). $20.

Lucinda Williams
6/6 at 7:30. • Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $25.

'N Sync
With Dream. 6/5 at 7:30. • Giants Stadium (212-307-7117). $29.50–$75.50.

Oasis; Black Crowes
6/7 at 8. • Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (212-307-7171). $45.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
6/4: Walter Trout. 6/5: Chuck Negron. 6/6: Leo Kotke. 6/7: Larry Carlton and Steve Lukather. 6/8–6/9: John Entwistle Band. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
6/4: Asylum Street Spankers; Rev. Billy C. Wirtz. 6/5: The Bobs. 6/6: Rhonda Vincent and the Rage; James Dreams and the Barnstormers. 6/7: Soul Farm; Paul Pena. 6/8: Ellis Paul; Mary Fahl. 6/9: "Required Listening" with Merrie Amsterburg; Chad; Eric Stuart Band. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
6/5: The Apex Theory. 6/6: Smog. 6/8–6/9: Los Amigos Invisibles. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Fez
Thursdays: Mingus Band Band. 6/5: "Toyota Comedy Festival" presents: Janeane Garofalo. 6/6: David Poe; Morgan Taylor. 6/8: David Poe; Hub Moore. 6/9: Dusty Springfield Tribute; Kiki & Herb: "Stop, Drop & Roll." 6/10: Kiki & Herb: "Stop, Drop & Roll"; Daniel Cartier: "Wide Outside." 6/11: "Broadway Underground" with Anthony Rapp. • Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Irving Plaza
6/7: Soul Brains. 6/9: The Bouncing Souls. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Downtown Rock and Roll" with ever-present spinner Paul Sevigny. Tuesdays: Hip-hop and R&B with D.J. Rich Medina at "One." Wednesdays: The world-beat-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. Kamala. Thursdays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Fridays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Saturdays: "Hideaway" with Kiki and Unik. Sundays through June and July: The Howard Fishman Quartet. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
6/4: Vortex; Michael Attias Sextet; Ralph Alessi and Modular Theatre; Erik Jekabson; Silent Bear; Fer Isella & Makanudos. 6/5: Bob James with Rob Swift. 6/6: Flicker Film Festival; Joseph Arthur. 6/7: Erik Truffaz; Skeleton Key; Arab on Radar. 6/8: The Delta 72; Need New Body. 6/10: Ori Kaplan Band. 6/11: Pinehurst Kids; VPN. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
Sundays in June: Jazz brunch with Doug Wamble Duo. Wednesdays in June and July: Lounge night with Norah Jones Quartet. 6/4: Peter Himmelman. 6/5: David Broza; Dimitri Ehrlich. 6/7: Susan Werner; Teddy Goldstein. 6/9: Groove. • 35 West 67 St. (212-601-1000)

Manitoba's
Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Fridays: Adam Roth. Tuesdays: "Popcorn Tuesdays." 6/6: Haloes; Voodoo Train. 6/7: The New York Sheiks. 6/9: Lancaster County Prison. 6/10: David Newbould. • 99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).

Maxwell's
6/6: The Faint. 6/9: The Clientele. 6/10: Drums & Tuba; Lucy Kaplansky. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
6/5: Blood Oranges. 6/8: Of Montreal; Summer Hymns. 6/9: Paul Ruderman; Metuselah Jones; Mike Errico. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

Rodeo Bar
6/5: Sleep Labeef. 6/6–6/7: The Great Divide. 6/8: The Niagaras. 6/9: Rockabilly Meltdown. 6/10: The Moonlighters. 6/11: Western Caravan. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).

S.O.B.'s
6/4: Grupo Niche. 6/5: "Massive B"; Bushman. 6/6: Los Hombres Calientes. 6/7: Basement Bhangra presents: "Your Attention Please" with Madhav Chari and friends. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

The Village Underground
Former Tramps booker Steve Weitzman brings his eclectic sensibility to a new smoke-free club in the West Village. 6/5–6/7: Patti Smith. 6/8: Amy Rigby. 6/9: Levellers. 6/11: Tommy Malone Band. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

Tribeca Blues
6/7: Tony Trischka. 6/8: The Electrix. • 16 Warren St. (212-766-1070).

Wetlands
6/4: Juliana Theory. 6/5: Jason Crosby and Friends.

Photograph by Nicky J. Sims/Retna.

6/8–6/9: Fishbone. 6/10: E Town Concrete. • 161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.

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Caracas Muchachos

Though they fall into that unfortunate "world music" category, there's nothing precious about the Venezuelan act **Los Amigos Invisibles** (pictured). The group gleefully shreds the boundaries between lounge music, rock, disco, and, yes, Latin music on their most recent album, *Arepa 3000: A Venezuelan Journey Into Space*. And that extraterrestrial-sounding title is more than just a catchy bit of futurism: Live, Los Amigos—who play the Bowery Ballroom June 8 and 9—borrow much of their flight path from George Clinton's Mothership. (See "Small Stages.")

Clubs

Centro-Fly
Once dominated by the bottle-service set, Centro-Fly has now achieved a near-perfect mix of Wall Streeters with loosened ties, D.J.-bag-carrying dance-music fanatics, and track-suited deep-house heads. And the club's new downstairs area, dubbed the "Pinky Room," is both a triumph of design (three cheers for its tacky, rec-room porno feel!) and programming (D.J.'s like Artful Dodger and Dimitri from Paris have already graced its kitschy environs). Tuesdays: Promoter Noah Tepperberg's fabulous "TuesdayBabyTuesday" goes head-to-head with Spa's model-centric Tuesday party. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and big-name special guests. Fridays: "GBH" ("Great British House"), a refugee from Cheetah, makes a bid for the big room of Centro-Fly. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant"; in the Pinky Room, Chez Music honcho Neil Aline hosts "We and the Music." 6/7: Roger Sanchez; MJ Cole. 6/8: "GBH" presents: Gus Gus D.J.'s Herb Legowitz and Alfred More. 6/9: Slam. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).

Fun
This sprawling, bi-level, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese *anime*, a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. Thursdays: Cyberfetish party "Click+Drag." Fridays: Dinesh, Reid Speed, and Thom H. spin two-step garage at "Drive-By." Saturdays: The Wicked Crew and "N'Ice" D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram present "The Golden Boys." • 130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.

The Roxy
Fridays, the Roxy enlists D.J. Jason Ojeda for the relaunch of its night for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotating set of house D.J.'s now that superstar Victor Calderone has departed. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Shine
This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Thursdays: The gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent and special guests like Phil Asher and Norman Jay. Fridays: House, techno, and trance D.J.'s unite for "Touch." Saturdays: U.S. hip-hop and U.K. two-step collide at "The Empire." 5/31: Nickodemus and Osiris with special guests Nappy G and Mariano celebrating the release of *Free Souls* on Giant Step Records. • 285 West Broadway (212-941-0900).

Spa
The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive, and the crowd is thankfully not excessively chic. Spa promoter Steven Lewis maintains the kind of balance between office *zhlubs*, club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now-defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco," with new wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Super-promoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

Ground Rules

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Vinyl
The recent quality-of-life crackdowns have taken a toll on the club's once extraordinarily open vibe, but the parties—"Shelter" and "Body & Soul" in particular—continue to be strong. Fridays: Hard, trippy house from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early (before seven) or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. • 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

Jazz

Birdland
Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: from 5:30-7:30pm, David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 6/6: Stryker; Slagle Band. 6/7–6/9: Marian McPartland Trio • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note
With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 6/5–6/10: Leo Gandelman Sextet with Emilio Santiago. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cajun
A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. • 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).

City Hall
Fridays *in the Granite Room*: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. • 131 Duane Street, the corner of Church and West Broadway (212-227-7777).

Detour
With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. • 349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).

Guggenheim Museum
Fridays and Saturdays: Worldbeat Jazz with Ron Jackson and Nicki Parrott. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500). Free, with museum admission.

Iridium
In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 6/5–6/10: Mose Allison. 6/11: Les Paul 86th Birthday Celebration. • 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).

"Jazz at Noon"
Lunchtime jam sessions every Friday at the San Martin Restaurant with some of jazz's hottest players. 6/8: Vince Giordano, Dan Levinson. • 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888) or www.jazzatnoon.com.

Jazz Gallery
6/8: "Pianobility" with the Marc Cary Trio. 6/9: Pianobility" with the Vijay Iyer Quartet. 6/10: "Sundays On the River." 6/11: Frank Lacy's 14 Piece "Vibe Tribe." • 290 Hudson Street (212-242-1063). Admission to all performances is $10 per set. Reservations are recommended.

"Jazz Insights" presents: "Author! Author!"
Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 7:45-9:30. 6/5: Gary Giddins; Geoffrey C. Ward. • The New School, 55 W. 13th St. (no phone). $35.

Museum of Modern Art
Jazz performances at MOMA's "Sette MOMA" restaurant Thursday and Saturday evenings, 6 to 10. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).

Oris Presents: "The Spirit of Jazz" Series
Tuesdays in June, 12-2. 6/5: Donald Harrison Quartet. • The Tourneau Time Machine, 57th St. and Madison Ave. (no phone). Free.

Red Blazer
Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Rose Center
The Rose Center is open until 8:45 P.M. Fridays; suggested admission price is $10 for adults, $7.50 for students and seniors, $6 for children. 6/8: Ray Barretto

Photograph by Marina Chavez.

and New World Spirit. • American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100).

Showman's Café
Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. • 375 W. 125th St. (212-864-8941). $.

Small's
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St (212-929-7565).

Smoke
A great jazz lounge with low cover to boot. 6/5: Hammond B3 Organ Grooves. 6/6: Hot Pants Funk Sextet plus one. 6/7: David Berkman Trio. 6/8–6/9: A tribute to the Mighty Burner Charles Earland. 6/10: Latin Jazz. 6/11: Jam Session. • 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

The Duke Ellington Society Presents: "Ellington Uproar"
6/10 at 8. • Saint Peter's Church, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (212-330-0787). $25.

Tonic
Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 6/6: Ernst Reijseger; Jim Black. 6/7: Marc Ribot y Los Cubanos Postizos. 6/8–6/9: The Crackers. 6/10: David Krakauer; Trio 3. 6/11: Tripleplay with Ken Vandermark. 6/13: Marilyn Crispell. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Village Vanguard
Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 6/5–6/10: Leon Parker Quartet. • 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.

Tribute

They Bury Paul

Even by the standards of the seventies, **Paul Williams** (pictured) had one of the oddest careers of any singer-songwriter. The teeny pianist wrote the Carpenters' blissed-out "We've Only Just Begun," recorded the soundtrack to *The Muppets' Christmas Carol,* and scored Brian DePalma's frightful venture into musical theater, *Phantom of the Paradise*. Perhaps strangest of all, he was also a fixture on kitschy seventies TV shows like *The Love Boat* and *Fantasy Island*. So it's no surprise that the Kustard Kings, who have excavated the more outré work from the likes of Neil Diamond and the Kinks for their "Loser's Lounge" series, will tackle the Williams canon at the Westbeth Theatre Center, June 7 through 9. (See "Concerts.")

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club
Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8,10, and midnight. • 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Carolines on Broadway
In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. • 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar
A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 6/4–6/10: Colin Quinn; Tom Papa; Billy Burr; Greer Barnes; Godfrey. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Comic Strip
Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. • 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

Dangerfield's
Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 6/4–6/10: Justin McKinney; Nancy Redman; Rob Magnotti; JJ Ramirez; Brad Lowery. • 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham
A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun. New Talent Showcase; Wednesdays with Robert Klein. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover. Two-drink minimum. 6/6: "Homo Comicus" with Bob Montgomery, Jaffe Cohen, Julie Goldman, Nora Burns, Mark McCombs, Page Hurwitz, and Mark Davis. 6/8–6/9: Jim Gaffigan; Kevin Flynn; Mitch Fatel; Greg Carey. 6/10: "Black Sunday": An evening with Lewis Black. • 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

"Spin Cycle Comedy"
Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. • King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.

Stand-up New York
Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. • 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

"Toyota Comedy Festival Presents": Dave Chappelle
6/6 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, 152 W. 57th, at Seventh Ave. (212-247-7800). $30–$40.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel
The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Through 6/26: Andrea Marcovicci sings "Double Old Fashioned: The Cool World of Cocktails and Cafe Society." • 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).

Arci's Place
A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. 6/6: Keith Hermann and Alison Fraser. 6/7: Tovah Feldsuh. • 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Bill Boggs in "Our Sinatra"
Showtimes: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday at 8:00 and Friday–Saturday at 8:00; Sunday at 7:30 with Wednesday matinees at 2:30 and Sunday matinees at 3. There are no performances on Thursday. • Dillions, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200). $50–$55.

Cafe Carlyle
Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. • Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

Cafe Pierre
Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a special program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. • Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books
Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. • 156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).

Danny's Skylight Room
Through 7/1: "Blossom Dearie." • 346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).

Don't Tell Mama
What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Thursdays: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Fridays: "The Next Big Broadway Musical." Saturdays at 8: "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 11: Tommy Femia presents "Judy Garland Live!" • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

Duplex
$10 cover, two-drink minimum. • Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (212-255-5438).

Feinstein's At The Regency
Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $50 Tues.–Fri.; $75 for the early show on Friday and all shows on Saturday; $50 food-and-drink minimum. Through 6/6: Tom and Dick Smothers. • 540 Park Ave., at E. 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

FireBird Café
The theater district's newest postshow snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $15 minimum. • 365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).

Judy's
This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 6/5–6/8: "Songs from Gershwin to Sinatra." 6/9: Judy Kreston and David Lahm. 6/10: Susan Speidel. 6/11: Lee Gochman; "That's My New York." • 169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).

Illustration by Cliff Mott.

Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Ground Rules

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

Da Capo Chamber Players
Thirtieth season wraps up with "Retrospectives and Discovered Treasures," a concert of works by Joan Tower, Alla Borzova, Shulamit Ran, Giya Kancheli, and Bruce Adolphe. 6/5 at 8. • Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $15.

North/South Consonance
Chamber ensemble presents New York premieres by living American composers James Sellars, Jude Weirmeir, founder/conductor Max Lifchitz, and D.J. Sparr (*Carnal Node*, based on rather suggestive e-mail messages sent to the composer). 6/5 at 8. • Christ & St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. (212-663-7566); free.

"Yiddish Theatre Music: Lost & Found"
Singer Dan Rous and pianist Zalmen Mlotek perform once-famous melodies from the early twentieth century. 6/6 at 6:30. • Eldridge Street Synagogue, 12 Eldridge St. (212-978-0803); $10.

Bargemusic
Presents chamber-ensemble works by Rachmaninoff, Shostakovich, and Beethoven on 6/7 and 6/8 at 7:30; Mozart, Dohnányi, and Brahms on 6/9 at 7:30 and 6/10 at 4. • Fulton Ferry Landing, next to Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083); $27.

New York Philharmonic
Kurt Masur conducts an all-Strauss program featuring soprano Dame Felicity Lot: *Don Juan*, *Four Last Songs*, *Death and Transfiguration*, and *Till Eulenspiegel*. 6/7–6/9 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $19–$80.

Champagne and Candlelight
Chamber-opera company performs a Kurt Weill double bill: *The Threepenny Opera Suite* for piano and violin and a concert suite from *Street Scene*. 6/8 and 6/15 at 7:30; 6/9 and 6/16 at 8. • First Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, 50 Monroe Pl., Brooklyn (212-502-0331); $15.

Brooklyn Youth Chorus
Performs its first commissioned work, James MacMillan's *Heycoka Te Deum*, with text based on Lakota praise chant taken from the book *Black Elk Speaks*. Concert also includes Purcell, Palestrina, Mendelssohn, an African folk song, and swing standards. 6/9 at 3 and 7:30. • St. Augustine Church, Sixth Ave. between Park Pl. and Sterling Pl., Brooklyn (718-243-9447); $7–$25.

Isaac Stern Chamber Music Workshop
Workshop led by the violin master for young professionals and semi-professionals culminates in three concerts. 6/9 at noon, 3, and 7:30. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); tickets required, free.

"An Evening of Concertos"
Bulgarian Virtuosi presents cellist Kalin Ivanov and violinist Dmitri Hadjipetkov, with the Forte String Quartet and members of the Manhattan Virtuosi Chamber Ensemble, in a concert of works by Vivaldi, Haydn, Stravinsky, and Elgar. 6/11 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $20.

Opera

Amato Opera
Verdi's *Falstaff* closes the fifty-third season. 6/8–6/17, weekends. Times vary. • Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (212-228-8200); $25.

"The Gilded Cage"
World premiere of Victor Kioulaphides's work with libretto by Richard Olson is based on the life of American Revolution–era poet and slave, Phillis Wheatly. Fittingly, the performance is in a church that was once part of the Underground Railroad. 6/10 at 4. • Church of the Transfiguration, 1 E. 29th St. (212-684-4174); $20.

Dance

American Ballet Theatre
Onegin, based on the Pushkin poem, closes on 6/7 and makes way for *Don Quixote*, which opens on 6/8. Call for details and times, or visit www.abt.org. • Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $20–$140.

New York City Ballet
Here's some of what's onstage this week: *Firebird* set to Stravinsky, Martins's *Burleske* set to Strauss, and Jerome Robbins's *Fanfare* set to Britten and *Afternoon of a Faun* set to Debussy. Then it's all-Balanchine on 6/9 and a Bach tribute on 6/10. Call for details and times, or visit www.nycballet.com. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $26–$74.

Monte/Brown Dance Company
Celebrates its twentieth season with three premieres, including *Shattered* set to Michael Gordon, and *SAS* set to traditional South African folk music. 6/5–6/10; times vary. • The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (212-242-0800); $36.

White Oak Dance Project
Baryshnikov's company presents "PAST*Forward*," a multimedia program featuring the work of American postmodern choreographers and a new piece by Deborah Hay. 6/5–6/9. Call for times or visit www.bam.org. • Brooklyn Academy of Music, Howard Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $25–$65.

Dance Theatre of Harlem
It's showtime. The legendary dance troupe has its first extended run at the Apollo. 6/8–6/10; times vary. • Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (212-531-5305); $21–$41.

New York Theatre Ballet
Presents *The Alice in Wonderland Follies*, based on the Lewis Carroll classic, with music by a variety of turn-of-the-century composers including Sousa, Mendelssohn, and Joplin. 6/8–6/10 and 6/15–6/17; times vary. • Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160); $20–$25.

Opening

Border Crossing

"In Mexico, I grew up in this bicultural situation where I was speaking Yiddish at home and being Mexican outside," explains **Max Lifchitz** (pictured), founder and director of the ensemble North/South Consonance, which finishes up its twenty-first season on Tuesday at Christ & St. Stephen's Church. Born in Mexico City to Ukrainian immigrants, Lifchitz is a walking melting pot, and when he came to New York in 1966 as a 17-year-old Juilliard student with shaky English (he once inadvertently ticked off a café clerk by asking for an "orange Jew" instead of an "orange juice"), he felt welcome in a city where, between the *mamaloshen* and his native Spanish, he could get by. Growing up in a Catholic country, the blue-eyed Jewish boy developed of sense of empathy with the fringe. Lifchitz, also a SUNY Albany music professor, started his group to promote awareness of contemporary Latin American classical music, but his programs also feature work by underrepresented North American composers, including women and African-Americans. "That's the name of the group, 'North/South,' because it's music from the Americas," he says. "And 'Consonance'—I should have chosen an easier word to pronounce, but the idea was 'consonant,' meaning together, or in harmony." Lifchitz's own composition on Tuesday's program, *Mosaico Latinoamericano*, combines merengue, Salvadoran folk, Afro-Cuban and Mayan chants for the dead, and tango. He realizes that because little of the music the group plays is well known, people might not be inclined to spend money to hear it. So all the concerts are free. "We do that hopefully to bring this music to as many people as possible," says Lifchitz. "We don't want the ticket price to be an issue in deciding to go to concerts." (See "Classical Music.") A.Z.

Photograph by Art Paxton.

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

Radio Highlights

"Dish"
Foodie Ed Levine's new series—in which he takes celebrities out to eat—debuts as Joel Coen; his wife, Fran McDormand (of *Almost Famous* fame); actor-writer-director Tim Blake Nelson; and his wife, Lisa Bienvides, wolf down some of New York's best pizza at Lombardi's. • 6/9 at 4 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM.

Salzburg Festival Broadcasts
The latest in a series of recordings from the famous classical-music festival features Haydn and Britten performed by the Camerata Academica Salzburg. • 6/9 at 8 P.M. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Survival Kit": Art Spiegelman
The world-famous cartoonist is Leonard Lopate's guest this week discussing the eight essential items he would require for six months of solitude. • 6/10 at 4 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM.

Lectures and Panels

Rudolf Kasztner and the Holocaust
Kasztner, a Hungarian Jew who negotiated with the Nazis to save thousands of Jews but was later denounced as a collaborator, is the subject of a panel discussion involving professors Randolph Braham, Egon Mayer, and Shlomo Aronson. • 6/7, 3-7:30 P.M. Museum of Jewish Heritage, 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-945-0039); free with $7 admission.

"Tokyo Vertigo: Sex in Japanese Visual Culture"
The second of three programs making up the series "Sex in Japanese Art and Culture" focuses on art and design from the sixties to the present. Writer and historian Stephen Barber discusses Takashi Murakami, Nobuyoshi Araki, Kaitaisha, and other artists, performers, and photographers. • 6/7 at 6:30 P.M. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $10.

"Anarchism: Then and Now"
Peter Gassgold, the author of the new Emma Goldman anthology, *Anarchy!*, and environmentalist author Kirkpatrick Sale discuss the history of the movement. • 6/7 at 7 P.M. Housing Works, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

"The Face of Feminism: A Talk Across Generations"
Gloria Steinem, activist Angel Williams, and Third Wave Foundation co-founder Amy Richards discuss the changing course of feminist activism through several distinct generations. • 6/7 at 8 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $20.

"Protest! The Power of Petition and Assembly in American Society"
Cara Sutherland, curator of the First Amendment Center's exhibit on the history of American protest, leads a talking tour of its holdings. • 6/8 at 1 P.M. First Amendment Center, 580 Madison Ave., at 57th St. (212-317-7596); free.

"Claude to Corot: French Drawings in Cleveland"
Carter Foster, the associate curator of drawings at the Cleveland Museum of Art, talks about the museum's holdings of art by famous French artists. • 6/8 at 6:30 P.M. The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008); $5.

Modern Furnishings by Architects
A lecture by Albert Pfeiffer in conjunction with the center's exhibition of German graphic design explores the interior and product design of everyone from Mies van der Rohe to Frank Gehry. • 6/10 at 7 P.M. Bard Graduate Center, 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000); $10.

Emily Levine
In this talk subtitled "How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Free Market," comedienne Levine shares her thoughts on globalization and all kinds of economics and discusses her own love affair with money. • 6/11 at 8:15 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $20.

The Written Word

Selected Shorts
This installment of the Symphony Space series, titled "Visions and Passions," features Stephen Lang, Aasif Mandvi, and Kathleen Chalfant reading stories by Barry Yourgrau, Jhumpa Lahiri, and Alice McDermott. • 6/6 at 6:30 P.M. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $17.

"Up on the Roof"
A cross-section of New York storytellers who work at high elevations talk about their unique point of view. • 6/6 at 6:30 P.M. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); free.

The Road to Fez
The author of the above novel, Ruth Knafo Setton, reads to the accompaniment of music by composer Yoel Ben-Simhon—both incorporating Sephardic-Mediterranean traditions. • 6/6 at 7:30 P.M. Makor, 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $8.

Louis Menand
The *New Yorker* staff writer reads from his most recent book, *The Metaphysical Club*, and signs copies. • 6/6 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

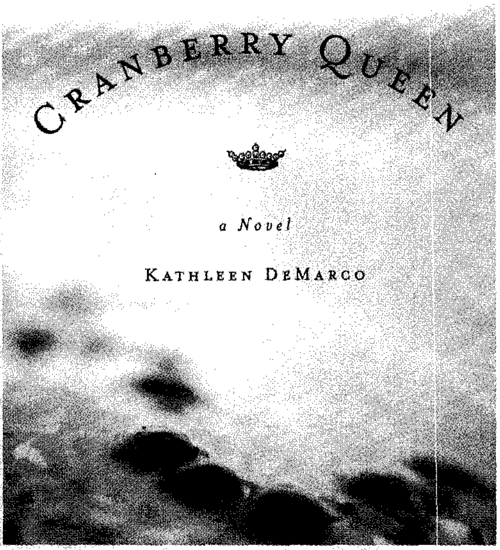
William McGowan and Victoria Redel
McGowan reads from his forthcoming genre-bending detective novel, *Digital Black*, and Redel reads from her new novel, *Loverboy*. • 6/6 at 8 P.M. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (212-592-4648); free.

Thomas Kelly
The author of *The Rackets* reads from his work at two different locales on Thursday and Monday. • 6/7 at 6:30 P.M. Irish American Historical Institute, 991 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.; free. 6/11 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

David Rakoff and David Sedaris
An event featuring Rakoff reading from his new book, *Fraud*, also hosts the hilarious author who just

In Print

Jersey Girl



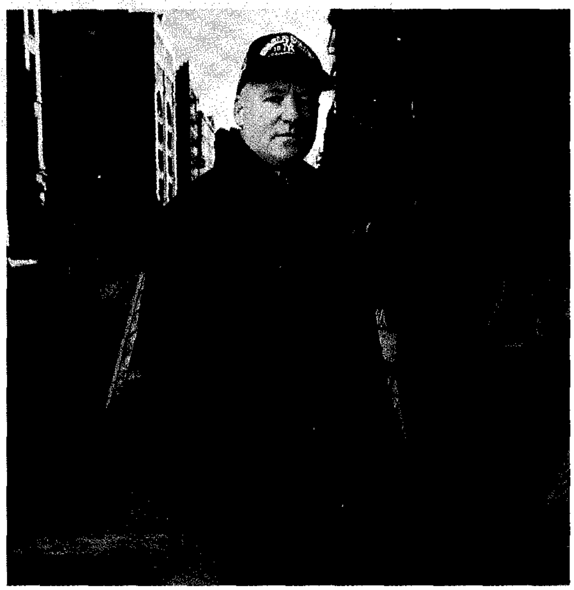
When you imagine an Italian family in New Jersey, a clan of cranberry farmers is probably not the first thing that comes to mind, but then, very little about debut novelist **Kathleen DeMarco**'s life has been typical. Less than a month after her last college exam, she was hired as a commodities trader in Philadelphia and became "the only 22-year-old blonde girl running around these conventions," she says. Still, she lasted a solid four years before she decided to get into film: "Now if someone told me, I'd say, 'You're crazy, don't ever do it,' but I took one semester of screenwriting classes and then moved to New York with no job." Again, she was hired within a month, this time by television producer Dan Wigutow, and in that same month she met John Leguizamo, who is now her partner at Lower East Side Films. When Leguizamo started shooting his role in *Moulin Rouge*, DeMarco started writing *Cranberry Queen*. "Of course, for about six months, I was just lying to my agent, saying, *Oh, I'm writing. I'm definitely writing up a storm*," she says. But as usual, DeMarco triumphed in the end, and has written a lush account of the *other* Jersey. "When I first left home and people would say 'toxic-waste dumps' or 'what exit?' about New Jersey, I didn't know what they were talking about," she says. The New Jersey DeMarco grew up in is the New Jersey of farms and berries and bogs, and that's the Jersey her protagonist comes to know after a tragedy swallows her family whole. "I love *The Sopranos;* I know that's true, too," DeMarco says, "but it's called the Garden State for a reason. And for a bunch of people like myself, that's all we knew. It feels good to be able to put that world out there." DeMarco reads on June 13 at Barnes & Noble Astor Place. (See "The Written Word" for details.)

ARIEL LEVY

In Print

Kelly's Gang

Though his first novel, *Payback,* is being adapted for film by hyperintellectual David Mamet, **Thomas Kelly**'s work—exemplified in his new novel, *The Rackets*—is quite literally as down-to-earth as possible. Kelly, who started off as a night-shift sandhog putting himself through Fordham and wound up a Harvard-grad aide in the Dinkins administration, takes his new alter ego, Jimmy Dolan, back down through the depths. Embarrassed by a political scandal, Dolan is forced to leave his cushy mayoral post for the underworld of construction and Teamster corruption. Kelly reads on June 7 at the Irish American Historical Institute and June 11 at Barnes & Noble Chelsea. (See "The Written Word" for details.)



appeared with sister Amy Sedaris and Rakoff in the Off Broadway play *The Book of Liz.* • 6/7 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Emma Richler, Rachel Seiffert, Myla Goldberg
Goldberg, whose acclaimed first novel, *Bee Season,* has just hit paperback, joins two of this year's best female authors. Richler reads from her novel in stories, *Sister Crazy*, and Seiffert reads from *The Dark Room.* • 6/7 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Thomas Beller and Barbara Schulgasser-Parker
Beller reads from his new collection of short stories, *The Sleep-Over Artist*, journalist-author Parker from her first novel, *Funny Accent.* • 6/11 at 6:30 P.M. Housing Works, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Ernesto Quiñónez
The author reads from his critically acclaimed novel, *Bodega Dreams.* • 6/11 at 6:30 P.M. Instituto Cervantes, 122 E. 42nd St. (212-689-4232); free.

Kathleen DeMarco
The author reads from her novel, *Cranberry Queen*, and signs copies. • 6/13 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (212-420-1322); free.

Special Events

Tours

SoHo Then and Now
A look at the chic neighborhood goes back far beyond the usual tour of artists and boutiques to cover seventeenth-century servants and nineteenth-century shops. • 6/6 at 11 A.M. Meet at the southeast corner of Houston and Lafayette Sts. (212-242-5762); $12.

Mount Morris Park
Architectural preservationist John Reddick leads a tour of the former Marcus Garvey Park and surrounding neighborhood in southwest Harlem, complete with a rare look inside several historic Victorian homes. • 6/10, 11 A.M.–4 P.M. Call 212-415-5500 for reservations and meeting place.

Poetry Walk Across Brooklyn Bridge
Part reading, part historic tour, part gala supper, Poets House's sixth annual trip across the bridge stops occasionally for tribute readings from Galway Kinnell, Billy Collins, Tracie Morris, and Naomi Shihab Nye. Reading and touring ends at Fulton Ferry Landing with a buffet supper on the Barge. • 6/11 at 6:30 P.M. Call Poets House at 212-431-7920 for reservations and meeting place; $125.

Benefits

"The Bronx Keeps Creating It"
The Bronx Museum of the Arts celebrates its 30th birthday with a cocktail party in Manhattan. D.J. Kool Herc and Off Broadway performer Sarah Jones entertain, with other celebrities in attendance. • 6/5, 6–8:30 P.M. Doubles Club in the Sherry Netherlands Hotel, 783 Fifth Ave., at 60th St. (718-681-6000, ext. 133); $135–$175.

"Take Home a Nude"
The Academy of Art's silent auction unloads 250 revealing artworks from students, alumni, and friends (including David Bowie and Oscar de la Renta), with cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. Proceeds benefit the Academy. • 6/7, 7–10 P.M. New York Academy of Art, 111 Franklin St. (212-966-0300); $175–$500.

"Tulips and Pansies—The Headdress Affair"
Sandy Duncan, Vicki Lewis, and others judge the finest headdress worn to this event benefiting Village Care, with performers from *Chicago, Annie Get Your Gun, Naked Boys Singing*, and other shows appearing to keep you additionally entertained. • 6/11 at 7 P.M. The Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (212-730-0067); $50–$1,000.

AMFAR's Boathouse Rock 10
The American Foundation for AIDS Research throws a dance party and celebrity-kiss auction including items from Tyra Banks, Christina Aguilera, Jennifer Aniston, Melissa Joan Hart—need we go on? Yes. Co-chairs include Cindy Crawford, Parker Posey, and Liev Schreiber. • 6/11 at 8 P.M. Loeb Boathouse, Central Park near 74th St. (212-806-1637); $125–$500.

Concert for Peace Gala
Michael Feinstein and Chevy Chase host an evening of performances by Bebe Neuwirth, Kim Cattrall, Faith Prince, and others, as well as a presentation of the Seeds of Peace Prize to President Bill Clinton—who will also attend a pre-concert dinner and reception for special contributors. Proceeds benefit a program that sends young Israelis and Arabs to a summer camp to teach them peacemaking strategies. • 6/11, concert at 8 P.M. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St.; dinner and postconcert dessert at Essex House, 160 Central Park South (212-753-8040); $250 and up.

Exhibits

"The Next Best . . . Ding"
Beyond the unbelievably silly name, this exhibit of typewriters recycled into such working objects as an aquarium, a hockey table, and a pay phone should draw a few sentimental wordsmiths in the computer age. • 6/7–7/28, Mon.–Fri. 8 A.M.–8 P.M., Sat. and Sun. 10 A.M.–6 P.M. Vanderbilt Hall, Grand Central Terminal, Park Ave. at 42nd St. (212-592-2010); free.

Events

The FiFi's
The awards ceremony honoring fragrances, normally closed to the public, this year sells tickets to its presentation (hosted in part by Gregory Hines). • 6/5 at 6:30 P.M. Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. (212-307-7171); $50–$125.

Harlem Renaissance Day of Commitment
The seventh-annual benefit event promises an attendance of 3,000—from its massive star-studded power breakfast to morning tours, an entertaining noon luncheon, and a block party featuring a show by the Black World Championship Rodeo. • 6/6, 7:30 A.M.–5 P.M. Breakfast, the Great Hall, City College, Convent Ave. and 138th St. Abyssinian Baptist Church, Adam Clayton Powell Blvd at W. 138th St. (212-368-4471); breakfast $300–$1,000, luncheon $25; street fair and tours free.

Welcome Back to Brooklyn Festival
The nineteenth-annual event is staged for the first time along the waterfront at the Fulton Ferry Landing, with the borough's food, art, music, and culture on display. The Coney Island–born Arlo Guthrie will be crowned King of Brooklyn. • 6/10, 11 A.M.–6 P.M. Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 46); free.

Literary Magazine Fair
Housing Works' second-annual fair showcases 100 publications (with discounts) and hosts a panel discussion led by George Plimpton on "Community and Commodity: The Social & Cultural Importance of Literary Magazines." • 6/10, all day, panel 4 P.M. Housing Works, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Sports

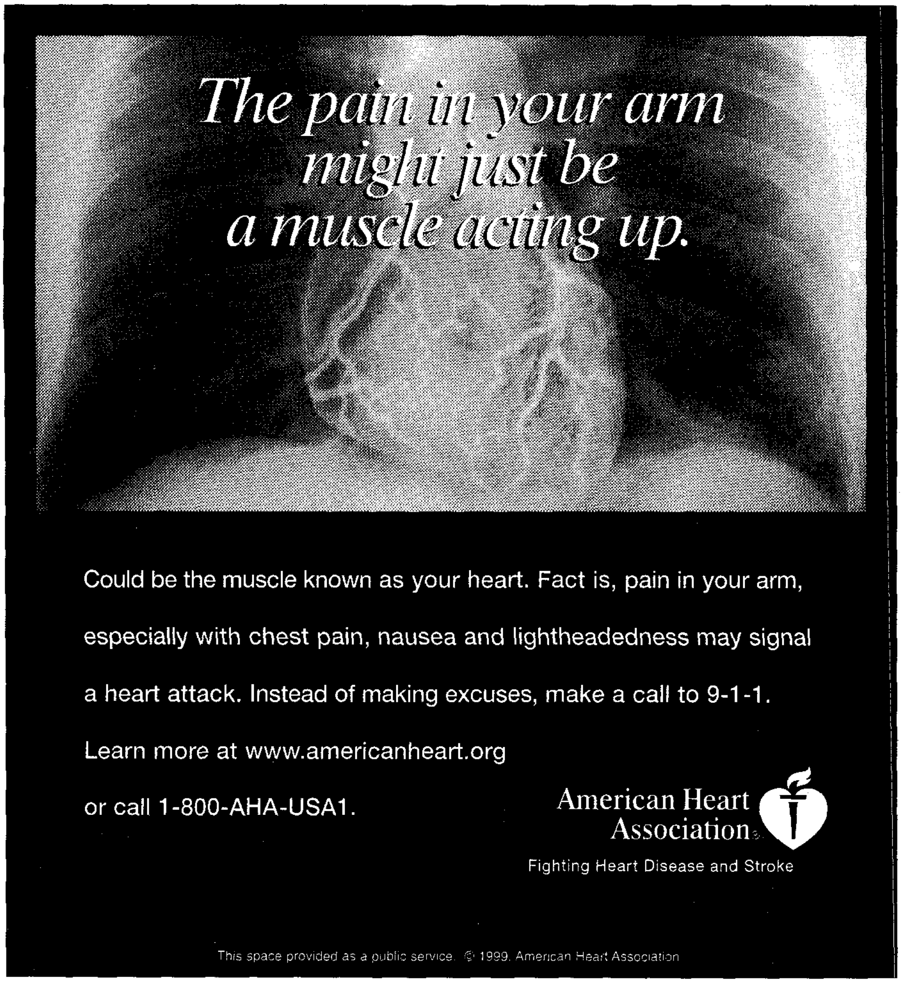
Beast of the East Skateboarding Series
The northeast's biggest amateur-skateboarding tour

Game Week

HOME AWAY

	Mon: 6/4	Tue: 6/5	Wed: 6/6	Thu: 6/7	Fri: 6/8	Sat: 6/9	Sun: 6/10
DEVILS	COL ABC 8 P.M.			COL ABC 8 P.M.		COL ABC 8 P.M.	
YANKEES		BAL FOX 7:05 P.M.	BAL MSG 7:05 P.M.	BAL FSNY 7:05 P.M.	ATL FOX 7:05 P.M.	ATL FOX 1:15 P.M.	ATL ESPN 8:05 P.M.
METS		PHI FSNY 7:05 P.M.	PHI FSNY 7:05 P.M.	PHI FSNY 7:05 P.M.	TAM FSNY 7:15 P.M.	TAM WPIX 4:15 P.M.	TAM WPIX 1:15 P.M.
POWER				CAR METRO 7:30 P.M.			BAY CNNSI 6 P.M.
LIBERTY	SAC ESPN 8 P.M.			CLE MSG 7 P.M.			WAS NO TV 3 P.M.

Photograph by Gasper Tringale.



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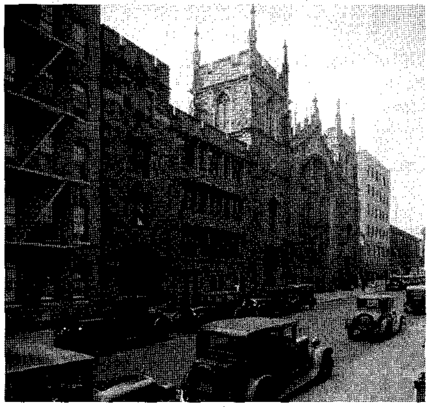
Happening

A Great Crowd in Harlem

What began seven years ago as a modest fund-raising drive for the Abyssinian Development Corporation has itself become one of Harlem's biggest draws—and never more so than this year, when 3,000 people are expected to celebrate the **Harlem Renaissance Day of Commitment** on June 6. The opening event, the New York City Leaders Breakfast (promising notables from Maya Angelou to Beth Rudin DeWoody), has been forced by an expected attendance of 700 to move to City College's Great Hall, bigger digs than the Abyssinian Baptist Church (pictured), and the morning tours of Harlem's historic districts range even farther afield. But the noon luncheon (featuring Brian Stokes Mitchell and the cast of *King Hedley II*) and the Harlem block party—culminating in a riding show from the Black World Championship Rodeo—will be just outside the famed community epicenter. (See "Special Events" for details.)



makes its third of ten stops at the Riverside Skate Park, a street course featuring rails and small transitional ramps, at 108th Street and Riverside Drive. Nationally and locally sponsored riders compete separately. • 6/9 at 2 P.M. (732-432-5400, ext. 2169, or www.unitedskate.com); registration $20, attendance free.

New York Women's Mini Marathon
The thirtieth installment of this women-only 10K, with many of the world's elite runners competing for a total purse of more than $30,000. Race starts on Central Park West at 61st Street. All finishers will receive medals and roses, and awards will be given in several categories. • 6/9 at 9 A.M. (212-860-4455); nonmembers $17, limited race-day entries $25. Numbers and T-shirts may be picked up prior to the race at the NYRRC, 9 E. 89th St., noon–7 P.M. 6/7–6/8 or on race day at the registration tent in the park near 67th St. (across from Tavern on the Green).

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood/Corbis.

cue

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Happening

Dance Fever

Filling up the 4,000 seats at the Met has always been relatively easy for the half-century-old American Ballet Theatre. But in recent years, the number of Manhattan-based audience members has been on a marked decline. In an effort to regain native notice, and bring kids closer to the barre, the higher-ups at ABT initiated ABTkids, a one-hour performance program on Saturday mornings comprising attention-grabbing excerpts from the grown-up versions. "One thing is clear," says ABT's Louis G. Spisto. "Children, once exposed to performing arts, will become interested in the performing arts for their entire lives." Not a bad idea: This Saturday's performance of segments from Twyla Tharp's *Theme and Variations,* as well as the pas de deux from *Don Quixote*, was nearly sold out at press time. Prior to the show, a lucky 300 ticket-buyers will go backstage (pictured) for a movement class, to learn how toe shoes are made, and even to design a ballerina's headdress. As an enhancement for the young theatergoers, each of the five selections will be introduced and discussed, "giving a sense of occasion to the morning," says Spisto. If you miss this one, don't get your tutu in a twist: Two more ABTkids programs are planned for the fall, October 27 and November 3. Tickets go on sale June 25. (See "Children's Events.") S.A.

Children's Events

Creating Culture Vultures
American Ballet Theatre opens its doors to kids with a one-hour performance made up of snippets from longer productions. The program is presented in five short dances, each including a spoken intro and mini discussion. A pre-performance backstage workshop teaches the ins and outs of putting on a ballet. • 6/9 at 11:30 A.M.; the Met at Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $18, $12 for kids. The workshop, which is limited to 300, is $10. Fall performances at City Center are 10/27 and 11/3 (212-581-1212); tickets go on sale 6/25.

Curiouser and Curiouser
A raucous frolic at the Mad Hatter's Tea Party, the Queen's questionable croquet game, and a shot of buffoonery from Tweedledee and Tweedledum are all brought together in this new version, *The Alice in Wonderland Follies,* from the New York Theatre Ballet. Recreating a gala evening from 1913 at New York's Palace Theater, *Follies* parodies Alice's adventures in vaudeville style. Selections by Sousa, Mendelssohn, and Joplin are part of the performance. • 6/8-6/17; Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160): $25, $20 for kids 12 and younger. (Dads are free on Father's Day, 6/17.)

Welcome to the Family, Sun
Here's something novel: a father who thinks no one is good enough to marry his daughter. "The Big Mouth Mouse" is a World Voice Club puppet show based on a traditional Japanese fable where dad concocts a scheme for his princess to marry the sun. As fables will have it, the daughter only has eyes for the cheese delivery boy. • 6/9, 6/10, 6/16, 6/17 at 2 P.M.; New Perspectives Theatre Company, 750 Eighth Ave., near 46th St., No. 601 (212-730-2030); $8.

Museum Mile Festival
Walk the mile from 82nd Street to 104th Street and do the whirlwind tour of nine of the city's cultural institutions. Several museums offer outdoor art activities for kids, such as chalk drawing and figure painting. Look for James De La Vega, an East Harlem native who will create street chalk drawings with positive messages from one end of the festival to the other. • 6/12 from 6 to 9 P.M.; free.

For the Birds
Green Chimneys Children's Services hosts its ninth annual Birds of Prey Day. Watch as more than 100 winged ones, including hawks, falcons, owls, vultures, and eagles free fly over this 150-acre farm. There are another few hundred farm animals, along with pony rides, tractor rides, live music, and wildlife experts on hand. • 6/9 from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; 400 Doansburg Rd., Brewster (845-279-2995); $15, $6 kids 3-12, scouts in uniform are admitted free.

Hans Up
Spend Saturday mornings at the statue of Hans Christian Anderson in Central Park and become spellbound by his classic tales read aloud. • Saturdays from 11 A.M. to noon through 9/29, rain or shine.; 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. entrance; free.

Under the Sea
Encounter native American animals such as the Pacific walrus, Atlantic bottlenose dolphin, and California sea lion on a weekend at the New York Aquarium focusing on those in the wild that are close to home. Native American music, arts and crafts, and storytelling will be presented throughout the day. • 6/9-6/10 from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., W. 8th St. and Surf Ave., Coney Island (718-265-FISH); $9.75, $6 for seniors and kids 2-12, youngers are free.

Making History
Here they go again. The American Museum of Natural History introduces its latest endeavor: the Discovery Room, a hands-on, behind-the-scenes look at the sciences. Kids can hunt for hidden creatures in a two-story replica of an African baobab tree, take on a scientist's challenge at the Expedition Trunk, handle real fossils, and analyze asteroids and earthquakes with telescopes and seismographs. • Opens 6/9, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5800); free with suggested museum admission $10, $7.50 for students and seniors, $6 for kids.

Lighthouse Lite
Start the morning with a story of a lighthouse then journey to the Navesink Twin Lighthouse, built in 1862. Learn how a lighthouse works by exploring its entire interior. • 6/9 from 9:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M.; Staten Island Historical Society, Historic Richmond Town, 441 Clarke Ave., Staten Island (718-351-1611); $10.

For Parents Only

Child Safety Seats
Okay, so you've been wanting to test-drive that BMW. Now's the time, as BMW of Manhattan hosts a breast-cancer fund-raising campaign for every mile driven. Child Passenger Safety Technicians will provide one-on-one demos on the proper installations of car seats. Technicians will then oversee parents as they install a seat in their own vehicle, whether or not it's a BMW. • 6/9 from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., 555 W. 57th St. (800-IM-AWARE); free.

June 11, 2001—VOL. 34, NO. 23. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. *New York* Magazine (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July, the last week of August and the first week of September, and the last two weeks of December) by Primedia Magazines Inc., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022-6999. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to New York, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $29.90. For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, New York Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call 800-678-0900 or 212-447-4749. Printed in the U.S.A.

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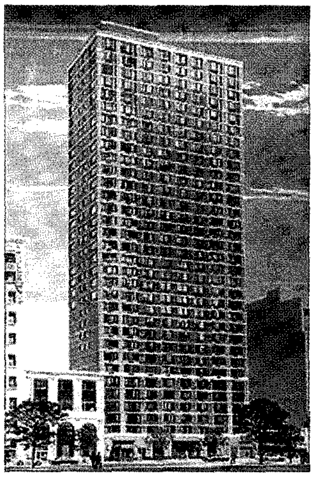

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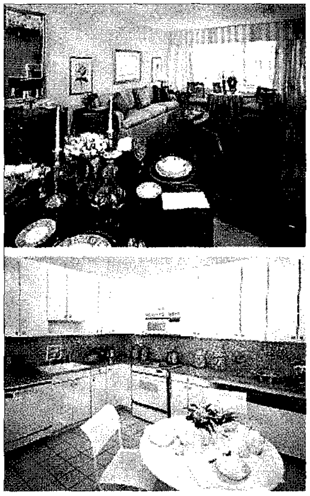

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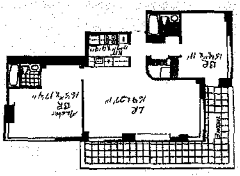

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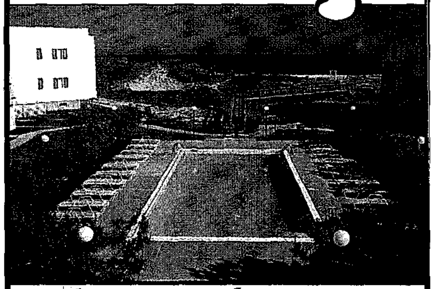

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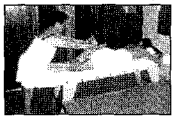

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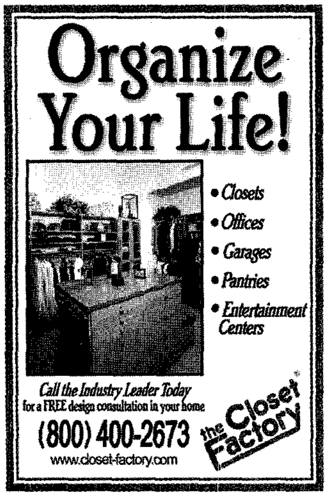
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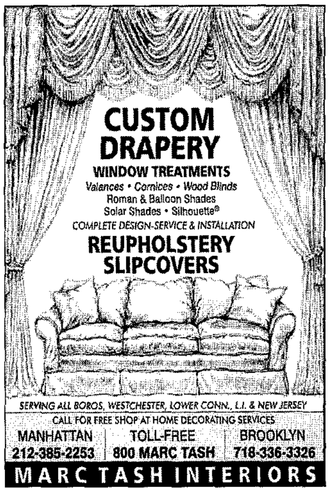
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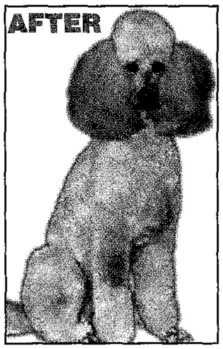

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Sparkling, Professional Jewish Woman—Seeks Mr. "Mensch", 55-68. 8032 ☒☎

Affluent MD—46, Catholic, nonreligious, handsome, seeks charming, attractive female. Photo. 7904 ☒ ☎

Gay NYC Woman—Attractive, professional, independent, seeks debonair counterpart, 40-55, for long term relationship. jasminesea@aol.com 8047 ☒

Serious Woman Seeks Funny Man—55-60, nonsmoker, over 5'8", Manhattanite, likes the arts/exploring NYC. 7924 ☒☎

Bubbly, Sexy, Smart—Lady of substance, mid 40s, looking for clever, very successful gentleman, 45-60, willing to share not only fun times. Picture with BMW or Mercedes. Note. 8026 ☒

Enchanting Asian Female Attorney—Seeks MD, JD or CEO, 35-plus, for romance. Photo, please. 8037 ☒☎

Seeking Greek-American Male—Handsome, 37-47, by attractive, petite, slim, white Christian female. 7966 ☒☎

62-Year-Old Woman—Needs companion to share life. Must be willing to talk, travel and enjoy life. Multiple interests, like theater, film, beaches, museums, ballet, good food, Judaism. 7977 ☒☎

Open-Minded, Well-To-Do—Talmudist seeking beautiful, animated Jewess, 40s, witty, sexy, full of life and passion. 7949☒☎

Please Apply!—Young, elderly widow, intelligent and attractive, with joie de vivre. Interested in psychology, playing piano, politics, good dinner conversation. Seeks companion on same wavelength. 8023 ☒

Handsome Male—6'3", well-built, very successful, 48, seeks attractive, fit female, 30-38, who is ready to enjoy life. Serious relationship only. 7983 ☒☎

Your Final Answer—Would you like to meet a woman who is a.) widowed, blond trim and pretty? b.) with great sense of humor? c.) who is seeking a sensitive, caring Jewish gentleman, 65-75, who is ready for new begnnings? Perhaps we can be each other's final answer. 8017 ☒☎

Sensuous But Still Innocent—Divorced Jewish woman, slender and attractive, college prof, poet and writer, seeks a kind, literate and generous gentleman for friendship, romance and whatever follows from it. NYC. 7994 ☒☎

Vibrant Golf Widow—Pretty, elegant, shapely blond, loving, cultured, articulate, adventurous, 60s, seeks romantic, upscale, fit, involved, youthful 67-plus man to share in life/interests - golf, the arts. Humor a must. Family-oriented. Prefer (914), (203). Note/photo. 7975 ☒☎

Attractive NYC Gal—36, 5'6", slim, good-humored, smart, seeks special guy under 45 with a positive outlook on life to share movies, dinner, theater, etc. Note/photo/phone. 8042 ☒ ☎

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Male, 42—Going through transition, father of two, new to NY. Fit, tall and professional architect type. Living downtown. Looking for petite, gentle lady, 30ish, who might be going through same, and might appreciate the difference of a caring relationship. Kids would be fine, and independence a must. Simple companionship, fun and love, with all options open. Send letter, e-mail address and perhaps photo, and let's start with lunch or e-mail exchange. 8006 ✉

Tall, Handsome Jewish Executive—34, physically fit, romantic, family-oriented, seeks attractive, intelligent, honest Jewish female to share life's adventures. Phone/photo. SpecialguyR@aol.com 7990 ✉

Gay White Female—Sporty femme, good-natured, blue/blond, professional and fit, 39, seeks attractive gay femme, 35-44, for sweet, authentic relationship. Guaranteed loyalty, support and fun! Love dogs? Tri-state area. Letter and photo a must. 7954✉

Gay White Male—30, 5'8", 165 lbs, Manhattan, European-born - likes books, music, opera, swimming, working out and fashion. Seeking that one attractive person for monogamous love. Photo! 7913 ✉☎

Gay Woman—Attractive, fit, in the arts, seeks bright, fun female with curiosity, vitality, passion for her life and work, 40s-50ish. lynsept@aol.com 7914 ✉

Up-Front—Tall, smart, classy professional female, 55, herpes, seeks to share life with a great guy (50-60, 6', golfer, nonsmoker) who can keep up with her. 7941 ✉☎

Thin, Fair, Partially Sighted Lady—In Michigan, seeks professional man in his 50s as potential life partner. Likes movies, walks, music. Good family values a must. Note/photo. 7947 ✉☎

Petite And Lovely—Trim, 42-year-old, Italian-American MD, witty, good conversationalist. Enjoys old movies, dancing, NYC. Seeks charming professional man, 40-47 years old. Note/photo/phone. 7970✉

20-Year High School Reunion—Coming up and I need a date. Sexy, savvy, 36, female, 5'6", 118, hazel/green eyes, secure (emotionally and financially), seeks very, very successful guy for love, smooches, laughter and true romance. Must love animals, movies, cars, Virgin Upper Class, Dean and Deluca, relaxing, pampering, yachts and Carmel. If you have it all and want a true woman (not a trophy), don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime chance. Serious inquiries only. E-mail: FutureWife4U@aol.com 7988 ✉☎

Wow Me With Your Weber—I'll wow you with the rest. Passionate, sophisticated, attractive professional lady who loves to smile, 40, 5'6", slender, no dependents, searching for a successful man who enjoys life, NYC/NJ, type A personality for an A+ relationship. 7910✉☎

PhD Scientist-Businessman—61, would like to meet very well-educated woman under 60, for serious relationship. I like theater, chess, bookshops, computers, the History Channel, sailing, camping and foreign languages! I love kids and pets, and am still interested in having kids. Please contact: hhracc@aol.com or 8016✉

Kind, Funny, Handsome Man—Psychoanalyst, writer, pianist, black belt (but soft style), looking to meet a very pretty, bright, truly easygoing woman in her early-mid 50s. Object: wisdom with laughter. Picture, please. North NJ. 7995✉

Nice Guy—45, world traveler, athletic, energetic, upbeat, successful. Ivy/Wall Street. Tennis, beach, great food/wine, music, film. Quick to smile/great kisser. Seeks super-fit, athletic, very attractive woman with great attitude. Note/photo. nyclam2000@aol.com 7981 ✉☎

Handsome Doc Seeks Japanese Lady—For summer romance. Artistic and romantic, 46 years old, tall, slim, with healthy lifestyle, seeks very special lady. E-mail: jmarklev@aol.com 7986✉

Well-To-Do—Good-looking, nonpracticing Jewish entrepreneur, searching for a slim and pretty soul mate. I live in NYC and East Hampton. I play golf and tennis and love walking on the beach. You should be nonsmoking, 45-55. Pretty legs a plus. I'll respond to current photo only. 7987✉

Beautiful Golfer Seeks Partner—Jewish female, 38, successful NYC business owner, seeks Jewish soulmate, 33-48, who enjoys the beach, politics. 7936✉☎

Upbeat, Energetic Italian Female—40s, seeks Jim Morrison, Freddy Mercury or Steve Tyler look-alike, who is 40s, nonsmoker, romantic and loves animals. If this sounds like you, please get in touch. Photo/note, please. 8010 ✉☎

Beautiful, Bright, Beguiling—Long-haired strawberry blond, fit, classy, unencumbered, sweet, sensuous, witty, sincere, articulate, accomplished NY tennis lover - seeking handsome, successful, fun, sincere male counterpart, 50-65. Note/photo/phone. 8004 ✉☎

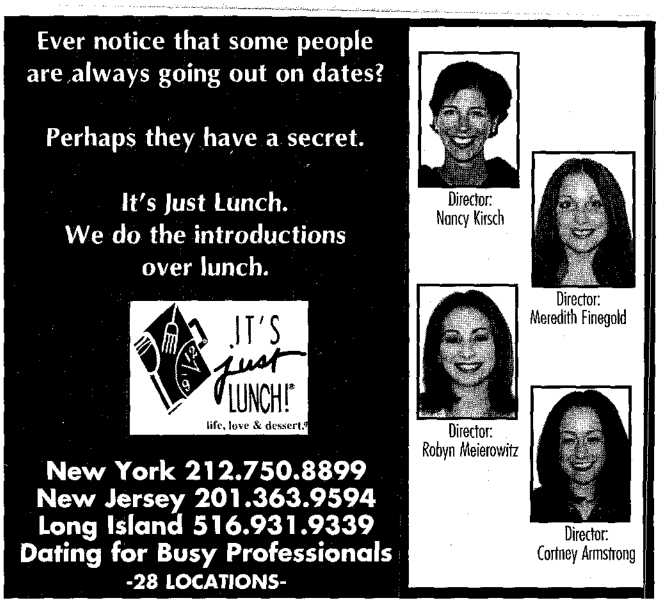
Handsome, Successful Professional—Widower, low 60s (looks 50s), interested in female, 50-60, for a lasting relationship. She should be fit, slim, warm, attractive, nonsmoking and sincere. Note/photo/phone. 8029 ✉

Let's Meet—Interested in Asian, East Indian or white female, 30-50, outgoing, sure of herself, cute, happy, average or slim. I am a white divorced male, 57, perceptive, intelligent, good, patient, with interests in music, art, photography, movies, walking and exercise. 8040 ✉

Join Us In New Paltz—Unconventional, nonmaterialistic yet secure mom, 42 (and terrific son, 15), joyful, loving and grounded, seeks similar, family-oriented male for lasting relationship. 7993 ✉☎

Isn't Attraction Great?—Imagine relaxing in your lover's arms and knowing it feels totally right. Single white male, 40, tall and fit, seeks single white female, 40-50, into arts, films and cuddling. If this speaks to you, send photo and note. 7971✉

Near West Point—Lover of the arts, now into bicycling, birding, travel to wildlife refuges. Warm, cheerful, slim, pretty, semi-retired professional woman seeks tall, active professional man in his 60s, for fun and relationship. 7911 ✉☎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Easy To Talk To—Comfortable to be with, 56, 130, petite, 5', LPN, with extensive hand-holding, cooking, travel... dine and have fun. Looking for a white male, 60-68, divorced or widowed, who is looking for a serious/fun relationship. LI/NY. Photo. 7999 ✉☎

Warmhearted, Attractive Widow—62, Manhattanite, liberal Irish-Catholic, seeks widower with integrity and joie de vivre, for friendship. 7972 ✉

Gay White Female—50s, feminine, young-looking, fit, nonsmoker. Likes theater, music, pets and other pursuits, not kids. If you live in Manhattan, perhaps we can heat up the summer. envoyez@usa.net 7916 ✉

Handsome Executive—Single white male, blue eyes, brown hair, tall, fit, mid 40s, seeks attractive young female partner. She must be in her early-mid 30s, professional, tall, thin, trim, sexy, nonsmoker, intelligent and emotionally secure, who enjoys travel, beach, cinema, candlelight dinners, theater, museums - for long-term relationship, marriage and family. Note/recent photo/phone. 7901 ✉

Seeking Nordic Princess—Absolutely handsome, single white professional man, European, 39, 5'11" tall, 195, dark brown hair/eyes, very fit. Varied interests, great guy, never been married. Highly attractive and exceptionally beautiful, 24-38, with great sense of humor and attitude and long-term relationship (Manhattan). Note/photo/phone. 7982 ✉☎

I Belong On A Milk Carton—Because I am "missing" someone special to enjoy life with. Male lawyer, 48, seeks female, 30-45, for relationship. 7928 ✉ ☎

Gay White Female—46, LI North Fork, enjoys golf, biking, beach, dining, NYC. Seeks intelligent, romantic, secure counterpart, 40-55. 7900 ✉☎

Pretty Blue Eyes—Chic, tall brunette seeks intelligent, worldly NYC man, over 50, for spoiling. Note/phone. 7902 ✉☎

Nice Italian Lady—5'5", seeking Jewish or Italian male, 30-48, clean-shaven, nonsmoker, financially secure gentleman. Enjoys the beach, loves animals, dining out and weekend getaways. Photo/note appreciated. 8009 ✉☎

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4 Fencing Class 7:00 pm
5 Group Board Games 8:00 pm
8 Gospel Brunch 11:00 am Softball Game 2:00 pm Film & Discussion 5:00 pm
9 Indoor Rock Climbing 7:00 pm
10 Philharmonic in the Park 6:30 pm Yoga Class 8:00 pm
11 Chinese Banquet 7:00 pm
12 Cooking Class 7:30 pm
16
17 Drawing Class 7:00 pm
18 Laser Tag and Video Games 8:00 pm
19 Tarot Card Workshop 7:30 pm Poker Night 8:30 pm

Sushi, Sand, Skiing And Savvy—Warmth, worldliness and wit. That's what you'll get with this multifaceted, 33-year-old, Jewish professional woman who's looking to share life and adventures with a smart, family-minded mensch. 5'5", brown hair, hazel eyes, cuddly - no sharp edges. Kids and pets welcome. sushiskiandmore@yahoo.com 7920✉☎

Classy, Curvaceous—Extremely attractive (truth!), extremely modest Jewish female, 5'6", long auburn hair, violet eyes, seeks kind, classy, sophisticated male, 5'10" plus, 40 plus, to enjoy the best of NY and each other. 7912 ✉☎

Creative Woman Seeks—Unconventional man. Long, auburn-haired, shapely, fit artist/professor, 48, 5'5", adventurous, funny, earthy and worldly seeks compatible, offbeat man to share love of travel, nature and the arts. 8022 ✉☎

Wanted: Superior Man, 65 Plus—By smart, petite, affluent lady. 7991 ✉☎

Joeyfantastic@aol.com—Handsome, passionate LA teacher seeks terrific Jewish woman, 28-38, forever. 8015 ✉

Single White Female—48, 5'9", 130 lbs, seeking long term relationship with a tall, in-shape, single white gentleman between the ages of 38-48. Photo, phone. 8044 ✉ ☎

Pretty Lady Engineer—From NJ, works in NYC, 42, slim, curvy figure, 5'6", long red hair, sincere, classy, seeks Jewish professional male over 40, for a lasting relationship. 8027 ✉☎

Handsome Westchester Exec—Youthful 51, tall, easygoing, secure. I love nature, hiking the national parks, fly-fishing, art, music, NYC. Seeking a slim, outdoorsy lady for fun and adventure. Photo/note. 7965 ✉

Stunning Blond Head-Turner—Jewish professional, 48, 5'4", great shape, works out, bright, warm, sense of humor - seeking committed relationship with bright, attractive, successful Jewish man, 48-58, over 5'10", with similar qualities. 8024✉☎

Honest, Very Romantic, Caring—Handsome (you judge) executive at 55, 6', seeking strikingly beautiful, petite partner, early-mid 40s, with an endless capacity for love (like me). You'll see and feel it every moment. Love spectator sports, theater, movies, travel, dancing, great food and, most importantly, being close always and in all ways. Great with kids/teens. Photo, please... Why you? 7948 ✉☎

Your Appearance—Will captivate me when we meet...but afterwards, your accomplishments, warmth and worldliness will inspire depth. A tall, slim, fine and young-looking, single white male, 41, will return kindness, integrity, professional/artistic achievement and life style. Prefer photo exchange. ratu68@yahoo.com 8035 ✉

Pretty, Petite—Blue-eyed Jewish teacher seeks nice Jewish guy, 50s, who enjoys sports, travel and the sea. 7919 ✉

Sexy, Savvy Soccer Mom—Not into the scene, seeks successful, secure, sensitive, funny, nature-loving, single white male with savoir-faire. Must like kids. 7969 ✉

Adorable Jewish Female, 37—Classy, warm, attractive, playful, romantic, Jewish-minded/kosher professional, nursing supervisor - seeks a romantic, warm, witty, Jewish-minded professional male to share life's dreams together. 8036 ✉☎

Exceptionally Beautiful—Inside and out. Black professional female seeks a loving partner/soul mate in a very tall, white male professional, 40-55. 7944 ✉

Exotic, Long-Haired Beauty—Seeks lifetime partner, lover and best friend. Me: affectionate, 5'2", size 8, shapely, sexy, sincere, well-traveled, classy Asian entrepreneur with diverse interests. Healthy lifestyle and good genes help me keep my 30s-youthful look, even at 49. You: romantic, single white male, slim, 40-55, financially and emotionally secure, funny, sensual nonsmoker who appreciates an independent lady with brains. Note/photo. 7992 ✉☎

Nostalgic—Nice guy, LI, wants unconventional female for traditional fun. 7917✉☎

Handsome Professional Male—43, 5'11", slim, dark features, would like to find the love of his life. I am single, no children, honest and caring. Please take a chance. Photo, please. Frisbedog1@aolcom. 7978 ✉☎

Fifth Avenue To Fire Island—Barefoot on the beach or ballet at Lincoln Center, I'm the real deal. If you're a worldly, intelligent, secure, caring, adventuresome, funny, dog-friendly, single white male, 48-58, nonsmoker, you've found your match. Note with photo, please. 7967 ✉

Classy, Sexy Romantic—Rockland resident. Austrian-born female, very attractive, shapely, 5'2", natural brown hair, blue/green eyes, nonsmoking, vegetarian. Bubbly personality with varied interests and enjoys all life has to offer. You please be handsome, blue-eyed male, 55-60, mentally and physically fit, financially secure with a heart of gold. Let's get together. Non vintage photo a must. 8043✉

Comfortably Retired Composer—49, looking for woman to accompany me to the Philharmonic, jazz clubs, opera, theater and good restaurants. Funny and intelligent, 5'10", salt-and-pepper beard, beautiful green eyes. 7946 ✉☎

Question Of The Day—Could you match me: fit, 6'2", slim, don't-look-it 54, writer, no kids, agnostic, with own distinctive sensibility...to you: literate woman, 40s, trim, tallish, self-aware, lighthearted, nonsmoker, interesting voice? Best answer gets all of the above, plus things that make life worth living. 8013 ✉☎

18-Karat Gold Indulgence—Jewish female exec, late 30s, 5'6", fit, with looks and brains, seeks smart, caring, successful male in his 40s, with a wide array of interests, who is fun-to-be-with, like myself. Short note okay. 8030 ✉

Victoria's Secret—Looking for a woman, 33-40, with a Victoria's Secret figure, sex appeal...but as important is the warmth, charm and sophistication to match. She should be finally ready to meet that special man that you think is not out there. I am in my mid 40s, never been married, concentrating before on my success - but completely ready and willing to have a permanent share in NYC and my beach home. I will make you proud and feel secure together. We can keep the secret. Photo/note. 8019✉☎

Me: Cute, Cuddly, Petite—Funny, down-to-earth Jewish-British gal, 41. Main goal: finding mate, making him happy. You: professional, Caucasian, funny, reliable, unsuperficial, emotionally secure. Main goal: making me happy. 7945 ✉☎

North Shore Widower—Jewish, articulate, sensitive, seeking very attractive woman under 60, for friendship, travel, serious relationship. Recent photo a must. 7984 ✉☎

Natural Good Looks—A cross between Helen Mirren and Glenn Close. Striking slate-gray eyes, slim with delicate bone structure. Great humor: mingles sophisticated and lowdown earthy. Flexible, refined, supportive, unafraid to have fun. Ivy-educated professional, young Jewish widow. Interests highbrow to lowbrow: theater, fly-fishing, opera, country, upscale hotels, camping/rafting Colorado, Italian Renaissance, Berkshires cabin. Always cheered by great art exhibits, believes nothing beats travel and being outdoors, just hiked backroads Provence. Seeks nonsmoking, cultured, physically active professional man, 49-60s. Intelligence, wit - important. B.list@worldnet.att.net 7980 ✉☎

Artist In Milford, PA—(Ex-NYC), spiritual, playful, passionate, in shape, lean, rugged, tall and 50, missing creative, unconventional, lovely, fit, blue jeans female...to share gardening, baking, hiking, rafting, the studio (building it), our deepest thoughts/dreams and a loving commitment. Come join me! 7951 ✉☎

Exotic, Pretty, Bright—Fit, stylish, Asian, 5'4", 118 lbs, 30, seeks one 65-plus, very successful, generous gentleman for mutual spoiling. 8031 ✉

Handsome, Very Youthful Man—Physically fit, 60, 5'6", well-educated, well-traveled Manhattanite, seeking personal development with like-minded woman. 8025 ✉☎

White Female, Wall St. Exec—NYC plus FL condo, seeks male companion. 8012 ✉

Insightful, Attractive, Caring, Funny—44-year-old guy with progressive conservative values, seeking lively and thoughtful lady for meaningful relationship. 8038 ✉ ☎

Adventurous Jewish Doctor—45, with highly diverse and unusual interests, seeks tall, full-figured, intellectual woman. Note/photo. 7918 ✉

Unique Lady With Long, Wild Hair—Thin, pretty, spirited, smart, creative and fun, nature and animal lover - wants to share country home and summer beach fun with great guy, 45-60. 7923 ✉☎

Sophisticated, Shapely, Gentle—Terrific athlete, excellent physical shape, very attractive, well-educated, cultured, well-traveled, stylish, tall Jewish lady - seeking kind, cosmopolitan, successful gentleman, 45-57. 4.0 tennis player/avid skier is a plus. Honesty/sincerity/kindness is your real advantage. 7974✉☎

Michelle Pfeiffer Type—Very attractive, vivacious, divorced Jewish female, beautiful green eyes, blond, 5'4", slim, 40ish, a definite head-turner. Loves dancing, traveling, theater, NYC. Seeks handsome, bright, charismatic Jewish male, 48 plus, who appreciates a class act. Photo. 7976 ✉☎

Truly Nice, Attractive Japanese Lady—Great shape, intelligent, young 30s, world-traveled, unique. Loves music, dining out, boating, ballet. Seeks upscale gentleman (sincere, caring, generous, well-educated, pro-job, fit, no smoke/drug, secure), for happy marriage forever. (212), on water, intact family, never married, 28-45 a plus. DOB/photo. S.A., POB 390, NYC 10028

NYMESSAGE

Stowe, VT - January 6, 2001—You (50ish male) were walking across the street and gave me directions as I drove by the Malt Shoppe. lynnv9@aol.com

Saw You—Day of the Aids Walk, in the Central Park Zoo, you were with your daughter, around ten, I was with mine, same age roughly. We saw each other at the polar bear exhibit, again around the zoo. You had on beige cotton dress, blond, beautiful, no wedding band and an oval amber (??) on your middle finger, two bags, one for her, one for you. Ended up at the cafeteria, you were inside and we were out, and then you left. I am still kicking myself for not introducing myself...I was wearing a white "T" with a sailboat on the back, black jeans, sneakers. You looked like a single mom. Can you take a chance and write me? 8041 ✉

From Russia With Love—Attractive, European, sophisticated lady - athletic, blond, late 40s, 5'4", with gray eyes, warm, passionate, easygoing, with sense of humor - seeking successful Jewish gentleman, 48-60, to share lust for life, travel, culture, each other. 7908✉☎

Infatuation Can Be Fun—Mature, executive gentleman, nice guy-type, Jewish/Italian background, Manhattan business owner, cultured, educated and very funny, seeks in-shape, attractive, affectionate, perky female, 25-45, for untethered relationship. Photo/note. 7930 ✉☎

Successful Professional—In private practice in NJ, looking to meet a lady with brains and beauty. I am Ivy educated, mid 40s, a Catholic on Christmas, divorced father of two young teenagers and a very involved parent. I'm a skillful and fit racquet sportsman and a nonsmoker. My daughter says that I'm "ruggedly handsome", whatever that means! I hope to meet a lady who is educated, sophisticated, attractive and honest. Photo and note, please. 7989 ✉

"Tupelo Honey"—35, blond, 5'7", curvy size 4, Irish beauty, vivacious, fun, witty, caring. Love my Levi's and boots. NYC-raised woman seeks handsome, healthy, funny, caring, self-made man who enjoys boats, Harleys, Sinatra to the Allman Brothers, waterskiing, hockey, baseball, fishing, family and friends. Must be sincere, romantic and hoping to meet the right girl to start a family and share the rest of his life with. Photo and phone a must for a response. 8034 ✉ ☎

Pretty Blue Eyes—Jewish, vivacious, very attractive blond, slender with great figure, 5'4", bright, loving, caring woman, seeking honest, giving, tall, attractive, successful professional Jewish male, with a good sense of humor, 45-55, who lives life to the fullest. Note/phone/photo. 7921✉☎

Loving, Supportive—Sincere MD, 59, seeks sweet, attractive, divorced Jewish woman, 50-55, for travel, arts, dining, romance and long-term relationship. Recent photo/note. 8008 ✉

Almost Content—But blue without you. Passionate for art, enjoys NYC, good talk. Seeks outgoing man, 60s. 7938 ✉☎

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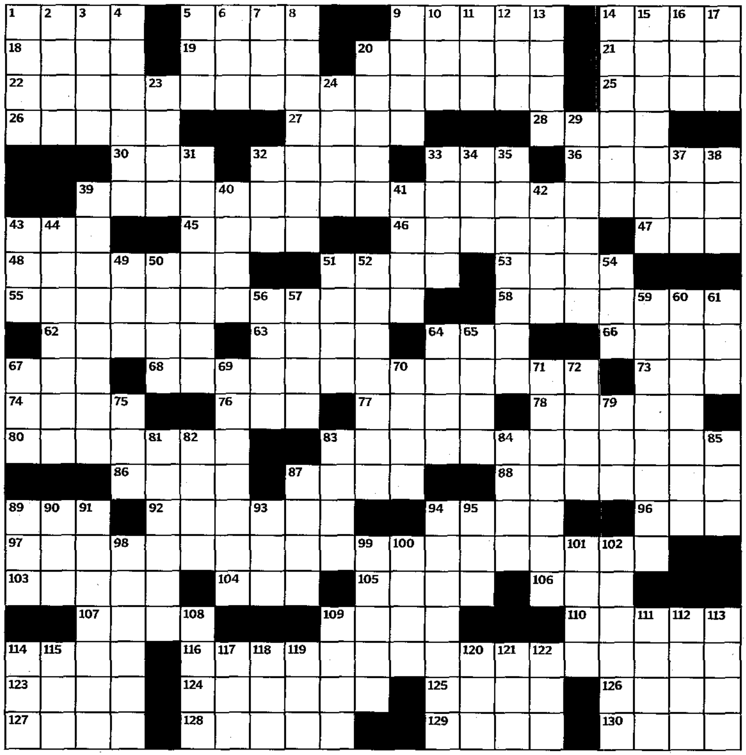
'A Clone's World'

'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



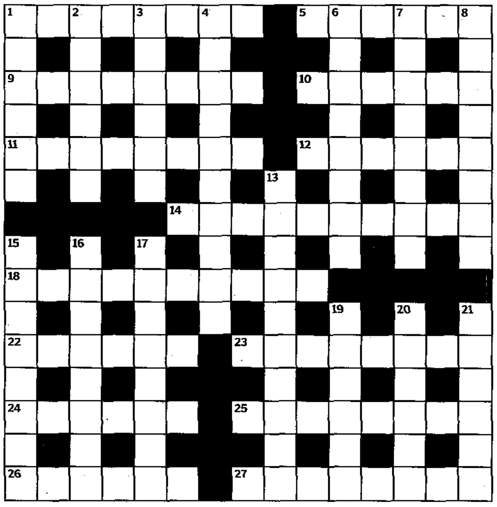
ACROSS

1 Close with a bang
5 "Three men in ——"
9 Courtroom scribe
14 Nuisance
18 Rum mixer
19 Bean curd
20 Coil shape
21 Adult acorns
22 Clone's bar order?
25 Stumble
26 Swanky
27 Detroit biggie
28 Successful sr.
30 Keats form
32 Miffed
33 Hit the jackpot
36 Entrance court
39 Clone's favorite Sinatra song?
43 Hugh, Italian style
45 Same-age clone
46 France under Napoleon
47 Chinese jacket
48 Candidate
51 Angel's instrument
53 Scrabble piece
55 Cloner's promise?
58 Barn's attic
62 Jury list
63 "Frasier" actress Gilpin
64 Harry Connick Jr. album
66 Garbage barge
67 Calligrapher's item
68 Request for cloning?
73 Mentalist Geller
74 Big bucks
76 Aye
77 D and Labor
78 Glorify
80 Ore appraiser
83 Clone's favorite TV series?
86 Negri of the silents
87 Captain Hook's henchman
88 Arboretum specimen
89 Killer snake
92 Priest in "The Exorcist"
94 Cobbler's product
96 Beachhead boat: abbr.
97 Confused clone's query?
103 Prop for Picasso
104 Tango finale
105 School on the Thames
106 Start of many a Spanish place-name
107 Part of S.A.T.
109 To boot
110 Muslim faith
114 "The sun came peeping —— morn"
116 Clone's favorite Bond film
123 Near
124 Sends payment
125 "Young Frankenstein" flunky
126 Kett of old comics
127 Swiss abstract painter
128 Ph.D. aspirants' hurdles
129 Countless ages
130 Take a breather

DOWN

1 Healed gash
2 One of the Andersons
3 Very much
4 Passover bread
5 Snacked
6 "High" place in a 1937 play
7 Transport for E.T.
8 Clownish fellow
9 Burned up the road
10 Third word of "America"
11 Victorian, e.g.
12 Saigon's locale, familiarly
13 Jackie's couturier
14 Spud
15 The tympanum, to otologists
16 Glide the slopes
17 Recipe amt.
20 Make confetti
23 Jekyll's alter ego
24 Needing mending
29 Not often
31 "Golden Girl" Getty
32 ——-fi
33 Nerd
34 Little devil
35 Nor's correlative
37 "What's —— name?"
38 Trifling turmoil
39 "Big" star
40 Washstand pitcher
41 Sea swallow
42 Opera highlight
43 One: prefix
44 First books of the New Testament
49 McKellen or McEwan
50 Baseball-div. member, for short
51 Cause pain
52 King Minos's daughter
54 Some B'klyn trains
56 Fencing sword
57 Pekoe, oolong, etc.
59 By way of vision
60 World War II decade
61 Prefix meaning "double"
64 Eyelid disorder
65 "For —— jolly good . . ."
67 Shade of green
69 Structure at Giza
70 Visage
71 Songs in combination
72 Quiz
75 Fall guy
79 Actor's rep.
81 Sings like a Tyrolean
82 Airline to Tel Aviv
83 Razed Atlanta arena
84 Modern gaslight
85 Kind of profit
87 Ooze
89 Bedazzle
90 —— Na Na
91 Mail charge
93 "—— were you . . ."
94 Snitcher to the police
95 Solo of "Star Wars"
98 Be boiling mad
99 Peddles
100 Bitsy's go-with
101 Hold the phone
102 Question, on "Jeopardy!"
108 Novice
109 Aardvark's diet
111 Lo-fat
112 Behaves
113 Vegan's no-no
114 Squid's squirt
115 This is nothing
117 Above: poetic
118 Actress Thurman
119 Wildcatter's bonanza
120 "My turn!"
121 Wernher —— Braun
122 Ambulance destinations: abbr.

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Logodaedalus



ACROSS

1 Perhaps life will come to a full stop. (8)
5 Incompetent man will deaden the shock. (6)
9 It's right to break into winter sport, going round. (8)
10 Nature when restored will refresh many. (3,3)
11 Choose to get nearly loaded, causing excitement. (8)
12 Give pay increase in the civil service in times of danger. (6)
14 Unusually big dark man could be crazy. (7,3)
18 Once non-fertile and belonging to a Tuscan city. (10)
22 Member gets backing in report in a wise manner. (6)
23 Special friend gets team to give up. (8)
24 Clothes must keep dry in Yorkshire river. (6)
25 Gambit is unusual for one of the marrying kind? (8)
26 Skillful but no longer lively. (6)
27 A fund-raiser going back twice for seaweed product. (4-4)

DOWN

1 Nun: once sitting in Sunday School before three. (6)
2 Caught a new vision of Daniel. (6)
3 Wealth concealed by richest at Eastbourne. (6)
4 Jailbird, if standing on head when meeting Italian poet, is a true friend. (10)
6 True peace seekers in need of decapitated fish. (8)
7 Golfing group love to cut hair like this one who sets. (8)
8 What's needed at a wedding party for fortunate spectators? (8)
13 Perhaps Carol will keep Class Four in for underwater swimming. (4-6)
15 Where an actor might die with bad leg? (3-5)
16 Cricketer with tedious trophies hanging up. (4,4)
17 Bridge player says it's more expensive to have 150 hidden away. (8)
19 There's about two to make good. (6)
20 Sharp grown up must hold on to money. (6)
21 Torvill or Dean witness fish reaching river. (6)

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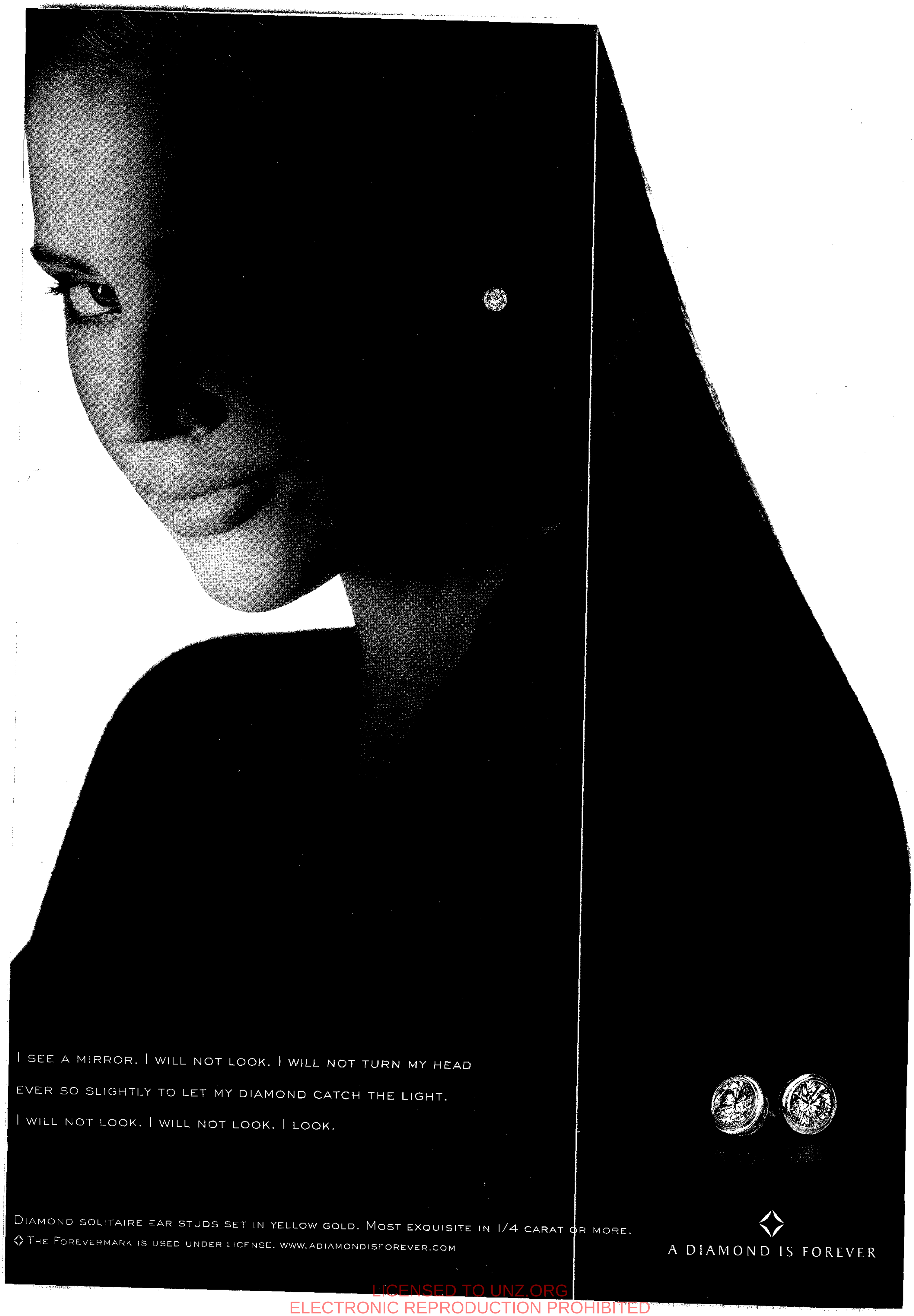
Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 92.



I SEE A MIRROR. I WILL NOT LOOK. I WILL NOT TURN MY HEAD EVER SO SLIGHTLY TO LET MY DIAMOND CATCH THE LIGHT. I WILL NOT LOOK. I WILL NOT LOOK. I LOOK.

DIAMOND SOLITAIRE EAR STUDS SET IN YELLOW GOLD. MOST EXQUISITE IN 1/4 CARAT OR MORE.

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